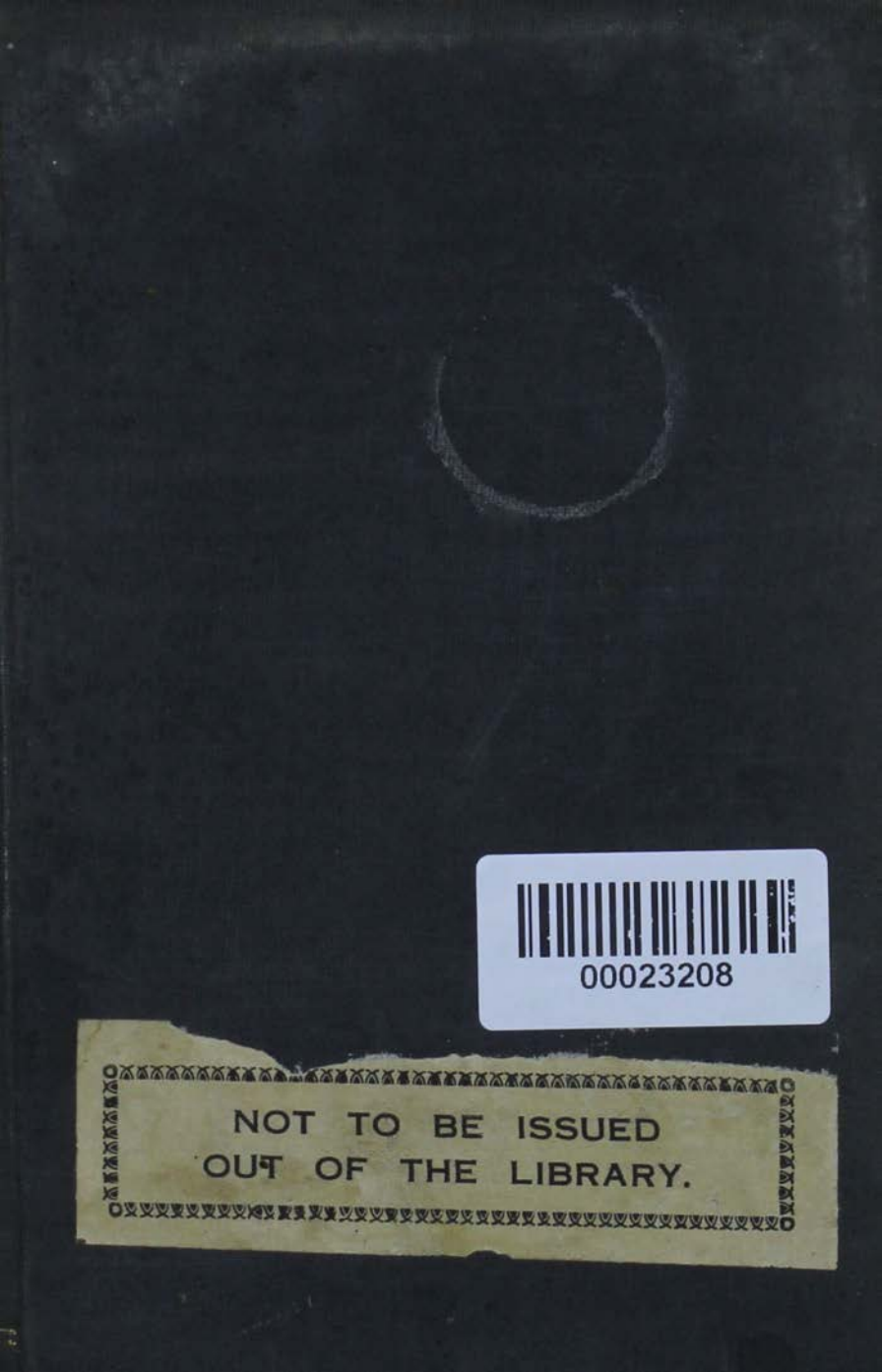

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A

LIFE OF ADVENTURE

An Autobiography.

BY COLONEL CORVIN,

AUTHOR OF "THE EIGHTY YEARS' WAR OF THE NETHERLANDERS AGAINST SPAIN"; "ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE WORLD"; SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "THE TIMES," "THE NEW YORK TIMES," AND THE "AUGSBURG ALLGEMEINE ZEITUNG."

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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CHAPTER III.

Dortmund—Frederick William IV. conquered by Adam—A new plan for the future—Journey to Frankfort—Charley from Broad Street—My first and last lecture—Hard times—A new idea—Journey to Kissingen—Meiningen and Coburg—An adventure with the Frankfort police—The police defeated with diplomatic assistance—In Bockenheim—Hard struggles—Starving—My ministering angel—W. R.—"The Jaeger"—Success—Merry company—Rethel—Teichs—Rustige—Auerbach—Leipsic—Alex. Fisher—No. 16—Mr. Weidner—A hippological paper—Major von Tennecker—I become a citizen of Frankfort—The end of the chapter 151

CHAPTER IV.

I am taken for a Russian spy—Life in Hanau—Shooting—M. Held turns up again—Difficulties—Great losses—Move to Leipsic—Visit to Hofahrtsheim—Changes there—Pride and starvation—A very disagreeable journey—I am robbed twice—Arrival in Leipsic—My publishers—O. Baumann—Frederick Fleisher—The history of my History of the Dutch Revolution 187

CHAPTER V.

Leipsic—Pressure exerted by neighbouring governments—The press—The fairs—The students—The literati—Foundation of the "Literaten Verein"—Frederick Gerstaecker Henry Laube—Mad. Laube—Robert Heller—M. Doering the actor—Halm—Dr. Kuranda—Saphir—Charlotte von Hagan—Eduard Maria Oettinger—Herlosson—Ad. Glassbrenner—George Herwegh—Hoffman von Falkersleben—Tiek's nephew—Dr. Schiff—Dr. Singer and the Duke of Coburg 214

CHAPTER VI.

Held turns up again—A peep into his character and life—He comes to Leipsic—His black whim—Mad. Held No. II.—Origin of the "Locomotive"—The great sensation it made, and how it was murdered—Our transactions with the police—Our troubles—Some samples of Saxonian justice—Held imprisoned for my "having offended a

German tribe"—The horrors of a Prussian prison—Held indicted for high treason—Condemned to two years' prison in Magdeburg—How a change was worked in my political views—Working for the coming revolution—The book about the Brunswick revolution published—Transactions with Duke Charles of Brunswick—Baron von Andlau—"Count de Wuits"—To whom Louis Napoleon owes his liberty—Mr. Smith—The movement of the "German Catholics"—Robert Blum—My "Historical Monuments of Fanaticism"—The "Illustrated Universal History," by Held and Corvin 247

CHAPTER VII.

My life in Leipsic—The last of the Schultzes—A marriage in high life—The hydropathic establishment—Reminiscences from Saarlouis—A riot in Leipsic—Visit of a Pole from Cracow—A trip to the Erzgeberge—I buy an invention, and pay dear for it—Glyphographical institution—A dream—Visit in Gotha—The young Duke—Removal to Gotha—Petty annoyances there—Secretary of State von Stein — His proposition — The pleasant side — Ludwig Storch—Why he did not succeed in Gotha—Journey to Paris—Great success, and I am full of hopes—Letter of Ludwig Storch—The great crash 280

REVOLUTION AND PRISON.

CHAPTER I.

Paris in 1848—My landlady's opinion—The "Three Days"—Ten bullets—Paris after the victory—My letter to Lamartine—George Herwegh and the Democratic Society—Our march through Paris—Charles Boernstein—Reinhardt von Schimmelpfenning—Adalbert von Bornstedt—Loewenfels—Our negotiations with the Provisional Government—Mr. Flocon—The second battalion leaving Paris—Great demonstration—Mad. Herwegh—Colonel Suarée—Arrival in Strasburg 322

MEMOIR OF MY LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

Hofahrtsheim in the "Dogs-Turkey"—The home of the colonel—His manner of educating me—Return—The Frankfurt "Putsch"—Occupation by Federal troops—Roedelheim—The mysterious house—Old Mr. Cardini—Helena!—My rival—The grandmamma—Three months of perfect happiness—Disturbances—Leave-taking—Dark clouds—Johann Adam—March to Saarlouis.

THOUGH much pleased to see my relatives and friends in Berlin, I did not stay long, being anxious to go to Hofahrtsheim of which I had heard so much. This estate was about ten miles from Stendal, in a district called the "Altmark." It was neglected by the government almost as much as East Prussia, though a numerous and very loyal nobility had their residences there.

After bargaining with the government for years, the authorities of the district had at last wrung from it the promise of a turnpike-road, which was not yet finished at that time, and, moreover, was not to pass through Stendal. The diligence which conveyed me there from Magde-

burg, had to crawl over abominable roads, which made the old conductor swear and curse the bad luck that had cast him away to the Altmark, which he called the "Hundeturkei."

An open carriage waited for me in Stendal, the capital of the Altmark, and a good town of some fifteen thousand inhabitants.

The Altmark is situated in a corner, formed by the river Elbe, and is a very fertile country. This is especially the case with the part called the "Wische," where the ground is so heavy that eight oxen are required for a plough. Here the most excellent wheat is grown; the colonel had an estate in the Wische besides Hofahrtsheim.

The whole country is flat, and much subject to inundations from the Elbe, but as Hofahrtsheim was about three miles from it, and situated on the highest point of the country, the water never reached it.

The noblemen owning estates in the Altmark generally farm them themselves, and so did the colonel, who had the reputation of understanding his business extremely well. When settling in these parts he had bought several estates and sold them again, until he found what he wanted. All his neighbours acknowledged that by his farming he had doubled the value of his estate, which value was much increased by the circumstance that he had the only timber for many miles around. The fields in every direction were excellent, and the roads passing through them were not only kept

in good order, but were also lined with fruit-trees, which was a novelty in that country.

The colonel was neither a huntsman, nor did he like riding on horseback; but preferred to walk, stick in hand, over his broad acres.

The farm-yard was very large, and surrounded by good stables and corn-houses of brick, but the two-storied dwelling-house was rather old, and in an indifferent state. It was the same inside. All the rooms corresponded with his antediluvian gloves; and his own apartments, fronting the farm-yard, were the poorest of all. The furniture was old, plain, and rather dirty, for the lady of the house was lazy and understood nothing of house-keeping, though she had a far different opinion of herself. She had been brought up in a castle where poverty and pride were coupled, and where every penny was turned twice over before it was spent. As, however, she was a countess, she liked to boast about the magnificence of her ancestral seat, and the colonel did not contradict her, though he laughed in his sleeve and gave me privately the most amusing details of this ancestral magnificence.

The colonel was very economical himself, and only spent money in show, or when he wished to carry out some of his ambitious schemes. He had about twenty dozen shirts of the finest Silesian linen, several very expensive suits of uniform, and when going to court he ordered his clothes of the most fashionable tailor of Berlin; yet he slept in a

white-washed bedroom, and in a bedstead of common deal. Not a carpet was to be seen in his whole house—scarcely before the sofa in his wife's room. In the colonel's room there was not even a looking-glass, and its only ornament was an old crystal chandelier, hanging from the centre of the ceiling. In the upper story were a number of rooms for guests, all of which had very high-sounding names, but the furniture in them was old and rickety, and the beds in the old four-posters were mouldy.

"Vornehmthun"—to appear very high and grand—was the besetting sin of Mrs. von Schultze, and the colonel was not free from it either, though he did not like to pay too much for it. The very common name of Schultze, which is still more frequent in Germany than that of Smith in England, was very disagreeable to the countess by birth, and she urged the colonel to adopt the better sounding one of von Schultze-Hofahrtsheim, which was confirmed by the authorities. These foolish ideas were of course instilled into little Pauline. She once said that her highest ambition was to become an Excellency, and was much pleased with the name of "little Excellency" which I gave her.

The neighbouring noblemen treated the colonel with great politeness and distinction, chiefly because they knew how very sensitive he was, though otherwise he had no particular claims to any extraordinary respect. Whoever wounded his vanity was sure to become his enemy, and when he grew

older, and his health became weaker, he prosecuted with the most bitter hatred even near relations, who would not submit to his absolute will. He put no check upon himself, and sometimes treated respectable people very rudely; but he believed that he had exceptional rights, on account of his age and "position," and because he had despotic inclinations. His servants, and even his wife and daughter, stood in awe of him.

He received me, however, with great kindness, for I interrupted the monotony of life, and kept him in good humour. I was at that time in great favour with Mrs. von Schultze, for I talked to her about grand people, listened to her, and diverted all the family with my nonsense.

I amused myself with shooting, and the hares which I provided were a valuable addition to the dinner-table. As the colonel did not care for riding on horseback he kept no saddle-horse, except a splendid dapple grey, which was rather old, and stumbled now and then. There was, however, a pretty four-year-old colt, and I amused myself with breaking it in.

I passed most of my time in the room of the colonel, who was in many respects an original. He was always busy with something, generally useful, even if only in a small way. For instance, he often took packets of old thaler notes, which were mostly torn, and mended them with slips of paper and paste, or he made little cartoons for all kinds of purposes.

Tailoring was also a passion with him. He said that ladies did not understand either how to cut out shirts, or how to sew on a button. His drawers were filled with curious things, for he never would throw away anything which might be useful under any circumstances, and I sometimes took the liberty of making my selection from amongst these stored-up treasures.

This constant intercourse with the colonel was rather tiresome, but it was of very great use to me. He observed every trifle I did, and how it was done, as if he wished to study my character to its deepest recesses; and reasoned about my doings. When we had been together in company, he subjected even the minutest details of my behaviour to the most severe criticism, though not in an unfriendly manner.

He tried to excite in me an interest for farming, and would have liked me to visit the corn-houses and stables, or to go with his inspector to the fields where the labourers were at work, or to take interest about other things belonging to farming. However, as this did not agree with my taste, I said that it would be to no purpose; that I was an officer, and poor, and should never have any landed property. "Who knows that?" he once said, "You may become my son-in-law." He returned frequently to this subject, but said that as his wife wanted a count for a son-in-law, I must resume my title. As his daughter was still a child, and I was much too careless to think of marrying, I always

answered him with a jest, and he appeared to take it somewhat ill that I made so light of such good luck, as the offer of the hand of his only daughter.

The colonel had been in the Brunswick army, as I mentioned before. He knew all the details of the little revolution there, the biography of all the persons who had had a hand in it, and a great many anecdotes in reference thereto. At first I listened to his narrative because I had nothing better to do, but in consequence of his original manner, and the queer things he told, I became at last really interested.

It was difficult to judge of the political opinions of the colonel. On the one hand, he was an aristocrat and devoted servant of princes, and on the other, no red republican could have had more liberal views. Both elements existed in him but without ever becoming blended, and therefore his behaviour presented the most extraordinary contradictions.

Up to this time I had not had any political ideas; nor troubled myself with thinking on such subjects, and deemed it quite sufficient for an officer to do his duty, and let the government consider what it was right or expedient to order. Conversations with the colonel made me a democrat. I could not accept any of his aristocratical or monarchical notions, as they formed such a contrast to his other views. He himself laughed when I drew his attention to his want of logic, and said, "Indeed, it is all non-

sense, but it has grown up with me, and has become a habit."

At that time the colonel was occupied with plans for the restoration of Duke Charles of Brunswick, and when he became more intimate with me he discovered that anything dangerous and adventurous had a peculiar attraction for me, and that I had the energy and courage required for adventure. He therefore resolved to give me a part in the drama he meditated—that is, the part of the cat which pulled the hot chestnuts out of the fire for the monkey.

My leave of absence had expired long ago, but I had no inclination whatever to give up my liberty so soon, and to return to the misery of Captain Heuseler's parade march. The doctor of the Landwehr battalion in Stendal gave me a sick-certificate for a louis d'or, and I sent it to my regiment, where they were obliged to be satisfied with it whatever they might think.

We paid frequent visits to noblemen in the neighbourhood, amongst whom were some very agreeable families. There were also now and then balls at an hotel in Stendal, which were attended by all the noble families of the Altmark. These balls were called "moonshine balls," for they could only take place when the moon was shining, without which it was impossible to reach Stendal at night from the badness of the roads.

At last, in the spring, 1833, I thought it time to return to Mayence. When I entered the office of the regiment, the adjutant said, "It is well you are here, for I was just going to write to the commandant of the Landwehr battalion in Stendal to enforce your coming." At this I only laughed, for it was the physician of that battalion who had given me the certificate. Colonel von Below saw, however, how things had been managed, and received me very ungraciously. He said to a third person that he would never again give me leave of absence.

On my journey I had passed Frankfort, which was in a great state of excitement on account of a "putch," which had been discovered two days before. The conspirators had intended to storm the main guard, in which a number of political prisoners were locked up; to seize the archives of the Confederation; and it was also said, to procure a forced loan from Rothschilds for revolutionary purposes; though I know positively that the latter was a malicious invention to bring the democrats into discredit. It was moreover said that, for these purposes, ten thousand country-people were to be brought into Frankfort. But the plan had been betrayed, and precautions taken. A number of students were killed and wounded and many captured. Several of the leaders made good their escape, some after many curious adventures. A principal part in this affair was played by a Baron von Rauschenblatt, who escaped to Paris, and lived afterwards in

Strasburg, where we shall find him some fifteen years later.

In consequence of these disturbances, it was resolved to occupy Frankfort and the neighbourhood by Prussian and Austrian troops—for the protection of the German Diet. The Prussian garrison of Mayence had to furnish one battalion for this purpose, which was composed of portions of all the battalions. As this expedition was considered to be a kind of pleasure-party, I was not amongst the officers selected by the colonel. For this I did not care, having very agreeable ties in Mayence.

This mixed battalion did not, however, answer the purpose, and orders were given that it should be relieved by our battalion.

We were to march one morning at two o'clock a.m., in order to reach the place of our destination in good time. My company had to march to Roedelheim, a place about four miles from Frankfort, belonging to a Count Solms-Roedelheim, who had once been a sovereign but was now a subject of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt.

After having passed Hoechst, we turned into a by-road leading directly to Roedelheim. The weather was extremely warm, notwithstanding the wind which powdered us all over with dust, so that we looked like millers.

After a short and pleasant march, we saw the beautiful little town before us, embedded in green like a diamond surrounded with emeralds. Cap-

tain Heuseler commanded a halt in the main street. Directly before us stood a large house, on which the sun shone in all its brightness. All the green Venetian blinds were hermetically closed, and so also was the house-door. Nowhere was a sign of life to be discovered, which, in the face of such a company, seemed to me wonderful, and almost an insult. The mystery of this enchanted house had a peculiar charm for me, and when I heard from our quartermaster that an officer was to be quartered in it, and that this officer was to be the "Quax," I managed that he should be quartered in the house allotted to me, in order to take his place.

At last our Augustus—for thus our soldiers called the captain—had finished his scolding, and I ascended the few steps leading to the house-door with great curiosity. Within the house I was received by the proprietor with rather a forbidding mien. Mr. Cardini was an Italian, past sixty, who had married a girl from the lower Rhine more than twenty years younger than himself. He had an extensive manufactory, which required three travelling clerks, possessed another house and garden in Sachsenhausen opposite Frankfort, and passed for a rich man.

Mrs. Cardini, who gave me a nice room on the third story, was a very stately lady with a classical head and a face which was more friendly by far than that of her grim-looking old spouse from the Lago di Como, who did not like soldiers,

and would have preferred to have me sent to Cayenne rather than to his house. People called him old rough Cardini, and said that he was as jealous as the Moor of Venice.

My arrival had not been quite so unnoticed as I supposed. Two pairs of girlish eyes, one nut-brown, the other coal-black, had observed our doings with great interest from behind the blinds on the third story. The nut-brown eyes belonged to the eldest daughter of the house, who shared her father's hatred of soldiers, and who, only on the day previous to our arrival had said, in company, that she hated Prussian officers, and never would dance with one; though feminine curiosity could not altogether resist peeping, she had given us only a cursory glance, and scolded her black-eyed sister—two years younger than herself—who looked with great curiosity at the Prussian intruders. Suddenly, little Mina clapped her hands and cried: "Helena, we are to get the handsome officer!" which was answered by an indignant exclamation.

After I had removed a considerable portion of the dust of two federal states from my hair and face, I was called downstairs to dinner and found my place between the master and the lady of the house. At the table were also seated the mother of the lady and four children; one chair was still empty.

I do not know how it happened that the conversation turned, even within the first minute, on

marriage. I said that I should never marry, as plenty of other people had pretty wives to be flirted with. This rather flippant speech caused the lady to look down on her plate, while a threatening cloud loomed on the forehead of the old Italian. At the same moment, the door opened and the eldest daughter entered.

I suppose that many of my readers have heard much about love at first sight and have smiled incredulously: I cannot help it, and must speak truth. When I saw this girl, it seemed as though an electric spark entered my heart; a bright flash lit up my whole life before me; and without any outward sound, I heard, with my inward ear, a voice that called out exultingly, "Behold, that is she; that is the other half of thy soul; that is thy wife!"

Helena was between sixteen and seventeen. The old sculptor, Zwerger, used to say he would give a fortune to be permitted to take her as a model for a Hebe. She entered the room with a cup (it was, however, not nectar but gravy), and Hebe herself could not have held it more gracefully. She wore, on that day, a simple yellow calico dress, with brown dots, and trimmed with braid of the same colour, which was extremely becoming, as it was in harmony with the Titian-like colours of her bare neck and arms, which were so beautifully moulded that they could not be surpassed by any antique statue. The shape of her head was even more classical than that

of her mother, and the simple Grecian knot in which her silk-like dark-brown hair was arranged relieved the noble beauty of her head more than any modern coiffure could have done. Her face had not the regular beauty of a statue, but it was very lovely, and its profile was extremely soft and delicate, especially in the lines of the forehead and chin, and the charmingly cut, small fresh mouth.

Even if she had covered her head and had only taken a few steps, any one must have recognized her Italian origin by the peculiar grace of her movements. Artists who had been long in Italy said the same.

The officer of our regiment who had been quartered before me in the house had not been very well fitted to create a favourable impression of Prussian officers. Towards the end of the French war he had been a sergeant or corporal in the contingent of some petty prince, and after the war had entered our army, where they put epaulettes on his shoulders but could not change his nature. He was above six feet high and well-proportioned, with reddish-brown hair, and a vulgar face.

His mind was as vulgar as his exterior. In the house of Mr. Cardini, he made himself so disagreeable that they would not have his company at dinner, and it was served to him in his room.

To contrast favourably with him was no great merit. Mr. Cardini's family soon liked me,

notwithstanding their anti-Prussian feelings, and Helena lost her prejudices against officers; or at least admitted that there were exceptions to be found. The father was, as mentioned before, an Italian, and the tone of his house was rather Italian than German.

Though the eldest daughter was not yet seventeen, several offers of marriage had been made to her, but had been refused, for she had not yet loved. At last the parents on both sides arranged amongst themselves that Helena should marry a young man, who at that time was one of Mr. Cardini's travelling clerks. He was the only son of rich parents, and an agreeable young man; but as he had not yet spoken to Helena, she had had no opportunity of accepting or refusing him. Father and grandmother considered the thing as arranged, and the young man himself (who was the spoilt pet of his mother) held the same opinion, and as he had always had his own way he did not dream of the possibility of a refusal. When I arrived, his return from a commercial tour was expected, and I heard from a third person that then the formal betrothal was to take place.

Eight days of living together in a house, where Italian freedom in social intercouse is the rule, makes two young people more intimate with each other than an acquaintance of a year under the usual circumstances. Helena and I were mutually attracted to each other, like

iron and loadstone; resistance seemed quite against all natural laws.

One afternoon I found her alone; she looked agitated, and even pale. Quite perplexed, I asked what was the occasion of it, when with a quivering voice she said, "Mr. M—— has just arrived." This was her intended husband. Jumping from his carriage with all the impatience of a lover (as I was informed later) he met Helena in the hall, and when he offered her his hand, she reluctantly gave him her left. "Am I not to have your right hand?" he asked; but instead of answering, she withdrew even her left hand and ran away, after which I had met her. Under these circumstances, an explanation was natural. I asked her whether she loved me? and this interview brought us mutual satisfaction and delight.

We ran at once to her mother and told her, and were rather astonished to hear that she knew it already. She had no objection to me as a son-in-law, and said with the usual tears, "Love each other and kiss." Half-sobbing, half-laughing, Helena said, "We—have—done so already," and all three of us burst into a merry laugh.

Poor M—— was meanwhile as unhappy as I was happy. Grandmamma, whose pet he was, came from his room quite in distress, and declared that he was lying in despair on his bed and said he would shoot himself. I consoled her by saying that I had already shot myself several times,

and that it was not at all dangerous. She clapped her hands and exclaimed, "What a lieutenant!" After a while, she brought the news that M—— would call me out, and when she lamented this, I consoled her again with the promise that I would wound her favourite very tenderly, on which she again clapped her hands, exclaiming, "What a lieutenant!"

Few people knew the real name of the grandmother; everybody called her grandmother. A letter with no other address would have reached her without doubt.

There had certainly been a time when she was not "grandmamma" with everybody, but was the handsomest and most graceful lady in Frankfort. At the coronation of the last Emperor of the Romans, she wore a crimson velvet dress with gold and lace, and his majesty admired her much, and sent her from his own table a piece of cake in a napkin. She was of a rich patrician family of Cologne, niece of a Frankfort senator, and married to a very handsome dashing officer. She retained her beauty long, and Frenchmen and Kossacks raved about her. But the Kossacks were in Russia and the Frenchmen too, and the once elegant beauty was now the old grandmother, wearing the same dark dress of printed linen all the year round, whilst her magnificent India and lace shawls and her glittering jewels were buried in an old bureau—buried as were the Frenchmen on the fields of Moscow,

who had once admired them on her splendid neck.

This old bureau was a wonder and seemed to have been transplanted from some fairy tale to Roedelheim. What it contained nobody could exactly tell, but that it contained everything that everybody wanted was an article of creed with every one in the house.

In the evening, when every one was in bed, grandmamma commenced her wanderings through the house: she looked into each corner, pulled out all the drawers and peeped everywhere. She wandered through all the bed-rooms, and wherever the little foot of a grandchild peeped from under the covering, she tucked it in carefully. She tried all the bolts and all the locks, and said that if it were not for her, the whole house would have been carried away long ago. Frequently she did not go to bed at all, and whoever rose first found her sleeping in a chair in the sitting-room.

Her special and favourite employment in the house was, however, attending to the coffee, which in numerous degrees of strength she kept ready day and night. The respected guest or the beggar—each one was sure to find his cup of coffee more or less diluted according to his station in life. She did everything in a quiet way and loved secrecy, even in such things as she might have done quite openly; it was her fancy.

She did not talk much, but if she had drunk a glass of wine and the conversation turned on olden

times, her large and still brilliant black eyes sparkled, and she became lively, especially when she thought of her husband who had after all been a great scapegrace.

From the time that Mr. M—— was selected as a husband for her eldest grand-daughter, he became an object of the greatest interest; but I was in favour with her also, and she regretted very much that we could not both marry Helena.

Marriage, so far as I was concerned, looked rather uncertain as yet, for I had nothing requisite for it but abundance of love and my pay as a lieutenant. However, when one is in love and is only twenty, all impediments are easily conquered—at least in fancy. The principal thing seemed, however, now to be to inform the father of my matrimonial intentions, and to obtain his consent.

It was my intention to surprise him one evening when alone in his counting-house. Thither he always retired when his wife differed in opinion with him, as will sometimes be the case with old men who have pretty young wives.

He had been educated by the Jesuits, but had lived in Germany more than forty years, and his Italian devotion had been considerably modified.

Mr. Cardini spoke French fluently, and during the French Revolution he was obliged, to save his life, to act for a time as secretary to the noted Eulogius Schneider, in Strasburg, from which place he at last succeeded in escaping to Germany. He also understood German sufficiently to express

himself fairly in speaking and writing; but he always endeavoured to imitate the flowery style of his beloved Italian authors, and for this, his knowledge of the language was not sufficient.

The old gentleman was highly respectable, honourable and noble in his feelings, and a very tender husband and father; but all his actions resembled his style, and it was really sometimes difficult to discern the true character of the man, which therefore was frequently misrepresented. He was passionate as any Italian, inflammable as gunpowder, and courageous as a lion. He had also another virtue, he was as cleanly as an Englishman, and loved water like a duck. The whole house was like Heuseler's barracks, but certainly more comfortable.

Heaven knows this visit to his sanctuarium was a hard task; but the result was much more favourable than I had expected. As good fortune would have it, my rival, disturbed by the news of the arrival of a dangerous officer in the house, had committed several blunders in his commercial tour, which made the old man angry with him. Moreover, love gave me eloquence; and as my tongue removed all opposing difficulties, the result of our conference was as favourable as circumstances would permit. If I were able to keep a wife properly, nothing need stand in the way of my happiness—nothing but that *trifle*.

Poor M—— renounced his bloodthirsty ideas when he saw me practising with my pistol, and

hitting the bull's-eye three times consecutively. He was soon sent on another journey, and was no longer in my way.

Now followed three months of perfect happiness. I succeeded in winning the favour of everyone in the house and neighbourhood, and an old gentlewoman who visited the house often said, "Mrs. Cardini, you have a genuine pearl in this lieutenant; a genuine pearl!" The pearl, however, turned the whole house topsy turvey. Mrs. Cardini even gave up her "Gutstub" (best room) for a comedy, which we represented with a great deal of noise and great applause.

Such a victory over Mrs. C—— was no trifling success; for the "Gutstub" of a Frankfort housewife is a place the sacredness of which is only surpassed by that of the "gute Gutstub," (the very best room). In the "Gutstub" a large family picture hung above the black velvet sofa. In its centre was Mrs. Cardini, seated, and holding in her ample lap a boy, handsome as a god of love, to whom Helena was presenting a basket with flowers, whilst the younger sister with the black poodle stood at her other knee. In the background was old papa Cardini, true to life, taking a pinch of snuff of his own manufacture. On the walls were different pictures of angels and cupids with allegorical butterflies, etc. They were the idealized likenesses of children who had died young. This "Gutstub" was the parlour in which company was generally received; the "gute

Gutstub " on the first floor was only opened on grand occasions, or when strangers came to see the valuable pictures in it. These were the remains of an extensive gallery which some great-grand-uncle had collected at an enormous price, with the intention of leaving it to the city of Frankfort. He died, however, without having made a will, and the grandmother and her sister inherited about four hundred pictures. As it was impossible to find room for all these pictures, a cousin undertook to sell part of them, in which he succeeded. He sold a great number of Teniers, Ostades, Wouvermanns, etc., in Vienna, and—ran off with the money to America. Another portion was destroyed by fire in Frankfort, and only some thirty remained, amongst which was a spendid Titian, which Mrs. Cardini, then a young girl, had taken out of its heavy frame, and had herself saved. This picture a French officer had originally cut out of the frame in some Venetian palace, and had brought to Frankfort. Getting into pecuniary difficulties, however, he was glad to sell it to the grandmamma's uncle for one thousand louis d'ors. Prince Primas afterwards wished to buy it, and asked Mr. Cardini to name his price; but he would not sell it, and thus it remained in the family. It represents a woman putting on a white garment, and sitting before a crimson curtain. I have admired this picture for these thirty-six years, and still admire it every day; for it hangs over the sofa in the very room in which I am writing these lines.

The diplomatic fogies of the Diet in Frankfort were much afraid that a riot would take place on Whit-Tuesday, when thousands of people always flock to the city and neighbourhood to celebrate an annual popular festival in the woods near the Forsthaus; and to meet any emergencies that might arise, military preparations were deemed necessary, which appeared most ridiculous to all who knew that this fear was unfounded.

Our whole battalion was assembled in Bockenheim, a little town between Frankfort and Roedelheim, belonging to the Electorate of Hesse. Our soldiers bivouacked there in the large hall of an inn, whilst their arms were piled in the garden.

Next day the wiseacres in Frankfort received news that an attack was intended from the side of Bonames, between Roedelheim and Homburg, which town had not then become a watering-place.

I was, therefore, left with one hundred and fifty men, as an advanced post, in Roedelheim, which place I secured according to military rules. The night passed, however, without the slightest disturbance, and Heuseler was very much dissatisfied, as he had hoped for an opportunity of distinguishing himself against the democrats. As it was, he missed the only opportunity of bullying the rebels.

The captain was obliged to go for a few days

to Mayence; our first lieutenant was detached for some duty, and "Quax" was under examination with reference to his robbing the soldiers' letters. I was, therefore, left in command of the company of three hundred men.

Next day the drafting for the Hessian army took place in Roedelheim, and the young people who had escaped the happiness of serving their Grand Duke, went in procession through the street, decked out with ribbons and colours, rejoicing and singing. This had always been the custom; but on this occasion being excited by wine, and by the presence of foreign soldiers, they became more noisy than usual, and tried to annoy us by singing Liberal songs.

The mayor of Roedelheim, anticipating a riot, and all kinds of evil consequences to the town, came, quite pale with excitement and fear, to see me, and urged me to apply military remedies. As I was so young, the mayor imagined he could give me advice in reference to my duty, and was very much dissatisfied and astonished on my telling him very coolly that he might attend to his own business; for that, as the place was occupied by the military, I had the command, and should act as I myself thought expedient. To prevent collisions, I had already ordered the soldiers to their quarters, and two buglers to stay at my house. The withdrawal of the soldiers was probably misinterpreted by the young men, for they became still more noisy, and sat down in a public garden opposite

my quarters, singing all kinds of prohibited songs.

When in the house I generally wore plain clothes, and thus dressed and smoking my pipe, I went over to the garden, where, in addition to the rioters, I met their fathers. Some of the latter collected around me, and I requested them to do all they could to prevent any greater disorder which would compel me to interfere, for which I should indeed be very sorry, as there could be no doubt about the issue. My words had a far better effect than my bayonets could possibly have produced. A sturdy gardener, who knew me well because he was the gardener employed by Mr. Cardini, went up to the rioters, who were sitting at long tables, drinking wine and singing, and when his remonstrances failed, especially with his own son, he supported them by a tremendous box on the ear. Other fathers followed this example, and the riot was at an end.

When the Captain returned, he was vexed that I had missed the opportunity of displaying my military forces; but as common sense and success declared so plainly in favour of my manner of proceeding, he dared not reprove me.

We officers were frequently invited to parties given by the foreign ministers in Frankfort, but I felt much too comfortable in my quarters to attend them. Once only, at the particular request of my Major, I went with him to a *déjeûner dansant* given by the Austrian General von Welden, whom I

knew at Mayence, and in whose house I saw all the ministers and aristocracy. The company promenaded in the garden, and danced in the hothouse, which was arranged for that purpose. The plutocratic element was represented by Baron von Rothschild, from Paris, and his wife. The latter was then a very handsome young lady, and I danced several dances with her.

Expressing my regret to Mrs. von Nagler, that his Excellency, her husband, who was the Prussian Minister, was not present, as I should very much have liked to see him, because he had been kind to me, she replied, "Well, he is there, not far behind you." I turned round, and the Minister approached me with outstretched hands, calling me by name, and greeting me very cordially. He said that he had recognized me at once, and inquired how my mother was, and was extremely kind. He was a little spare man, with a thin clever face and a penetrating eye. As there was a report current that the foreign troops would soon be removed from Frankfort and its neighbourhood, I took the liberty of asking him point blank. Mr. von Nagler made a droll face, and replied, "Oh, don't be afraid, we are in no hurry. We of the Diet are very profound, we do not precipitate things. After having deliberated for six weeks whether we will deliberate, we talk over the matter for six weeks at luncheon before we come to the first session. Then the session is interrupted by a six weeks' holiday, and at its close we com-

mence the same course anew. You see, therefore, that you need not hurry your preparations for marching." The fact was the Diet had no desire whatever to withdraw the troops at all, and they remained until 1866, when Prussia annexed Frankfort.

Though Prussian troops were to remain still in Roedelheim, our battalion was however to leave. In August we received the afflicting news that our regiment was to be transferred from Mayence to Saarlouis. Colonel von Below had in some manner or other offended old General von Mueffling, and by his, or some other influence in Berlin this move of the regiment was brought about, which was especially disagreeable to the Colonel, on account of the education of his daughters, and for other personal reasons.

Grandmamma hoped again for her *protégé*, for she had not the least belief in the faith of a lieutenant, especially of one who was so young, and who made himself so agreeable.

When the day of our parting came, Roedelheim was nearly inundated by the tears shed by the girls. I visited it as often as I possibly could, and envied my successor who was, however, a lieutenant of mature age, with a wife and boy, and who was much liked in the house.

A few days before we left Mayence, I went again to Roedelheim, and parted from my love with mutual promises, such as lovers are in the habit of making and breaking. Helena's father

was so kind as to drive me to Mayence in his own carriage, I suppose less because he loved me than to obtain information about his future son-in-law, which, however, he might quite as well have done sooner, before the attachment between his daughter and myself had been made public.

As bad luck would have it he put up with an old friend, and this old friend was Mr. Johann Adam Roeder, a great wine merchant, who had excellent reason to be angry with me. He was the unfortunate man who had furnished the champagne for the inauguration of my splendid lodging. When I took the champagne I really meant to pay for it, for I had received fifty thalers from aunty Raetzchen (though I believe they really came from aunt Arnim). This sum was of no use in reference to my debts, for if I had paid some of them with it, I should only have stirred up all my creditors; therefore I resolved to buy champagne and pay cash for it, which would increase my credit. Whilst, however, the money was in my pocket and I was on my way to Mr. John Adam, I met in the street the "handsome Fritz," who was standing near a carriage swearing like a Turk, because a comrade, who had promised to go with him to Wiesbaden, had disappointed him and had left him to pay for the carriage. As I was in plain clothes and ready to go to Wiesbaden myself, he proposed that I should go with him. I promised to do so after paying the wine-merchant, but he said, "Oh, that rascal can wait till to-morrow," and I

thought so too. Mr. Johann Adam had however no luck, for I lost my money at roulette and remained his debtor.

My debt for champagne had become known, and his colleagues, instead of pitying him, had teazed him without mercy and made him my bitter enemy. He complained to my colonel, and received two thalers every month. This was the reason why I did not put him on the list when my debts were cleared off by Colonel von Schultze.

Mr. Johann Adam Roeder was therefore fully convinced that I was a scape-grace; nay, he was even sure that I was the greatest scamp of all the officers, not only in Mayence, but in the world. He gave my father-in-law such a character of me that old Cardini's six hairs stood on end like porcupine's quills, and he resolved, rather to precipitate his daughter after Fenella into the crater of Vesuvius than into the misfortune of a marriage with me. In addition to this, the diplomatic notes exchanged between him and my family proved exceedingly unsatisfactory, and on the part of the latter were written in a style and manner which made him crazy. Pride of birth and pride of wealth came into collision, and my dreams were continuously troubled by visions of my beloved one sitting on a winged money-bag, and flying away from me.

When Mr. Cardini promised me his daughter "if I could keep a wife," I remembered the teachings of Colonel von Schultze, and tried to make

interest among my connections. The princess even spoke to her brother, the Duke of Coburg, and the duchess to her brother, Prince Metternich, but none of them considered the thing as serious, and they had no sympathy whatever with a nobleman who could wish to marry the daughter of a merchant.

The transfer of our regiment from Mayence, where it had been garrisoned for seventeen years, to a small fortress on the French frontier, was a great event as well for us as for the people of Mayence, and we were furious on hearing that it was owing to a lady! However, we were obliged to go. On a September morning, followed by the laments of women and creditors, we left this merriest of the cities on the Rhine.

CHAPTER II.

March to Saarlouis—Peculiar idiom of that place—The "dortige" mayor and the Prussian government—The fortress—Life in Saarlouis—Our colonel deserts the regiment—Visit to Roedelheim—War—Helena sent to Paris—Waylaying and disappointment—I try to become an author—Meeting with Frederick von Sallet—Literary pursuits—Held—Visit to Hofahrtsheim—The three queer brothers—Dr. Hromada—Visit to Castle Freyenstein—Baron von Winterfeld and my cousin the canoness—Visit to Heiligengrabe—A queer letter from Paris—Visit to Berlin, and setting off for Paris.

Our march to Saarlouis was very pleasant, for the road led through charming countries which I had not yet seen. The Nahe valley is lovely. We passed Oberstein (where most beautiful trifles of achat are made), and further on the splendid Castle Daun. The inhabitants of these parts had not seen soldiers since the French war, and it was a pleasure to them to receive us. Our landlords sometimes became most importunate in their extreme kindness and politeness.

We had to pass the principality of Birkenfeld, which still belongs to the distant Dukedom of Oldenburg. Before we entered the town we were caught in a thunderstorm and soaked to the skin. I was quartered in the house of a government

surveyor, who had made great preparations for my reception. I had a splendid room and would have liked to wait for my trunk, which was on the baggage-cart, to change my dress, but an elaborate dinner was already on the table, and the lady was anxious that it should not get cold. Wet as I was, I had to sit down, the landlord, his wife, and her pretty sister keeping me company, though not eating, as they had had their dinner. Thus I had to remain most uncomfortably in my wet clothes until bed-time, as the good people did not understand my hints.

We also passed a place called Krebsweiler, which belonged to the Landgrave of Hesse Homburg, who served as a general in the Prussian army, and who had given especial orders for our hospitable reception. We halted there for a whole day, and were very well treated.

Saarlouis is a fortress built by Vauban, and is said to have been peopled from the galleys and by girls from the Palais Royal, in Paris. How much of this report is true in reference to Saarlouis I cannot tell, but it is a fact that when we went there many of the citizens still wore in their houses grey jackets, reminding one of the galley-slaves, and that the women were pretty, had good figures, and were of quite a different type from the people living in the country around. Their dialect was also peculiar, and only spoken and understood by the inhabitants of that little town. It was neither German nor French, but an

odd mixture of both languages, unintelligible alike to Germans or French, and much resembling the slang spoken amongst thieves. Although all the inhabitants at that time understood both German and French, even educated people used this gibberish amongst themselves.

When this fortress, which is about two miles from the French frontier, became, after the war, the property of Prussia, the government took much trouble to conciliate the inhabitants. A ludicrous occurrence had nearly frustrated all its endeavours.

The mayor was much respected, and all the citizens were highly indignant when he was insulted in the most unaccountable manner by the government itself. He received a rescript, ending with the insulting phrase, "the *dortige* Burgermeister (the mayor *there*) will take care that this order is executed." The town council assembled, and resolved to send an energetic protest to the government, in which the citizens warmly took the part of their mayor, and said that he was one of the most sensible of men. The answer received from the government caused still more dissatisfaction, for in this it was said, "That the government could not at all understand the meaning of the protest of '*des dortigen* Burger-meisters, *dortigen* Magistrats, and der *dortigen* Einwohner,' and that the order must be executed as given." The excitement now became so great, that at last an employé of the government was sent to

Saarlouis to investigate this utterly-incomprehensible affair. He was much astonished when, on his arrival, respectable people told him, in great wrath, that neither the mayor, nor the magistrate, nor the citizens were "dortig," which, in the Saarlouis vernacular, means *crazy*. I give this anecdote as it was told to me, amid much laughter, by the "dortigen" mayor of Saarlouis himself.

The fortress was as neat as a jewel-box, and no wonder, for twenty millions of francs had been expended on its repairs. A magnificent detached fort, Fort Rauch, and a *tête de pont* had been built, and eight artesian wells had been bored. I think, however, that its situation is not very good, as there are some commanding heights too near it. The town itself, forming the centre of the fortifications, was only about three hundred paces in diameter, and consisted of a square market-place, or place d'armes, surrounded by a walk shaded by trees, from which two streets led, one to the German the other to the French gate. The whole town was encircled by eight large, solidly built barracks, situated at the foot of the main rampart, and garrisoned by 4,000 men, whilst the number of the inhabitants amounted only to about 2,500. At each of the four corners of the town, were excellent powder magazines, each of which contained several hundred thousand pounds of gunpowder. Had one of these taken fire the whole town and everything in it would have been blown

to atoms. However, these magazines, and also one of the barracks, were shell-proof.

As Saarlouis was so near the frontier, military duties in the fortress were performed very strictly all the year round. During the night the fortress was not opened to anyone; however, the commandant once made an exception, after a ball, and permitted me to let out an amiable family who lived on an estate a mile and a half outside the gate.

This little fortress was a disagreeable quarter for officers who had been used to the luxuries of Mayence. However, those of the 25th regiment, who had been there since the war, were very sorry to leave it. The change was thought necessary, because so many of the soldiers of that regiment had deserted to France. This was also the case with our men, many of whom were seduced by the proximity of the frontier. Most of them were sent to Algiers, and I remember that even the first sergeant of one of our companies went there. Many of the soldiers, however, returned voluntarily after having served their time in Algiers, and considered the half-year of imprisonment in some other fortress, with which first desertion was punished, to be a recreation.

At that time scarcely anything was to be had in Saarlouis which an educated man requires for his amusement. There was not even a bookseller in the place, and our only resource was a journal circle, which had been arranged by the chief clerk

of the post-office, with the key-major, who had nothing to do in the day-time, for his assistant. There was nothing left to officers for their amusement but either to plague the soldiers with drill, or to resort to drinking and gambling.

The married officers were not generally in a position to receive company, and were obliged to limit their social intercourse to one or two intimate friends. The only persons amongst the civilians, who occasionally gave parties, were the "Landrath," the mayor, one lawyer, two apothecaries, two leather-dealers, and one physician, of whom the first three sometimes gave very nice little balls, to which persons from the neighbourhood were invited.

The chief resorts of us officers were a coffee-house on the market-place, and the main guard, where the officer, if he belonged to the clique of young men generally, established a faro bank, from which the expenses for wine, etc., were defrayed. We also established a casino, but as means were wanting, it was only used now and then for balls or for occasional dinners.

When not on duty, the officers were running all day about the market-place. In summer, neighbouring villages were also visited. Necessity compelled the older officers to associate more with their younger comrades than in Mayence, and even captains played at nine-pins with lieutenants.

We had comforted ourselves with the idea that our colonel would keep open house as he did in

Mayence, where he was at home every evening except one in the week. These evenings were very pleasant, for the colonel and his lady were highly educated people, and the company amused themselves with music or interesting conversation. We had, however, made our reckoning without our host; the colonel left his family in Mayence and his lady only visited him once, when the whole corps of officers paid her a visit *en masse*, on which occasion she remarked that Saarlouis was not quite so dead-alive as she had imagined, for she had really seen a carriage in the street. One day an exciting report went round at parade; it was said that our colonel had been appointed commander of the 35th regiment, which had remained at Mayence.

On the day of his departure he assembled his regiment on the glacis, and took rather a theatrical leave of us all. He left us in 1834, and was replaced by a Colonel von Delitsch, a most excellent man, and thorough soldier, who tried to introduce a different and more genial tone amongst us; his endeavours were, however, defeated by the stiffness of the majors and elder captains.

Before I forget it, I ought to mention that Saarlouis, besides being the most dreary garrison in Prussia, has the honour to boast of being the birthplace of Marshal Ney. The house in which he was born is adorned by a marble slab, with the inscription: "Ici est né le Maréchal Ney."

The correspondence with my betrothed was

kept up very briskly, notwithstanding the vigilance of my father-in-law *in spe*, who had still to learn that difficulties and stubborn resistance serve only to fan the flame of love. As Christmas approached my longing for Roedelheim became so strong that I could resist it no longer. The colonel, at that time still von Below, refused to give me leave of absence; but I resolved to carry my point. I therefore went to his house to speak to him, and caught him just at the moment when he was getting into his carriage to set off for Mayence, to pass the holidays with his family. Upon my saying what I wanted, he flatly refused, with great shakings of his head and gesticulations. "Well, Colonel," I answered, resolutely, "then I must go without your permission, for I have given my word of honour to go there."

"You are a madcap," he said, "who will not listen to reason. You may go, then; but I assure you it shall be for the last time."

On my arrival in Frankfort it was Sunday. I went at once to Roedelheim, where I was received in a by no means friendly way by the master of the house. We exchanged some sharp words; but nothing was done to prevent my visits, though I did not see Mr. Cardini during the whole of the time that I was in the neighbourhood of Roedelheim.

This meeting, after a separation of several months, did not cool our passion. Helena and I swore eternal fidelity to each other, I do not

know how often; and ate together the sweetmeats, which an enormously rich, and enormously stout old suitor from Mayence, much favoured by her father, had brought for Helena, who always called him the "king of frogs."

I returned to Saarlouis much happier, and more easy in my mind; but Mr. Cardini did not give up his resistance; on the contrary, he now became quite angry, for Helena not only refused the rich "Froschkoenig," but also a very respectable young man, the only son of one of the richest merchants of Cologne, who had known her when a child. Mr. Cardini wrote to my colonel, and to my major, to assist him in his endeavours; and when all was in vain, he resolved to try the effects, with me, of a longer separation, and with Helena, of amusement and pleasure. I soon received a very disconsolate letter from her, in which she informed me that her father was going to send her to her foster-sister in Paris, who had married a rich merchant living there.

My first idea was to prevent this in some way or other, to elope with Helena or some other impracticable romantic nonsense; impracticable, chiefly, from a most prosaic want of money. One thing, however, we agreed upon: that we must see each other somewhere on the road to Paris; and it was thought best that this should be in Saarbrucken, which is only a few miles from Saarlouis, and where the diligence stopped for several hours. Her father had told his daughter that she was to

travel by this route, and I made my preparations accordingly. For several days, I was all day on the road between Saarlouis and Saarbrucken, and always present at the arrival of the diligence, for I suspected that her father might leave Helena in uncertainty about the real day. The day fixed for her arrival came at last, and, faint with excitement, I watched the alighting passengers. There was a lady; my heart beat like a sledge-hammer! but it was not Helena. Her father had been too sharp for us; he had sent her *viâ* Brussels in the company of an old friend who lived near Paris.

The handsome young lady who came by the diligence was a Provençal, who did not speak one word of German. While in the passengers' room she addressed some questions to me, and we entered into conversation. She told me that she came from Mayence, where she had been for some time, and knew all my friends. Speaking of Princess Mensdorf, and the young lady who had taken the place of Mademoiselle de Wiesenthau, she said: "C'est ma fille!" In my surprise I looked so stupid, that she laughed outright; but I had good reason to be astonished, for the mother looked about four or five years younger than her daughter.

That I could not marry, as a lieutenant, was obvious, and I had to consider what other profession would place me more quickly in the desired position. My high connections had proved useless for the purpose, and even Colonel von

Schultze had no sympathy with me in a marriage with the daughter of a manufacturer of snuff; his letters became rare, and cool. Though I resolved to induce him to assist me, I first examined carefully my own resources; but the result of this examination was not very promising, for what could I do without a penny in the world?

Though I had not altogether given up my scientific studies, I felt that I had not learnt enough to make a living in that way. I therefore resolved to write dramas and novels, believing that I had some talent for this. I wrote a little novel, which was not bad, but which was never published, as I did not know how to manage. However, I sent a song, occurring in it, to the "Didaskalia," which was the nursery for many young authors at that time, and I had the happiness of seeing it printed! I suppose every author has experienced something of the same sensation on seeing himself in print for the first time. I was delighted, and was never tired of reading the few simple lines.

Frederick von Sallet, who was then in Trier, which is not very far from Saarlouis, had begun to make a name as a poet, encouraged by another poet, then well-known, Eduard Duller, who lived at that time in the same city. I had always kept up a correspondence with Sallet, who showed me his verses, which I liked very much. He was then studying hard at military science, simply because he wanted to pass his examination for

the "school of war," in order to go for three years to Berlin. He wrote me an amusing letter, in which he addressed me as, "Dearest bungling universal genius;" but expressed no very flattering opinions in reference to my character.

During the next summer some of Sallet's friends resolved to meet him halfway between Trier and Saarlouis, at a place on the river Saar, called Metloch. On our arrival we found Sallet already there. We celebrated our meeting by drinking some bottles of good wine, but went early to bed, as we were tired with our walk from Saarlouis, and wanted to be up early in the morning. One of us, von Wolzogen, had a bad toothache, and as he was lamenting loudly, we left him alone in one room, whilst we others slept in another. I had to share a bed with our friend Dömming, one of our most amiable officers. Sallet's fancy, excited by the wine, was wandering, and as he communicated to us what he saw, it was long before we retired to rest. I could not sleep at all, and as the heat became overpowering, and Dömming pushed me out of the bed at about two o'clock in the morning, I went to the river Saar to take a cooling bath. The river rushes there between rocks, and to swim there was indeed a pleasure. Returning to our hot room, and brushing my wet hair over Sallet's face, he rose also, and we took another bath, on which occasion he would have been drowned but for me, as he could not swim. The Saar was extremely deep there, so deep that

I could not reach the ground when diving, though I took nearly half a minute to come again to the surface.

After we had dressed, we walked hand in hand towards the rising sun, and enjoyed in intimate conversation one of those delicious hours which can never be forgotten. When we returned to the house our lazy comrades also wished for a bath, and I joined them for the third time. After breakfast, we all proceeded to a wood on the other side of the river, and sitting under an old oak tree, Sallet read us a humorous dramatic fairy tale, "The princess with the long nose," which I enjoyed much. About noon Sallet left us, and we returned again to our humdrum life in Saarlouis.

The ladies in Saarlouis were in the habit of bathing in the river, which they always did in large parties. An old lady, sitting on an eminence, acted as sentinel; but as it once happened that the old lady fell asleep, and a whole company of soldiers surprised the water nymphs, the latter became rather shy, and I was requested to provide a proper place for them where they might enjoy themselves in security, which I did with pleasure. I was in general on very good terms with the ladies in our new garrison, as I assisted them whenever I had an opportunity. They had formed an association, called "Frauenverein," for the relief of the poor, for which purpose they worked and presented many

things which were raffled for, or rather drawn for in a lottery. I advised them to sell these things by auction, offering myself as an auctioneer. The plan answered admirably, for they realized more than six times as much as formerly. For my pains the wags in the regiment made fun of me, and called me "the male member of the ladies' association."

The commandant of our army corps in Coblenz, becoming aware of our surplus of leisure, sent us occupation, and we officers now and then received some theoretical military task which we had to work out in writing. Even our old captains were much alarmed by the request to send in reports of our manœuvres, accompanied by plans.

In our regiment was an officer with whom I had become better acquainted whilst I was in Roedelheim, when he was quartered in the neighbouring village of Hausen. His name was von Asmuth. He was a first lieutenant, married, and had a family. He had much humour, and wrote many poems. Amongst them was a comic epic, after the manner of Hudibras, which was not without merit, and afterwards a comedy, in five acts, which was never represented, but of which I obtained the publication in a dramatic paper. As I had formed the intention of becoming an author, I sought his society, which was also appreciated by some other of the officers. We met frequently in the lodging of one whom I have not yet named, but who had a great influence over my life, and

who is one of the most interesting characters occurring in these memoirs. As later on he played a very important part, and became as it were a historical personage, and is now editor of a daily paper in Berlin, which has more subscribers than any other, I must give his history more at length. He possesses eminent talent and great originality, and in judging him one mustnot for get that an oak-tree throws a larger shadow than a cabbage.

Frederick William Alexandre Held was born in 1813, at Neisse, in Silesia. His father was a captain in the army, and at a later period was employed in the War Department in Berlin. He was a man of great parts, but a drunkard, which caused his early death. His son obtained a place in the military Orphan House in Potsdam. The chief of this establishment was a Colonel von Below, a relation of Held's stepmother, and therefore somewhat interested in the boy. He had a little daughter, and the orphan boy fell in love with her; that is, she became his deity, who influenced all his actions, though he had scarcely spoken to her. He wished to attract her by distinguishing himself in some unusual manner. He surpassed all his six hundred comrades so much, that after a few years he reached the first place amongst them. On account of his good behaviour, and of his showing extraordinary abilities, an exception was made in his favour; instead of being sent to the army as a corporal, he was permitted to pass the ensign's

examination. As an ensign, therefore, he entered the 36th Regiment, visited our divisional school in Trier, and in a very short time passed the examination for lieutenant in such a brilliant manner, that the commission awarded him the highest honours, "Belobigungen" (commendations), which were extremely rarely granted. This was the reason of his very favourable reception in the regiment by the higher officers. When he appeared for the first time amongst us young officers at parade, he excited our interest also; but as his whole manner differed from ours, and his exterior was by no means prepossessing, we soon treated him rather *de haut en bas.*

He was then nineteen, and rather a raw lad. He had fair hair, a white and red face, very large mouth, short nose, and extremely small eyes, which looked like little button holes when he laughed or smiled. Nor was his figure good.

Held had, however, a desire to go into society, and to learn how to dance, for which purpose he visited a dancing school, with some of his acquaintances from the divisional school. Here he met two young girls from Oppenheim, on the Rhine, the eldest of whom was extremely pretty, and he fell vehemently in love with her. One day, we were amused by the news that the nineteen years old boy was going to marry. The colonel treated this as a folly, but Held was urgent, and as the girl was unobjectionable, and had the required

means, he gained his point. However, from that time we dropped him altogether.

We had imagined that Held would prove a very zealous officer; but in this we were mistaken; he had very little inclination for soldiering, but as it soon became evident that he had talent, he became assistant to the auditor. As it was his business to examine such soldiers as had committed crimes, and as an officer was always present at these examinations, I became in Saarlouis better acquainted with him, and was attracted both by the originality of his ideas, and by the beauty of his pretty little wife.

He first created a sensation when he refused to have his first child christened. When at length persuaded to yield, he sent his servants to church with the child, to show his utter indifference to the act.

The better I became acquainted with Held, the more I became fascinated by his originality and naiveté, and especially because he showed a great interest in literary pursuits. At first he only wrote some practical books for the soldiers' schools, which brought him money; but when I had written a tragedy in five acts and in verse, called "The Hunyadi," he began also to write dramas, which were more original than poetical. He had hired a little garden outside the fortress; there we frequently met, and read our literary productions to each other. We intended also to establish an amateur theatre in Saarlouis,

for which purpose we studied some comedies, but our plan failed. This was the commencement of my intimacy with Held, which had an influence upon my whole life.

The correspondence with Helena went on very briskly, notwithstanding all difficulties, and we mutually encouraged each other. My correspondence with Colonel von Schultze also again became more frequent, and it seemed as though he were entering into my views, though he expressed himself in rather a reserved manner with reference to his plans. The result of this renewed connection, was another invitation to Hofahrtsheim for the winter of 1834, and our new colonel made no difficulties on my requesting three months' leave of absence.

The sojourn at Hofahrtsheim was this time more agreeable, for the colonel had sold a farm to his brother, taken out of his own estate, and had built a dwelling-house and farm buildings for him, at the distance of about a rifle shot from his own house. This brother was a retired major, who had been with the French army in the peninsula. He was older than the colonel and was married to a lady who might have been his daughter, and by whom he had five sons and daughters. The major lived on his pension, and had very little besides, but it was impossible to see a happier or more amiable family. The still handsome mother treated her husband, who was thirty years older than herself, with a love and respect, which had in them

something very touching, and her fine, bright children loved each other tenderly. The eldest son, who was then still a school-boy, became afterwards an officer in the service of the Duke of Meiningen. A quarrel, which he had with a citizen, caused his resignation, but, owing to the kind patronage of Prince Albert, he got a commission in the English Indian army. He was wounded in the affair in the Khyber Pass, and wrote some very interesting letters from India, for which I obtained publication in a German paper; they were translated into the English papers, and created some sensation. His second brother became first private secretary to the Duke of Coburg, then rose to a higher position, and distinguished himself as a dramatic author.

This amiable family was respected everywhere, and excited the jealousy of the colonel's lady, who was in every respect, except wealth, the inferior of her sister-in-law.

Now and then, a third and younger brother of the colonel, a retired Prussian general, came on a visit to Hofahrtsheim. He was an exceedingly brave officer, but a harum-scarum fellow, who always behaved like a young lieutenant, got into debt, drank and gambled, for which reason he never obtained the command of a regiment. He was one of the queerest men one could see, always very restless and undecided.

To see these three brothers together in the colonel's room was a treat. All three were very

lively, and all three spoke very loud. When in animated conversation, the colonel, in drawers and slippers, his long figure wrapped in a dressing-gown too short for him, would shuffle up and down the room at a rapid pace, always keeping the same course backwards and forwards, and speaking in a very loud but somewhat husky voice. The general moved just as briskly, but with the movement of a knight on a chess-board, turning abruptly on his heel, and making a step aside, and speaking as loud as the colonel, but with a voice which might be heard above the roar of battle. The major, who also spoke loudly, but in a calmer manner, had enough to do to keep out of the way of his two brothers, and turned here and there to look into the face of the one whom he addressed. I sat on the sofa, smoking my cigar, enjoying the scene.

The "little Excellency" was a very delicate child, and this was not to be wondered at, as her mother scarcely allowed her to go out of doors, except when she went with her. This was very rarely, for she had "such small feet," she could not walk much. The young lady did not go to school; she was instructed at home by a talented young theologian, who accepted the situation in the hope of getting one of the several livings of which the colonel had the disposal. As the colonel had already lost two sons, he was very anxious about the health of his only child, and had brought a celebrated homœopathic doctor from Teplitz, Dr.

Hromada, to pass the winter months in Hofahrtsheim.

Homœopathy was then the rage, and the whole of the colonel's family were quite beside themselves about it. Madame had a pocket apothecary's shop, and the colonel a larger one, from which he gave his globules to every one, according to the directions he found in "Hahnemann's Organon," which I also began to study.

Dr. Hromada was no charlatan, but a very interesting man, whose life had been very eventful. When a little boy, he ran away from his parents to Hanover, and thence to England, where he had an uncle who enabled him to study at Oxford. During the French war he practised as a surgeon, and was with Wellington in the Peninsula, of which campaign he told us many interesting incidents and adventures. At a later period, he went to the East Indies, whence he was sent to the West Indies, where a whole English regiment had become nearly blind. As he supposed that this blindness was produced by climatic, or other local causes, he carefully questioned the people of the country, and learnt that the steam from the liver of a pig, which had a black tip at its tail, would cure this blindness. The doctor used the liver without caring for the black tip, and the soldiers were cured. The doctor was decorated for this. When he returned to Europe he became blind himself, and remained so for a whole year.

He paid a visit to Dr. Hahnemann, a disbeliever, as he said, but became perfectly convinced of the superiority of homœopathy. He only regretted that so many charlatans had turned homœopaths without believing in homœopathy, merely because it was the fashion, by which its credit must necessarily be injured. The principal thing, as he said, was to discover the disease, for otherwise of course it was impossible to apply the correct remedy: therefore, only experienced physicians could use homœopathy with effect.

Dr. Hromada had settled in Teplitz, where he prescribed baths according to the homœopathic principle, and tried them with his own boy. By using these baths his limbs had become quite distorted, and by use of the same baths he had cured him. Young, healthy people, drafted for the Austrian army, had applied to him, and by means of the baths he had crippled them and had cured them again afterwards; so he told me, at least.

During the cholera time, he also made some very interesting experiments, which I have forgotten.

During his sojourn in Hofahrtsheim, the doctor cured every one who came to consult him, or who sent for him, without accepting any fee. The colonel's house resembled a hospital, for it was besieged by sick people all day long.

The doctor remained in Hofahrtsheim after my departure, and the colonel took him to Gotha, where he introduced him to the duke. Eventually

Dr. Hromada went to the United States, where he succeeded very well. During his absence his son died, whom he could have saved, he said, if he had been present. This and other things drove the man mad. He died a lunatic a few years after his return from America.

When I arrived in Hofahrtsheim, the colonel asked me with a mien and expression I shall never forget: "Well, are you still enamoured of that tobacco-dresser's daughter?" and made me almost frantic. When, however, he saw that I was in earnest, and that all his objections were of no use, he made his plans fall in with my intentions. He advised me to resign the service, and promised to exert all his influence to procure for me a better position, either through Duke Charles of Brunswick, or the Duke of Coburg. Until an appointment could be found, I was to remain in Hofahrtsheim and study farming, which might still be of use to me.

As my heart yearned for Paris, where not only the daughter of the "tobacco-dresser," but also Duke Charles of Brunswick, was living, I persuaded the colonel to write him a confidential letter which I might deliver in person.

During my stay in Hofahrtsheim, I amused myself again with hunting and riding, and especially with the latter, as the colonel had been taken in with a half-blood mare. When I arrived the groom was laid up for a fortnight, as she had thrown him off, and nobody would ride her.

Directly I got into the saddle the contest commenced. She refused flatly to leave the yard, but I took her on soft ground and ordered the coachman to give her a smart cut with his long whip each time she commenced rearing. She had this bad habit to such an extent that she not rarely fell over. She caught me in that manner twice. After having tried many different means to break her of this habit, I tried one of my own invention, which succeeded perfectly. I fixed under her neck a strong and rather thick silk cord, which passed over two small rollers, and of which the ends were, with the bridle, in my hand. As soon as the mare commenced her dance on her hind legs, I pulled the string with such force that it nearly strangled her, and she sank on her knees. After a repetition of this experiment for three or four times, she durst not rear any more.

She had, however, another fault, of which a nephew of the colonel's lady had a sample. Nearly thirty miles from Hofahrtsheim, in Letzlingen, lived an "Oberforstmeister," Count Schimmelmann, who had three most lovely daughters, with whom young Count W—— was very much charmed. He wished to pay them a visit, and one day rode over on the bay mare, which was extremely fleet and could stand a great deal of work. When Count W—— approached the residence of Count Schimmelmann he was recognized, the old count himself came out to meet him, and the three young ladies were at the windows.

Count W—— very politely took off his hat, but to the astonishment of the ladies and their father, turned abruptly round, and ran off at a racing pace. The thing was very simple; the mare disliked his compliment, turned on the spot, and galloped the thirty miles back with him, without his being able to stop her. The colonel is responsible for the truth of this story, as he told it to me; I was not in Hofahrtsheim when it happened.

Heiligengrabe, where my favourite cousin, Ferdinande, was a canoness, is about sixty miles from Hofahrtsheim, and I longed to see her. She was, however, on a visit at Castle Freyenstein, an estate belonging to Baron von Winterfeld, situated on the Mecklemburg frontier, about ten miles from Heiligengrabe. The baron sent me an invitation, and I started one fine winter morning after breakfast for Freyenstein. When I rode into the castle-yard the mare was so little tired that she tried to throw me off.

Castle Freyenstein was a curious old building, probably of about the fourteenth century, with a tower of somewhat later date attached to one end of it. The ground-floor of the main building was modernized, but the other parts, though kept in repair, were left in their old state. Baron von Winterfeld had a very amiable wife, and two charming daughters, all of whom received me with great kindness.

The old castle was reputed to be haunted, and the huge pile of grey, time-eaten stone looked, indeed,

like a resort of goblins. The baron said it was an old custom of the family that the master of the house in person should see each guest, entering it for the first time, to his room. This room was one in the tower; it was called the "Cell," and had been selected, as the baron jestingly said, because it was the only one in the upper regions of the castle which was not haunted. The baron took a two-armed chandelier and showed me my room. We went up curious old staircases, through queer-looking passages, and crossed the large and lofty banquet-hall, from the walls of which the armed portraits of the Winterfelds of former ages looked down upon us. The cell was a comfortable wainscotted-room, with a great number of wardrobes and cupboards, and other recesses in the walls, where a whole army of ghosts might have found shelter. As I was afraid of some practical joke on the part of the young ladies, I looked very carefully into all these wardrobes, but no goblin troubled my sleep.

Baron Winterfeld had, close to the little town of Freyenstein, another large estate called Cöln (Cologne) with extensive distilleries, in which, besides the usual spirits, a cheap perfume was manufactured, which was also called Eau de Cologne.

Baron von Winterfeld farmed his estates himself; but he had an assistant called an inspector, who was one of the handsomest men I ever saw. He was an extremely well-educated man, and had accepted this situation in order to acquire

still more experience in farming, as he was looking out for some estates to buy. Though I admired him, I felt very indignant that he should dare to pay attention to my cousin; he, a kind of head steward of the baron, and without even a von before his name! And yet I myself was going to move heaven and earth to marry the daughter of a "tobacco-dresser."

After a few agreeable days in Freyenstein, I accompanied my cousin to her house in Heiligengrabe. This is an institution which was founded centuries ago for unmarried daughters of noblemen, who must, however, be able to show a line of fourteen noble ancestors. Each of the canonesses has a house and garden to herself, a cow, and an ample allowance of corn, oats, hay, and other things required in a household, besides an annuity, of which I do not remember the amount. The ladies were not required to live in Heiligengrabe, but when there they must keep certain rules with reference to dress and attendance at church. All these things are, however, considered as mere forms, and are not very strictly adhered to. The institution is very rich, and at the head of the administration stands a "Stiftshauptmann, who again is under the control of the abbess. The canonesses lose their prebend if they marry. In society they take rank with married ladies, and are on a footing of equality with the wives of majors. Many of them who live in Heiligengrabe have their mothers and sisters with them, and not rarely have

the use of the houses and gardens of such canonesses as live abroad. Canonesses live to a great age it seems, for the number of old maids in the place, and the amount of gossip and flirting going on is astounding, though the flirting only falls to the share of the young ladies. Male cousins are at a premium. My fair cousin lived quite alone with only one servant in her house, for her mother was dead. I lodged with her for three days without its being considered against the rules. My cousin and I passed an evening with the abbess von Steinwehr, whom I had already seen when she visited her brother, the chief of the Cadet House in Potsdam.

The three days in the house with my charming cousin were delightful, for she did all in her power to make my visit agreeable. Of course I told her all about Helena, and she wrote her a kind sisterly letter, offering her her little house as a refuge, if her love for me should bring her into trouble.

In February, 1835, I left Hofahrtsheim, and went first on a visit to Berlin to my Aunt Arnim, where I found my cousin Ferdinande. She had spoken to her about Helena, and she was very kind to me. She had no objections to Helena as my wife, and would receive her as my affianced, but she could do nothing to place me in a position to marry. It gratified me much that my worthy aunt, whom I loved and respected, looked so kindly on my case; and so, satisfied with the result of my visit, I set off for Paris.

CHAPTER III.

In Paris—Little Eugénie—"For the country"—Eduard D———— —Chantilly—Reconnoitring—L'enfant is living in Viarmes— —Across the woods—A strange adventure—Mr. Casier—Viarmes —The laceworker—Despair—"Vous êtes P-r-r-russien!"—A rencontre—A box on the ear—"C'est un enragé!"—No post-horses—Walk to Moizelles—The gendarmes and the postmaster—Post St. Denis to Paris—Little Eugénie again—Taken in!—An episode at the Opera Comique—Return to Chantilly—Mr. Casier —Sensation in Viarmes—Expedition against Viarmes—"Voilà le pot au roses!"—Alarm in the house—Monsieur le Maire—Victory—Return to Paris—The Duke of Brunswick—Interview with him—Return to Saarlouis—Resignation.

After a very fatiguing journey of eight days and eight nights in the diligence, I arrived at last in Paris. The first thing was to go to the Bouvelard des Italiens, where, at the corner of the Rue de Helder, the foster-sister of Helena had a very fashionable *magasin de nouveautés*. Helena lived with her, and I hoped fortune would favour me with a sight of her.

On arriving near the entrance of the *magasin*, which was called "*à la mère de famille*," my heart beat so fast that I had to stop and take breath. I passed the door at least twenty times before I could muster courage enough to go in and to

carry out the rather clumsy plan devised by me.

On entering the *magasin* I told one of the many young ladies in attendance that I came from Frankfort with a letter for Mademoiselle Cardini, which I had promised to deliver into her own hands. Our conversation soon attracted the attention of Madame Julia S——, the proprietress of the *magasin*. She was a most charming young lady, whose beauty was rendered still more piquant by the manner in which she wore her fair hair, which was cut off and curled *à la Titus*. When left a poor orphan child in Roedelheim, old Mr. Cardini had adopted her and brought her up with Helena, until she had the good fortune to meet Mr. S——, who married her. He had a large wholesale business in the Rue de Helder, and established the *magasin* for his wife, who would not remain idle, and who had a very lucrative business.

Madame S—— took me to her private room, and told me that Helena was out of town, but that she would forward the letter to her. I declined, however, as I had promised to deliver the letter personally or not at all.

In the room in which we were was a light winding iron staircase which led up to the first floor, and as I did not trust the assurances of Madame Julia, I lingered still in the hope of seeing Helena come down these steps. This, however, was not to be; but another pretty girl came, with

splendid black eyes, who looked at me very significantly, and who, from Helena's letters, I was sure could be no other than the "little Eugénie," a cousin of Mrs. S——, who also lived in the house. Having no pretext for staying any longer, I rose, and when Mrs. S—— asked my name I adopted that of one of my friends, though this *ruse* was of no avail, having been recognized at once from a miniature which I had given to Helena.

When on the point of leaving the *magasin*, I met the eyes of little Eugénie, who made a sign which stopped me. I feigned to remember that I wanted a pair of gloves, which Mrs. Julia handed me herself. As I had noticed that the till was at the other end of the long counter, and Julia would have to go there for change, I paid for my gloves with a twenty-franc piece, which stratagem succeeded perfectly. Whilst Julia's back was turned, little Eugénie, with great skill, dropped a note into my hat, which I had placed on the table.

On leaving the *magasin*, and at a sufficient distance, I opened the note, which was from Helena, and the ink of which was hardly dry. She wrote that she was compelled to leave "for the country," but that she *must see me at any price*. For the country! I was almost crazy. For the country! But where? The country round Paris is rather extensive!

Not knowing what to do under the circumstances, I resolved on consulting Eduard D——,

and accordingly drove to the Quartier Latin, where he lived. I was not acquainted with this young man personally, but knew enough of him from Helena's letters. He is now one of the most celebrated savants in the world, but was then a young refugee from the neighbourhood of Frankfort, who had been compelled to leave his country, having been engaged in the "Putsch" of Frankfort, of which I have spoken before. Since that time he has lived in Paris, and has translated classical and scientific German works into French. He was intimate with a lady friend of Helena, and kind enough to take charge of our letters.

Eduard D—— was then a young man of my own age, but of perhaps a little more experience, as he had been living for more than a year in Paris. He was also a great republican, and not in the least satisfied with the results of the revolution of July. I won his goodwill by a pipe of German tobacco, which he had missed very much, and we became good friends. He did not know in what part of the country Helena might be hidden, and I resolved to make the attempt to see little Eugénie again, and to hear about it from her. I dared not approach the *magasin* again in the day-time, and therefore waited until after dark.

Eugénie was a clever little puss. When I flattened my nose against the window she recognized me at once, and came out into the street. She told me that Helena was at the house of M.

Demautis, a manufacturer of lace, in Chantilly, the same gentleman with whom she had come from Germany. One of my letters had been intercepted, and as it had thus become known that I was on my way to Paris, Helena had been compelled to leave the city on the very morning of my arrival. She had scarcely left when I entered the *magasin.*

Little Eugenie was very compassionate to me, and could not sufficiently lament our fate, saying frequently, "*pauvres enfans, pauvres enfans!*" and clapping her little hands. I was so much pleased with her intelligence that I exultingly caught her in my arms, and gave her a kiss right on her pretty mouth, at which proceeding she was rather astonished.

Next day I took the diligence for Chantilly, and arrived there in the evening, alighting at the Hotel d'Angleterre. I inquired of everybody for M. Demautis, and was rather astonished that nobody knew anything of him. I, however, slept very well, and dreamt of Helena; next morning I resumed my inquiries, but still without success.

Chantilly is a cheerful little town, well known since that time for its races. There were many pretty villas in the neighbourhood, and I was sure that M. Demautis must live in one of them, though I rather wondered that so wealthy a lace merchant should not be known at the hotel. I do not know why it did not occur to me to inquire for him at the post-office, or at the Bureau de

Police, but I was still very inexperienced in many things.

For several hours I roamed about and scanned all the country-houses that looked likely to belong to a lace merchant, and especially examined all secluded windows, behind which a pretty "tobacco-dresser's" daughter might be concealed. I climbed fences and walls, and wonder much that I was not taken up as a housebreaker. Under some windows that looked especially promising and lonely I whistled or sang, "*à la Blondel*," some snatches of German songs, which must certainly, I thought, induce Helena to look out of the window. But all in vain; after several hours I returned to my hotel, rather out of spirits.

Following the advice of the landlady, I engaged a commissionaire to combine his endeavours with mine, and we started on a new tour of reconnoitring. About noon I met him in the street, but he had heard nothing, and we separated again.

Entering a narrow lane, I encountered an old woman, with a most respectable moustache, sitting outside her door, for the sun was shining quite warm, though it was February. On addressing to her my hundred-times-repeated inquiry for M. Demautis, she answered with another question, whether I meant the old or the young gentleman? Hearing, on further inquiry, that "l'enfant" might be now about fifty, I was tolerably sure

that he was the right man, for he was a lace merchant, and I heard that he was no longer living in Chantilly, but in Viarmes, a place about six or eight miles distant. On returning with this joyous news to my hotel, I met the commissionaire, who brought the same intelligence, and I resolved to set out at once for Viarmes.

The road led across an extensive wood. Putting on a green blouse, which I used to wear when shooting, with a stout stick, and looking as outlandish as possible, though intending just the contrary, I started. We were then in the middle of February, but the weather was as mild as in spring, and the landscape and trees looked as they do in Germany two months later. I walked rather fast, and was much astonished not to meet a single soul. The wood was as solitary as any in America, but with this difference, that it was traversed by many hunting roads, which made it very easy to lose one's way. As, however, I had carefully noticed the direction in which Viarmes was situated, I did not go astray; but on at length arriving at a place from which twenty-four roads radiated, I was utterly at a loss which to take, and the signpost which stood before me made me no wiser, for on its twenty-four arms were written: Avenue du Duc d'Orleans, du Prince X. Y. Z., du Roi, etc., but not one named the place to which the road led. As at least six of them might lead to Viarmes, I resolved to sit down at the foot of the post and wait for some stray passers-by, of

whom I might inquire the way. As I overlooked so many roads from this central point, I made sure of success.

I had not long to wait. I discovered on one of the roads, a man on horseback coming towards me, who had with him two fine pointers, which came up to me, wagging their tails; probably on account of my hunting-shirt, on which were written, intelligibly enough for dogs' noses, the death records of many partridges and hares.

When I rose to address the rider, he drew in his rein, and looked at me attentively. My hunting-shirt and my rough cudgel did not probably inspire him with confidence. When he had reluctantly approached, and had answered my question about the road, he asked, who I wanted to see in Viarmes. On my naming M. Demautis, he exclaimed, to my amazement, "Oh, you are de Corvin! I know your business. You are looking for a young lady of the name of Helena."

The gentleman had good cause to enjoy my astonishment, for I must have looked most perplexed. I was, indeed, not prepared to be addressed by my name here, in the middle of a French wood, by a stranger, thus accidentally encountered, but who at once told me the object of my long journey from Berlin.

"Perhaps you are M. Demautis?" I asked at last.

"No," he said, smiling, "my name is Casier, and I am living in Chantilly; but I was at an

oyster breakfast at M. Demautis's house, when he arrived with the young lady from Paris, and, therefore, knew that your arrival was expected. When your commissionaire by chance entered my house this morning, to inquire for M. Demautis, and described you, I of course guessed the rest, and rode off to warn my friend, from whom I am just returning. If you wish to see the young lady, you must proceed very cautiously."

Whilst conversing with him, I learnt that the house of M. Demautis was in a garden, surrounded by a high wall, and that it would be rather difficult to communicate with the lady; but I laughed, and assured him that walls were nothing to me, and that I must and would see my lady love, as I had come nearly eight hundred miles for that purpose.

When Mr. Casier rode away, I noticed by the expression of his face, that I had gained his sympathy, and that he was sorry now that he had betrayed my arrival. What he had done was very sensible, but notwithstanding this, I sent some rather warm wishes after him.

Following the directions given by him, I soon arrived in Viarmes, and ordered a room at an inn and some dinner, of which I did not touch a morsel, from excitement. In the deserted public-room there was only a woman busy making lace. When I inquired for the house of M. Demautis, she told me that she was working for him. I carefully felt my ground, and on inquiring about the persons

living with him, she said, "that when she was there the day before yesterday, M. Demautis had brought with him from Paris an 'English lady,' who resembled me, and whose trunk she had carried to the house." She told me also that she was going directly to M. Demautis's house, as she had to deliver a piece of lace, which she had finished. Slipping a five-franc piece into her hand, I promised her another if she would give a little note in secret to this lady, which she promised to do.

As our correspondence was frequently in danger of being intercepted, Helena and I had agreed upon a cypher; and making use of it I wrote on a slip of paper the news of my arrival, and inquired about means of seeing her.

I waited in great excitement for the return of the woman. She told me that everything had gone well. She said that when the young lady saw the note, she blushed "down to her finger-nails." No answer was to be expected at that moment, as the family were sitting at dinner, but after a time she would go again and fetch it.

I had nothing for it but wait. After rather a long time the lacemaker returned with another woman, who told me that she was employed in the house of M. Demautis, and would procure me a meeting with Miss Helena, and would give her another note. She, however, brought no note from Helena, and when I gave her a five-franc piece she took it rather reluctantly, and with some

embarrassment, which struck me, but to which I paid no further attention.

After a short time this new *confidante* returned, and told me that I should see my sweetheart, but that it was impossible to do so in the house of M. Demautis, and that I must follow her to some other place.

That Helena should again send me neither a note nor any token by which I might see that she had confidence in the messenger, made me somewhat suspicious; but what could happen to me? In case of any emergency I was armed with my hunting-knife, for being always used to carry a sword, one feels uncomfortable without a weapon of some kind.

I followed the woman through several lanes, and from one of them entered straight into a rather large room, in which were a number of women, probably lace-makers. A corner of the room was boarded off, and used as a counting-house. The woman told me that I should see the lady there, and opened the door.

Instead of beauty, however, I saw the beast—or what at least appeared to me then like it. Entering with a beating heart, and with my eyes dimmed with emotion, I had nearly embraced a tall, stout, black lady, with moustaches, and a kind of turban on her head, holding an open letter in her hand, whom, from her appearance, I might have taken for a show-woman in a fair. She introduced herself, however, in a deep and rough voice such as you

not rarely hear in French women, as Madame Demautis, and gave me a letter from Helena, in which she requested me to leave Viarmes as soon as possible, as she could not see me, but to keep firmly to "what she had told me in her last note:" —that I love you beyond anything, and the like! In my anger (because this was what every letter contained), I crumpled up the note in my hand.

The show-woman seemed to enjoy my discomfiture, and smiled most scornfully. Had I not been so very angry, and been able to express myself more fluently in French than I was at that time, I would have tamed the old dragon with flattery, and would have obtained my end; for stout ladies past forty cannot resist the fine words and coaxings of a handsome young man of twenty. However, in my excitement, my French became even worse than usual, and I expressed myself more strongly than I intended. When the show-woman said, sneeringly, "You want to see Mademoiselle Hélène? You will *not* see her," I became angry, and answered in a very decided tone, "I assure you I *will!*" at which she nearly danced with rage. She said triumphantly that M. Demautis was at that moment on his way back to Paris with Helena. I was furious, and as my French left me altogether, I commenced to give vent to my feelings in my native tongue; at which the show-woman, and her whole lace-making crew, who had collected round us, laughed in a manner which made me nearly crazy.

It may appear strange that my love did not excite more sympathy in these French women; but their behaviour resulted from a very good and estimable feeling. The cause of all this was the unpaid-for basket of champagne which had made Mr. Johann Adam Roeder my bitter enemy. He had collected all the stories which had been circulating about me in Mayence, and had dished them up as truth to Mr. Cardini, who considered Don Juan to be a saint in comparison with me.

The story believed by the people of the village was, that I was a wicked Prussian count, who had fallen in love with the daughter of a respectable merchant, and that she had been sent to Viarmes for protection.

I returned in despair to my hotel, and locked myself up in my room to give vent to my troubled heart without any one seeing me. After thus giving the boy his way, the man began to reflect what would be the most expedient thing to do under these circumstances. The letter written by Helena was without doubt written under compulsion, and its concluding sentence referring to what she had written in her last letter meant, "I must see you, *coûte que coûte*." I doubted also whether Helena had left Viarmes, and before doing anything else I waited for some certainty on this important point.

For this purpose I went to the house of M. Demautis and rang the bell. An old woman opened the door; I asked for Mademoiselle Hélène, and offered her a Napoleon d'or if she

would assist me to see her, even if only at a distance. In vain; she said "that lady had gone to Paris with M. Demautis, and all the doors were locked." I offered her still more, and at last twelve Napoleons d'or, all the money I had about me. In vain. She slammed the door in my face, and cried, "*Vous êtes P-r-r-russien!*"

Meanwhile, poor Helena was locked up in a room, and when she heard the bell she knew that it was I, and was in despair.

Close to the house of M. Demautis, in a long lane between garden walls, rope-makers were working, who must have seen whether the gentleman had left. On inquiring of these, quite disinterested people, as I supposed, they told me that M. Demautis had driven off about an hour ago in his cabriolet, and with him the lady whom he had brought from Paris some days ago. Not suspecting that these people had received their instructions from Mad. Demautis, I hoped to overtake the cabriolet with post-horses and by means of good "*pour boires.*"

Passing another lane between garden walls, a door opened, and the show-woman stepped out with some attendants. Her turban shaking with rage, and her arms akimbo, she placed herself right in my way and asked—for my passport. I laughingly inquired whether she was the *commissaire de police*, and said that I had just the same right to the street as she had. She said, "*Monsieur, vous êtes fou!*" on which I answered, most un-

gallantly, "*Madame, vous êtes folle!*" which made her still more angry.

Our dispute attracted some spectators, who formed a ring round us, and who seemed greatly amused, whilst I was furious that the two hundred weight of humanity before me did not belong to the male sex, that I might pitch into my antagonist. A tall lout close to me cried "Oh, he!" and grinned as if intending to swallow his own long ears. On him the thunderstorm raging in my breast discharged itself in a tremendous box on his ear which brought him at once to the ground, to the astonishment of himself and of all around, for neither my figure nor smooth face suggested so strong an arm.

Madame Demautis now nearly lost her turban in jumping backwards, and sent some one for "*Monsieur le Maire*," who was a friend of her family. The idea that she was going to employ the police against me, offended my military pride to such a degree, that I drew my hunting-knife, and threatened to kill the first policeman who should touch me. The glitter of the knife frightened them all, and crying "*C'est un enragé*," they gave way, and I reached my inn unmolested.

I at once ordered a cabriolet and post-horses, but had the mortification of hearing that none were to be had in Viarmes, and that I should have to go for them to Moizelles, the next post station, which was nearly five miles distant. I went about everywhere inquiring for a cabriolet with a gentle-

man and a lady, and was informed by different persons that one with a "*grand cheval jaune*" had passed on the road to Moizelles some time ago.

A labourer who had worked in Viarmes and was returning to Moizelles, was attracted and puzzled by my blouse, which did not correspond with my face and manner, and accompanied me. As I had eaten but very little for several days, and felt exhausted, I entered a cabaret on the road, with the labourer, where, with the appetite of a wolf, I swallowed a most horrid sausage and a bottle of red wine, and thus refreshed continued my way.

When I arrived at Moizelles it began to grow dark. My appearance struck a bearded gensd'arme whom I met on the road. He stopped me, and asked who I was, and what I was about. I told him that I was a Prussian officer who wanted to see "*la belle France*," and for this purpose preferred walking on foot now and then. He wondered that I should be already an officer, and wondered still more when told that I had been one these five years. He did not even ask to see my passport, and with great politeness showed me the way to the post-office.

When I asked the postmaster for a chaise and two horses he very impudently measured me and my blouse from head to foot, and laughed in my face, which I took very ill. I now tried a plan which I had found serviceable with Frenchmen

on whom politeness had no effect. I became very rude. I told him that he was a fool to laugh at me, perhaps because I could not express myself fluently in French. If he came to Germany he would not even be able to ask for horses, and I must tell him that he was the most stupid Frenchman I had ever met. The man now became very polite, and after having seen my passport, without which he was not permitted to give horses, I got what I wanted.

It was February, and having nothing over my blouse I felt extremely cold in my open two-wheeled chaise, and the way to Saint Denis appeared very long. The postilion, who rode on the leader, said every moment that we should soon be at the station, but it was ten o'clock before we reached it. As extra post was rather expensive, the postilion advised me to take an omnibus. The conductor of this vehicle promised to start at once with me alone, and to carry me for five francs to the Boulevard des Italiens in Paris, where we arrived at about twelve o'clock p.m.

The magasin "*à la mère de famille*" was still in a blaze. I showed my face at the window, and little Eugenie, who was always on the *qui vive*, looked out.

"*Mon dieu!*" she cried, "I believed you in Chantilly."

"Confound Chantilly! Is not Helena in Paris?"

"*Mais non*, she is in Chantilly."

I now told her my adventures. She wrung her pretty little hands, and cried "*Pauvres enfans!*" but could not give me any advice, so I said good-night to her, and took a cab to drive to the Quartier Latin to consult with Eduard D——, whom I had the good fortune to find at home with half-a-dozen of his friends. I submitted to them a wild scheme of entering the house of M. Demautis in some way or other, and enforcing an interview with Helena, for which they promised their assistance if I should not be able to think of some less dangerous plan than this, which threatened collision with the gensd'armes and the peasants.

In the night, a better idea suggested itself to me, which I could carry out alone. As my trunk was still in the Hotel d'Angleterre, at Chantilly, I had to return to that place to fetch it. Mr. Casier lived there, the gentleman with the two dogs whom I had met in the woods, near the many-armed sign-post. I had not forgotten the expression of his face, and on this my plan was built. I would pay him a visit, and request him to procure an interview for me with Helena, in a peaceable way. My friends declared this plan preferable by far, and it was resolved that I should go next day to Chantilly. As no diligence was starting that day, I passed it with Eduard D——, who showed me Paris.

As he was engaged otherwise for the evening, and I did not know what to do with myself, I

remembered a strange letter which I had received when in Hofahrtsheim, relating to an affair not mentioned in its proper place, but of which a few words may now be said. I made the acquaintance in Mayence, of the daughter of a professor of the French language, a girl of sixteen, who was herself, a school-teacher. As she was tired of the drudgery of such a life, and had a tolerably good voice for singing, she tried for a place at the theatre, notwithstanding my opposition, and succeeded. She was very well educated, and exquisitely pretty; but, though I admired her much, and had no objection to her being believed to be my mistresss, she certainly was not so. I never in all my life recoiled before any pretty girl, but, strange to say, when near Eleonore (for that was her name), I felt a kind of uneasy chill creep over me. Moreover, I believed her to be, what she looked, a most innocent, virtuous girl.

The company of actors in Mayence played always during the season in Wiesbaden, and before I was leaving for Roedelheim, I drove over to that place with Eleonore's father, where we hired a room for her, which I fitted up with all things suitable, which Colonel von Schultze had provided for mine. Since that time I had neither seen nor even heard of her, until at Hofahrtsheim, I received a letter from Paris, signed "Maria Chorus," in which it was said that Eleonore, the friend of the writer, was still sighing day and night for me. Thinking of this letter, I could not resist the temptation to in-

quire what had become of her, and I therefore went to the Rue Grenelle St. Honoré, where she lived. When I inquired after her, a German cook from the Alsace nearly embraced me, for it seemed that I had frequently been the object of conversation in that dramatic republic. The good creature told me, that Eleonore was at the Opera Comique, and that she would be frantic with delight on seeing me. I went into her room, where were two beds, for she lived with another girl from Mayence, also at the German opera. A German musician, who came by chance, advised me to go to the theatre and see Eleonore. Go up, said he, to the stage, and if the porter stops you, only say, in good German-French: "*Je suis dans le chœur Allemand*," and he will let you pass.

My curiosity being much excited, I went to the Opera Comique, which at that time was opposite the Exchange. Weber's "Freischutz" had been represented there for eighty consecutive nights, with Germans in the chorus. Of course the simple German tale of the "Freischutz" had to be *adapted* to the refined French taste, in the same manner as the plays of Shakespeare had been. The piece was called "Robin des Bois," and Samiel was replaced by this "Robin des Bois," who appeared in the shape of an old huntsman, as a Frenchified devil. The scene in the Wolfsschlucht had also been remodelled according to French taste, and when the ghosts, etc., drove Caspar out of his magic circle, they drove

me also out of the theatre, as my German stomach could not stand this French absurdity.

Running up the staircase to the stage, I called to the porter, "*Je suis dans le chœur Allemand,*" but I suppose I looked too fine for a chorus-singer, for he rapidly followed, and caught me near a rock belonging to the Wolfsschlucht. I tried to satisfy him with a five-franc piece, to which he had no objection, as he put it in his pocket, but he induced me to wait outside, as he would lose his place if he should allow a wolf to enter his sheepfold. He proposed, however, to take in my card, which I gave him, with the name of the particular lamb I wanted to devour. He entered the stage, but knowing, probably, the nature of wolves, he carefully locked the door behind him, and laughingly waiting for his return left me at the foot of a staircase of about five or six steps.

Suddenly the door was pushed open, and a most splendid girl, *en déshabille,* and her wonderful hair hanging down, jumped from the six steps quite into my arms, crying and laughing alternately—it was Eleonore. She had received my card while dressing for the "Freischutz," which had not yet commenced; and though her toilet was not much advanced, she did not look the worse for that in my opinion. There was still the same innocent, child-like face, the same clear blue eyes and splendid flaxen hair, but she had grown at least two inches taller,

her waist had become smaller, and her bust and shoulders more fully developed. As I saw her there in the full gas-light, she looked like a bacchante painted by Rubens.

A friend threw a cloak over her, and without returning to the stage to complete her toilet, she drove home with me. When we arrived in her room she threw off her cloak and looked most dangerously pretty, and I congratulate myself even to this day that I was able to escape with honour. A few years later I heard the following history of Eleonore.

She appeared first in Wiesbaden as a countess, and the old Duke of Nassau was so enraptured with her beauty, that he used to drive out with her in an open carriage. Later she played frequently on a little stage in Offenbach near Frankfort, where she became noted for her profligacy. When I visited her again before leaving Paris she asked my advice whether she should accept the hand of a celebrated singer who had proposed to her. I said of course you should, and hoped she would be happy. Since then I have not heard of her, and remember her only as one of the most handsome and most artful girls I ever met.

Next morning on my arrival in good time in Chantilly, I at once paid my visit to M. Casier. This worthy man said that he had expected me, and was much pleased to see me. He had been again to Viarmes on my behalf, and had told them that they had acted very foolishly in preventing

me from seeing Helena in presence of M. or Mad. Demautis, and offered to drive over with me in his own cabriolet in the afternoon. He behaved in a very friendly manner, invited me to dinner, and showed me all the curiosities of Chantilly, of which he was very proud. Amongst them were the palace of the Condés, which had been nearly destroyed in the French revolution, and the well-preserved stables belonging to this establishment, which looked more like a palace than the residences of many of the little German princes are. They are the most splendid stables I ever saw. There is also a chapel in the building, in which formerly all the hunting dogs of the "Condés had to hear a mass on Saint Hubert's day." Monsieur Casier was very fond of his birth-place, and requested me repeatedly to speak, on my return home, of the splendours of Chantilly.

After dinner my amiable host said he thought it better to walk to Viarmes. My affair had made a great noise in the village, and if he should arrive there with me in his well-known cabriolet it would create too great a sensation. By taking the foot-path, however, we could reach the house of M. Demautis without passing through the village. I of course agreed to everything this friendly gentleman proposed.

My poor Helena had meanwhile a great deal to suffer. The people with whom she was staying would not understand how it was that she did not

thank them on her knees for the trouble they took to keep me off.

When I went the first time to Viarmes, they had, "for her own good," locked her up in her room, and had compelled her to write the note which the show-woman had handed to me, but she hoped that the meaning of the concluding sentence would be understood by me.

When Helena went to church on Sunday, she was the object of general and most disagreeable curiosity. "There she is!" the people whispered, and pointed at her. M. Demautis, and his two hundred-weight of turban-crowned female fragility were quite proud of having such a remarkable person in their house, though M. Demautis, who had no superfluous courage, felt rather uneasy at the affair. He had been told that I had not only a hunting knife in my pocket, but also pistols, and had declared his wall to be no impediment worth mentioning. His imagination was therefore troubled, and when at last, trembling at every noise, he went to bed, he placed his well-loaded fowling-piece at his side.

M. Casier and I took our way across the wood. He said he would admit me into the house of M. Demautis, but requested me to give him my pistols for fear of an accident. I assured him that I had nothing about me but my hunting-knife, which I gave up to him.

Not far from Viarmes we met some women, who clapped their hands, and cried, "Oh, Mon-

sieur Casier, *que faites vous !*" As we approached M. Demautis' house we saw two ladies cross the road; one of them had a guitar in her hand—she was the young wife of the mayor—and the other wore a red flower in her dark hair. The latter stood still when she saw us. She and I looked at each other, and in a moment rushed into each other's arms. We had not met for more than a year.

"*Voilà le pot au roses,*" laughed M. Casier, and the sentimental wife of the mayor joined her hands and shed tears of sympathy.

We entered the house and came first into the kitchen, in which my friend the show-woman was occupied in stirring some mixture in a saucepan with a large wooden spoon. On seeing me she uttered a cry, dropped her spoon, and with her other hand offered me her saucepan, as if desirous to consult me about its contents. Then her turban commenced shaking indignantly, and she said reproachfully, "Oh, Monsieur Casier, *vous vous faites malheureux !*"

He tried to calm her and then went away; the two ladies disappeared and the turban also, and meanwhile I walked in the garden. There I was joined by an agreeable-looking man, who presented himself as the Mayor of Viarmes, and an intimate friend of M. and Mad. Demautis. I told him what brought me here; that I had no intention of eloping with Helena, and only wanted to see her in the presence of a third person to

make some communication of importance to her regarding our future, for which purpose I had travelled more than eight hundred miles.

He put on a knowing look, as if to say, "My dear fellow, I know all about it, and you cannot hoodwink *me*." However, the result of our negotiation was, that I was permitted to see Helena for half-an-hour in the presence of the mayor.

As he did not understand one word of German we could say what we liked, but he believed that he perfectly understood the purport of our conversation, and asked Helena repeatedly, "Whether she liked my propositions and agreed to them?"

The turban appeared every few minutes, and its owner inquired whether our conversation would never end, and at last M. Casier came, and we parted with heavy hearts.

On our way back to Chantilly it occurred to me that I had not seen M. Demautis, and inquired for him. M. Casier, who had been smiling all the time, now burst out laughing, and told me that when, leaving the kitchen, to look for his friend, he found him at the top of the house, hid in a wardrobe, from which he had dragged him, trembling all over. The mayor, who was a poet, promised that the people of Viarmes should next morning have a ditty, immortalizing M. Demautis hiding in a wardrobe for fear of a Prussian officer.

M. Casier told me also that M. Demautis would drive over to Paris next day and take Helena with him, as he said he owed it to his

own health to remove this dangerous being from his premises.

In the evening M. Casier went with me to a coffee-house, where the fine nose of a custom-house officer detected at once that I smoked German tobacco. As I had a good supply of it, and permitted all present to fill their little clay pipes, we immediately became very good friends.

The young lady behind the counter, who had heard of my adventure, and that I was born more than a thousand miles from Paris, which seemed almost incredible to her, looked at me with admiring eyes; in a word, I became for awhile the lion of Chantilly and the neighbourhood.

The diligence from Paris passed in the middle of the night. As there was no waiting-room for passengers, and the coffee-houses were all closed, and as the heavy rain did not allow of my remaining in the street, a postilion permitted me for a franc to lie down on his bed in the stable, which was arranged in such a manner as to overlook both rows of horses. I was tired, and soon fell asleep, and when the postilion awoke me after a few hours, I was for a moment quite bewildered, so strange seemed my situation. An old white horse, which good naturedly put his nose into my bed, reminded me that I had been sleeping in a French stable.

I went next morning to see M. S——, the husband of Helena's foster-sister. He was an amiable man, and a man of the world, who dis-

liked the part he had to play in reference to me. On my telling him that Helena would arrive in Paris in a few hours, he believed it so little that he promised, in that case, to permit me to see her in the presence of his wife. I asked his word of honour for this promise, which he reluctantly gave, but scrupulously kept.

I stayed about a fortnight in Paris. It was tormenting to know that my loved one was so near, and not to be able to see her, or very rarely and under restrictions, when we had seen each other for months nearly every hour in the day in her parents' house. In the evening I roamed about the house, in hopes to catch only a glimpse of her.

Once I stood in the rain for a whole evening, concealed behind a cab, casting longing looks at a lifeless coif-stock standing at her window. None of her little notes, written in cypher, which she threw out of the window, reached me, for the wind took them away. At last she found means to make an appointment with me. I was to go to a shop in the neighbourhood, at eight o'clock in the morning, when she would tell me, unheard by others, what she had decided upon about the future. I was very punctual, as behoved a soldier, and was much astonished on being scolded for being an hour too late. She had, as was befitting a girl in love, intended to write seven, but had written eight.

As I had left my letter for Duke Charles of

Brunswick in my trunk, I had to postpone my visit to him until my return from Chantilly.

Having written to the Duke that I had a letter to deliver from Colonel von Schultze, he appointed an hour when I should call and see him. It was rather early in the morning. The porter of the Duke's house, then in the Champs Elysées, submitted me to a cross-examination as if he were guarding a besieged fortress. At last a servant was despatched with my card to Baron von Andlau, the duke's chamberlain.

Baron Andlau was a fine-looking man, with very agreeable, frank manners. He was just dressing when I entered, and whilst finishing his toilet he told me (probably to explain the great precautions taken by the porter) that several attempts had been made to murder the duke, but that no person who should attempt such a thing would have any chance of success, as the duke was always armed, and was besides strong and active.

I could not forbear smiling when I thought of the hunting-knife which I had in my pocket. Had it been discovered by chance the absurd stories about attempts of assassination would have been increased by another just as well-founded as the rest. I afterwards heard that the duke always carried a loaded pistol in the lower side pocket of his coat, in which he held his hand when speaking with any person whom he did not know well. The pistol was cocked, and at any suspicious movement of such a person he could

pull the trigger without even taking his hand out of his pocket.

When the duke entered, the baron was in the adjoining room, the door of which remained ajar, either that he might be a witness to our conversation, or be at hand if I should attempt to injure the prince.

I was of course curious to become acquainted with a man of whom I had heard so much, and whose service I expected to enter. I had seen him once in Halberstadt in 1823, when he passed through with his governor, and when people in Germany were still foolish enough to crowd under windows, or at doors of dining-rooms, to catch a glimpse of a duke.

When I saw the duke in Paris he was a man of thirty-one years of age. He had rather a handsome but somewhat apathetic face, was of medium height, and had an elegant figure. He wore a short coat, trimmed with fur, and a shawl wrapped with studied negligence round his neck. When he entered the room he was holding a handkerchief somewhat affectedly, and asked, in a slightly nasal voice, "You have letters from Colonel von Schultze?" I tendered him the letter, and we took seats near the fire-place opposite each other. Whilst reading, he sometimes glanced over the paper and scanned my face, struck, as I heard afterwards, with the likeness I bore to one of his former aides-de-camp.

He did not say one word about the contents

of the letter, but commenced talking about the Prussian uniforms, and was better informed than myself about the number of buttons and other trifles, which seem to belong to the knowledge required by German princes. I told him that I had travelled with a lady who had been taken for the Duchess of Berry in Saarbrucken, where the police were looking out for her. Upon my description of the lady, however, he said that it was not the duchess, whom he knew intimately.

I did not see the duke again during my stay in Paris, nor did he take any further notice of me, except that on a bill of Colonel Schultze he paid two hundred francs, which Baron Andlau brought to me to the Hotel du Nord. There he was seen by Edward D——, who told me that he knew the baron very well, as he and some of his friends had had interviews with him, when they made fun of the duke by persuading him that the Germans wanted him for their emperor, and offered their assistance.

Colonel von Schultze was much dissatisfied with my reception. As I shall have ample opportunity to speak of Duke Charles afterwards, however, nothing more need be said about him here.

After having seen Helena several times in presence of her foster sister, I took leave of her with great sadness, for it was rather uncertain when we should meet again.

On my arrival in Saarlouis one afternoon, I heard that a masked ball was to take place in the

officers' casino the same evening. My friend Haenel, who was prevented from going to the ball, had a handsome costume prepared, and as he was about my size, I resolved to go in his place, promising myself much amusement, as nobody knew that I had returned.

Not having yet reported myself, I would not unmask; my major, who was present, overlooked my breach of the rule, and I was heartily welcomed by all my comrades, with whom I was on a very friendly footing. Truth to say, I was much attached to them, and have always had great pleasure in meeting any of them in after life. I have since become acquainted with many distinguished and good men, and have been intimate with them, but never had that warm feeling for them which I experience even now on seeing an old man, who was a comrade either in the Cadet House, or in the same regiment with me.

On reporting myself next day at parole, my colonel ignored my having been in Paris, for which I ought to have had an especial permission, but having missed the diligence in Paris, and not having arrived till one whole day after the expiration of my leave of absence, he gave me twenty-four hours of room arrest, and I had to deliver my sword to the adjutant.

I had written to Helena's father to inform him of my plans and expectations, and received an answer which commenced as follows: "P.P., I received from you enclosed letter. Do not expect

of an old man past sixty, as I am, that I should learn how to read for your sake, learn you rather how to write; it is no bad advice, because one who now-a-days cannot write, at least, an intelligible hand, has little chance of getting on in the world. I have tried with double spectacles; but unfortunately I cannot make head or tail of some words, which after much trouble remain only half-deciphered." My old father-in-law *in spe* deserved his name "blunt old Cardini." He said in his letter that I, by my journey to Paris, had put the crown to my impudence.

When I sent in my resignation my major sent for me, remonstrated and refused to forward my petition. I declared, however, that I would resign under any circumstances, and that if impediments were placed in my way, I would do something which would make my resignation necessary. The major, though not very bright, was a very good man who meant kindly. Seeing that my mind was made up, and knowing that I should be as good as my word, he consented upon condition that my mother should give her permission, and that the promises made to me by Colonel von Schultze, should be placed before him in writing. As I had been six years in the Cadet House, I had to serve twelve years in a regiment of the standing army, and therefore could not demand my resignation, but only get it on proper recommendation from my commanding officers. After some little trouble, I complied with their very reasonable

demands, and the order granting my resignation arrived in May, 1835. I remained, however, still an officer of the Landwehr, and was bound to serve in case of a war.

Many of my comrades envied me, chiefly because I was enabled to leave Saarlouis, which became every day more insupportable. Several of them intended soon to follow my example, and others, who could not do so came to a miserable end. I will only mention the fate of a few of them. My friend Fritz von Asmuth soon died; my friend Theodore, who had taken to drinking, died also. Haenel became a lunatic and died. Butterhof disgraced himself and had to resign. Lieutenant v. G—, without any apparent reason went one evening to the bridge over the Saar, jumped into the river and drowned himself. Lieutenant von L— had been very merry at a ball; his servant found him next morning dead on his sofa, his two pistols, with which he had shot himself, at his side. Held ran away with a strolling actress, and became an actor himself. All this within the space of a few years. My fate would probably have been similar, had I not had courage to resign in time.

I left at the end of May. Held and his wife saw me to Saarbrucken, and followed by their kind wishes, the diligence carried me off towards the East. From this time I turned over an entirely new leaf.

LITERARY LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

Leipsic—For whom I am taken—Other instances—In a fix—My début in free life—Arrival in Hofahrtsheim—Letter of Frederick von Sallet—Another visit to Heiligengrabe—A few months in the Harz mountains—Thale and the Rosstrappe—Old Reokleben—Old Brothuhn—The Caledonian boar—The adventures of the hunt—The Wurfel's beech—On the "Ausland"—Last grunt of the Caledonian boar—A canting student—Another adventure with a ferocious wild sow—The Bode cauldron on fire—A rare shot—Shooting—Rare birds—Rabbit shooting—The old Carlist—Return to Hofahrtsheim.

"Oh, golden, golden liberty!" said I, half-sighing, half-laughing, on counting over my slender stock of cash. Indeed, at that time I was still able to laugh while looking at that most saddening of all objects—an empty purse, for I still had my pocket full of golden hopes, and smiling future snapped her fingers at the gloomy present. Moreover, poverty had been my normal state when a lieutenant, and habit had somewhat blunted its sting. Even penniless liberty appeared to me an intoxicating happiness, and I thought with a shudder of the dreary life from which I had just escaped. If I eat too much late at night, my nightmare

always took the shape of Captain Heuscler, whining his "ste—a—a—ady! one, two! one, two!" or angrily growling his "pa—rade march!" so that I sometimes started up horror-struck in my bed, my forehead covered with a cold dew, and fervently murmured, "Thank God, it is only a dream!" In a word, for the moment I fully enjoyed the sunshine of my new liberty, and dazzled by it, did not as yet notice the dismal shapes stalking in the shade, with whom I was to become so intimately acquainted afterwards.

As Colonel von Schultze had written that he would pass Leipsic on his way to Teplitz, whither I was to go with him, I thought it better to wait for him in that city, and thus save the tiresome and expensive journey to Hofahrtsheim. I stayed therefore in the hotel opposite the old post-office, "The City of Berlin," and took precautions so as not to miss the Colonel. This was not difficult, as everyone arriving in Leipsic at that time had to deliver his passport at the gate.

I was now for the first time in this literary metropolis, and as still an hour was left me before dinner, I took a walk. "Remarkably fine people, these Saxons," I thought, when many persons in the street, and on the promenade, greeted me with a kind of eagerness, and even ladies blushingly noticed me.

I took by mistake a reserved seat at the ordinary, but when, noticing my error, I was about to move to another place, I was urged with the most

eager politeness to keep my seat, and I could not possibly refuse without rudeness.

After the soup, a gentleman sitting opposite me assured me that I looked remarkably well, which was confirmed by other gentlemen with demonstrations of great pleasure. My assurances that I had looked much better last year were politely contradicted, and I learnt that I looked far less well when I honoured Leipsic last year with my presence. It was taken as a joke when I protested that I was now in Leipsic for the first time, for all assured me that I was well known to them, and that they had seen and heard me frequently. I perceived plainly that I was taken for somebody else, and had great difficulty in ascertaining the name of my *alter ego*. At length it appeared that I was taken for the celebrated actor, Eduard Devrient. After many earnest assurances that I was not this great artist, it was discovered that I had somewhat darker hair, and that Devrient was about an inch taller; but in all other respects the likeness was declared to be striking, and the more so as even our voices were similar.

A very handsome actress from Vienna, who passed through Leipsic, and lodged in the same hotel, was also struck by this likeness, when in the evening she came into the supper-room to fetch her key, and saw me with some gentlemen over a bottle of wine.

It has, however, happened frequently that I have been taken for some other person. Once,

when I was still a cadet, on my entering the room of my aunt Arnim, a beautiful young lady, sitting at her side, jumped up, called out my name, "Otto!" and embraced and kissed me, to which of course I had no objection. She took me for her brother Otto, who was also a cadet.

An hotel-keeper once took me for one of his former guests who had absconded without paying his bill, and I had some trouble to convince him of my innocence. My likeness to Eduard Devrient was, however, still noticed nearly thirty years later, though I never thought it so striking.

As I did not know any one in Leipsic, I soon became impatient of waiting for the colonel. One day after another passed and still he did not come. I had been long undecided what to do, whether to go to Hofahrtsheim or to wait longer; till at last it was too late, for my very modest stock of money had gradually dwindled away, and I discovered in dismay that what was left would not be sufficient to pay my bill and the journey. Telegraphs did not exist then, or railroads either; a letter took at least four or five days to travel to Hofahrtsheim, and I resolved at last to disclose my position to the hotel-keeper by a letter, in which I requested him to keep my trunk, and to let me go.

The hotel-keeper came to my room. He kept his hat on, seated himself upon the sofa, and said, "Well, Sir, this is a nice business!" He spoke with utter contempt of my little trunk, and of

trunks in general, of which he said he had a whole unredeemed collection. When I told him that mine contained all my letters and papers, which I certainly would not leave unclaimed, he laughed aloud and assured me that he possessed whole reams of such precious documents, even freemasons' papers, and might sell them by the pound. I now played my highest trump and gave him solemnly my word of honour, that I would send him the money directly, but he laughed still louder, and gave me *his* word of honour, that he had still more unredeemed words of honour than trunks, and that he preferred the latter, even though empty. I was nearly bursting with indignation and shame, and thought the hotel-keeper a brute, though indeed he was a fair and reasonable man. He had enough knowledge of the world to see at once, however, that I was no swindler, and he acted fairly and kindly. He even advanced me a few thalers, to enable me to reach Magdeburg, where I expected to find a carriage waiting for me, and kept my trunk.

My money was, however, only sufficient to pay the diligence to the station before Magdeburg, which was about ten miles distant. I had therefore to walk there, and reached that city early in the morning. However, there was no carriage, and nothing was left me but to travel on foot to Hofahrtsheim, a trifle of about forty miles! I was, however, young, and having only walked ten miles, I hoped to reach that place before

night if I took a direct road, which I traced out on my map. It was in June, the weather was beautiful, and I was as merry as a lark, though with only a few borrowed groschen in my pocket.

In the afternoon I was caught in a thunder-storm on a shelterless heath, such as there are still some in "Dogs-Turkey," and was drenched to the skin. I had on new boots, which by the wetting and drying afterwards became exceedingly tight, so that I could only walk with the greatest difficulty. Nearly fainting with pain I arrived at last in a village, which was still ten miles from Hofahrtsheim.

In order to ask for the "Krug" (village inn), I entered a house, where, in a large room I found a man sitting on a table and mending clothes. The intelligent, mild expression of his face surprised me, and still more the sound and correctness of his language, which accorded little with the ideas I had formed of a village tailor. On inquiry he told me smilingly, that he was the schoolmaster, and that in his leisure hours he mended the clothes of his pupils to increase his miserable income. Expressing my astonishment at this, he told me that there were schoolmasters far worse off than himself, and who had only about seven pounds a year, whilst he had ten. This was some thirty years ago, and schoolmasters are now paid a trifle better by the government, though still very insufficiently.

As I could not get a saddle horse or carriage

in the village, I stopped in the "Krug," where for a few groschen I had a substantial meal and a good night's rest on nice clean straw.

After having cut open my boots, and succeeded in pressing in my sore feet, I next morning walked the ten miles in such excruciating pain that my face became quite distorted; and the schoolmaster of Hofahrtsheim, whose house I passed, only recognized me by my voice. Such was my *début* in life.

The colonel was alone at home, still prevented by his rural business from joining his wife and daughter in Teplitz. He received me cordially enough, but it was not difficult to see that my presence in Teplitz was not much desired by his wife, who had grand schemes in her head. I had already, during the previous winter, heard much of a certain young Bohemian count, one of the largest landed proprietors of that rich country, whose acquaintance the family had made in Teplitz, and who was paying attention to little Pauline, now about sixteen years old. Mad. von Schultze hoped to win him for her daughter, and great preparations were made to appear grand. For this purpose the colonel required a great deal of money, and, in order to obtain it, he was waiting in Hofahrtsheim until his crop of rape-seed, of which he had immense fields, and which was very high in price, should be gathered in.

He was frequently absent, and I was left alone at home. However, I did not feel lonely, but

liked my leisure very much. Park and garden were in full bloom, and I enjoyed the summer as I had scarcely ever done before. Sitting in an arbour, breathing an air fragrant with the odour of orange-blossoms, and before me the pond encircled with rushes, in which the water-hens were busied with their young ones, I wrote a poem expressive of my happiness, which I sent to my friend Frederick von Sallet. In return he sent me a long letter, which gave me much to think of, and opened my eyes in reference to my position. He wrote, amongst other things:—

"I must tell you, first, that our ideas about liberty differ very much. You exult because you have attained this liberty, for which I, as you say, am striving also; but I can neither understand your exultation, nor how you could so much misunderstand my aim. In my opinion, you were much more free when you drilled the awkward squad, and earned your monthly pay, which nobody was permitted to withhold or diminish, and of which nobody made you a present, than now, when you certainly can do what you like, but depend entirely on the favour or disfavour of another. He who would be free must become so by and with his own means, not with those of others. The latter is a freedom very much akin to servitude."

I really had the same ideas about liberty as Sallet had; but, under some circumstances, even a change of fetters is such a blessing, that the new

ones are scarcely felt at first. When I commenced to feel them, I had already made my decision to throw them off at the first opportunity; regarding my present position only as transitory, and hoping through the influence of the colonel to obtain an appointment which would bring me nearer to my aim. As the plan with the Duke of Brunswick did not seem to prosper, he gave me hopes that he might be able to place me with Prince Ferdinand of Coburg Cohary, who was about to marry the Queen of Portugal, for which purpose we would go together to Gotha in the autumn. He had already taken some measures for that end, though he did not say what; and I had to be satisfied with some rather unintelligible hints.

Seeing that the colonel was wrapped up in his own affairs, I thought it best to keep out of his way, and resolved on another visit to my sweet cousin in Heiligengrabe. The colonel had sold the half-blood mare, and I had to ride his old, but magnificent dapple-grey horse. For company's sake I took with me an enormous dog, which had become much attached to me. This dog was from a breed carefully kept by a farmer in the Wische, and was descended from those dogs which in olden times were used in Germany for bear-hunting, and which are to be seen in the pictures of Riedinger and Snyders. The two specimens which the colonel kept in his yard were splendid, especially that which I took with me. It was of the colour and height of a lioness. Wherever I passed,

23208

people crowded and stared at the two wonderful animals—the grey horse and the good-natured lion trotting after him.

I found my cousin as it were embedded in roses, and passed a few very happy days with her, for I loved her as a dear sister. I told her my adventures in France, which interested and amused her much. When I parted from her, little did I think that it would be for ever. A short time afterwards she married the handsome inspector spoken of before, who had bought a fine estate in Posen; and she died when her first child, a daughter, was born. Her husband afterwards married her elder sister, of whom it may be observed that she had the finest hair I ever saw. It was of that colour which is generally called golden, and, when she divided it equally, and let it fall down on all sides, it concealed her like a veil. Though she was even a trifle taller than myself, her hair was so long that she could put her foot on its ends when standing.

On my return to Hofahrtsheim, I found all the horses occupied in thrashing rape-seed, which was considered better than thrashing in the usual manner.

I have mentioned before that it was evident that my presence in Teplitz was not much desired; and, not liking to intrude, I expressed a wish to pass a few months in the Bode Valley, the beauties of which I still remembered with delight; and the readiness with which the colonel entered

into my plan proved that I was right in proposing it.

I reached Quedlinburg by the diligence. As this place is only ten miles from the Rosstrappe, and the views on the Harz mountains are beautiful, I resolved to go thither on foot, taking a man with me as a guide, who, at the same time, conveyed my trunk in a wheelbarrow.

This man was acquainted with every footpath, for he was a smuggler. The Brunswick frontier runs between Quedlinburg and Blankenburg, and he had frequently passed this line with goods, and had had many adventures with custom-house guards. We passed a gorge which he, with great emotion, pointed out to me, as the scene of a very sad tragedy. A detachment of custom-house guards had been placed in ambush here, when he, with a whole gang of smugglers, men, women, and children, loaded with goods, passed this gorge on one dark night. The guards fired a volley into them; many, himself among them, were wounded, and several were killed—amongst them his young wife. Notwithstanding this accident, he had by no means renounced his dangerous course.

The village of Thale, which is situated at the foot of the Rosstrappe, had not yet become a well-known watering-place as it is now, although Mr. Daude—a forester in the service of Baron von der Busche—who had a fine estate in Thale, had obtained possession of the mineral spring, and

had built a small bathing-house near it. Thale had, however, always been a favourite resort for the people of the neighbouring towns, and on my arrival I found the only inn of the place occupied. I had, therefore, to look out for another lodging, and went to the house of a peasant, which the innkeeper pointed out to me, but whose proprietor, he said, was a queer fellow, and extremely suspicious of all strangers.

The house and its belongings were situated in the centre of the village, and though very rural and simple, it had two stories, and looked grander than other houses; and a vine overgrew the windows, which had a peculiar charm for me.

The proprietor lived quite alone. When, after knocking a long time he became visible, he did not admit me, but came out into the street, where we commenced our negotiations; and it was only after a long talk, and paying rather a high sum in advance, that he consented to let me have two rooms on his first floor. I was delighted with them, for they looked very romantic. The sitting-room formed the corner of the house, and had six windows, overgrown by a vine. The floor was made of a mixture of lime and little pebbles, and was very cool in summer. The furniture was extremely plain; and the most elegant article among it was an old cane sofa—at least a hundred years old. I however felt extremely comfortable there, as the *tout ensemble* put me into the right frame of mind for writing a tragedy.

Even if I had not liked the rooms so much, I would have taken them for the sake of the landlord, who was a rare specimen for my album of odd fellows. People in Germany generally believe that England is the country producing the greatest originality of character; but I really believe this to be a mistake, at least in reference to modern England, where every one is compelled to adapt his individuality to the pattern cut out by custom and fashion for the particular class to which he belongs. Any deviation from it is considered unbecoming, and even improper. Originality in individuals can only be developed in countries where great social liberty exists, which I did not find in England. It is a peculiar experience that people enjoying the greatest political liberty are generally the least free in their social relations, and *vice versa*. An English authoress, who lived long in Germany, and was well acquainted with it, Mrs. Jameson, makes the same observation, and says (I do not, however, remember her exact words), "I frequently thought and felt that we in England, whilst possessing political liberty, have nothing at all equalling the personal, individual, and social liberty of the Germans, even under their worst governments."

This social liberty favours the free development of every peculiarity of character. I am of opinion that amongst no other nation does there exist so much originality of character as among the Germans, though this originality does not make

itself remarkable so much by extravagant actions, such as are frequently told of Englishmen, but is more, as it were, of an interior than of an exterior character.

My landlord was a small, spare man, past seventy, tripping about on little legs resembling those of an old pug dog, and wearing leather breeches and blue stockings, and a jacket reaching only to his waist. His wrinkled face was animated by a pair of very cunning, twinkling eyes, and ornamented by a hooked nose, while his lip nearly touched his pointed chin, as the teeth, which once kept them apart, had disappeared long ago.

Reokleben had been a country butcher, but had now retired from trade, and lived alone on his farm with an enormous he-goat. Whether he had any other friends besides this goat, I do not know, for he never received any visitors in his house, and it was only at harvest-time that some women were occupied in his barn and yard.

The lively old man did all the business in the house himself, and also cooked his own dinner. He was rather proud of his skill as a cook, and on the day of my arrival surprised me with a present of a large piece of a home-made cherry-cake, of which I had to swallow some morsels in his presence.

Though living as a hermit, and being very suspicious, old Reokleben was no misanthrope. As a country butcher, he had been continually

travelling in order to buy calves and sheep, had seen and traded with many different people, and considered himself quite a man of the world, who understood how to behave to high and low. He never appeared in my presence otherwise than with his cap in his hand, and in a curved position, his poor bandy legs six inches wider apart than usual. He grinned in the most peculiar manner, and in a whining, squeaking voice, he called me "*gnaediger Herr.*"

He was a great talker, and he initiated me into all his affairs. As his whole manner amused me much, I was a very attentive listener and observer, and every day gained his confidence more and more. He had once lost a lawsuit about some fields, and whenever he spoke on this topic he got very much excited, and was twice as lively as usual. When he first told me this story, it seemed to him most essential that I should become perfectly acquainted with the respective situation of the contested acres, and he drew a map such as never was drawn yet by any engineer. Pressing the skin of his cheek between his thumb and forefinger, he produced a furrow, and in order not to destroy it, he said, through one corner of his mouth, "That is Stubbs's field!" With his other thumb and forefinger he made another furrow, murmuring almost unintelligibly, "That's *my* field." Then he removed his fingers, as he required them to explain his story, and the furrows in his face, representing the fields, re-

mained long enough to illustrate the case, as he took care to speak in such a manner as to move his face as little as possible. However, he became more and more excited, and the movement of his two fingers, pointing alternately to his and to Stubbs's field in his face, increased in celerity, so that I became quite dizzy, and finished off the ludicrous scene by my laughter.

To his inferiors, however, his behaviour was far different; to them he appeared in all the glory of what is called in Germany "peasant's pride." I once saw him going out to visit "his people," who were working in his field. He had put on his newest jacket with brass buttons, and on his head a faded cap of green velvet, trimmed with fur. From a strap across his breast hung a small splinter-basket, which he kept back with his left hand, which was proudly set on his hip; in his right hand he had a thorn stick. His head thrown back, his protruding under lip, and downward drawn corners of his mouth, gave him a most ridiculously haughty expression.

This old man may not appear especially comical to the reader, as it is rather difficult to describe him; but to me he was an everlasting source of amusement, for one could not look at him without noticing some new absurdity in him.

Besides the beauties of nature in the Bode valley, the hope of being permitted to hunt in the forests attracted me to that spot. These forests were still the haunts of plenty of red deer, boars,

foxes, wild cats, and even, though rarely, of lynxes. The well-known author, Forstrath Pfeil, who was at the head of the foresters' school at Neustadt-Eberswalde, came there every year for some weeks to hunt, during which time he lived in a hunting-lodge on the mountain. Deer-stalking was his only amusement there, and it was his pride never to shoot a stag otherwise than right through the heart.

The royal head-forester was not very amiable, and was not at all popular, for many dark stories were in circulation about him. He was extremely hard upon poachers, and was reported to have once killed one under the most atrocious circumstances. But such reports are current in all forest districts, especially near the frontier of two states. I made friends with some of the under-foresters, however, and was allowed great liberty. M. Daude, the private forester of Baron von der Busche, who never visited this estate, gave me full liberty to hunt in the wide forests belonging to his master. Daude was a celebrated huntsman, and many adventures with poachers and with wild boars were told of him; but he was now nearly crippled with the gout, and therefore recommended me to the especial care of his first assistant.

Nobody could tell how old this assistant, old Brothuhn, was, but the oldest inhabitants of the village said that he had looked just the same for these forty years. He himself said, that he was about eighty, but he looked like a well-preserved

man of between fifty and sixty. His reddish fair hair was not mixed with grey, nor was it very thin, nor was his well-set figure bent by age. His walk was easy, and he always kept step with me, and was never tired. His beardless face, somewhat reddened by exposure to the air, bore a great resemblance to that of old Colonel von Steinwehr, my chief in the cadet-house. He wore, all the year round, a green hunting-shirt of linen, and underneath it a short hunting-knife. His old wife was as juvenile in appearance as himself, and it was indeed a pleasure to be with them in their dwelling. Everything there was very plain, for they were poor, but extremely clean, and it was a real treat to accept their frugal hospitality. This couple always reminded me of Philemon and Baucis.

Old huntsmen are sometimes as simple as children, but rarely stupid, though now and then superstitious, which, however, was not the case with my old companion. He had learnt very little from books, but all the more from the book of nature which lay open before him. In the deep solitude of the forest he reflected on what he had heard in church or in the village, and — as he expressed himself—"dyed it green," that is, adapted it to his huntsman's understanding. I soon gained his confidence, for I never laughed at his questions, the meaning of which was quickly learnt by me to translate from the "green" into the German, though many professors would have been

puzzled by them. Sometimes his questions required whole lectures for an answer. Once, when walking by his side in the wood, both silent, he suddenly stopped me, and said, "Tell me, lieutenant, what do clergymen mean by the Trinity?" Another time he questioned me about the origin of the wind, and, on another occasion, what kind of people those rascals, the diplomatists, were, who made such a confusion in the world.

He was a very honest fellow, and a really independent man. He cringed to nobody, and spoke exactly with the same freedom to the highest person, as he spoke to people of his own station in life, but always behaved with propriety.

The keeper of the only inn in the village, where I dined, was a queer little fellow, with a face like Punch, and he had rather a pretty daughter. He had much dry humour, and did not demur to the "huntsman's Latin," of which he had to hear a good deal, as his house was the only resort for men of the green cloth.

One day old Brothuhn said to me, "Lieutenant, I have traced a boar with a track as long as my hand. I think he is an old acquaintance of mine, and I know his haunt. We must have a battue."

A wild boar of such a size excited, of course, the whole of the green fraternity, and even Mr. Wurfel, the innkeeper, could not resist his desire to take part in the expedition against this Caledonian boar.

Old Brothuhn had by the next morning ascertained the district in the wood in which the boar lay hidden, and all the hunters were placed in the usual manner. We stood in a place where grew mostly high trees and very little underwood, but about fifty paces before us was rather an extensive thicket which was to be beaten. Little Nimrod Wurfel, to whom they had given a gun as tall as himself, had his post near a beech tree between two royal under-foresters.

Many huntsmen believe firmly that hares, and especially foxes, are very great physiognomists, and study with care the faces of the shooters forming the line through which they have to pass, always selecting—if time is left for doing so—that place, where some one is standing whose mien denotes indecision or excitement, thus promising a shot that will miss. The venerable boar, against whom so many men were arrayed in arms, must have been the Lavater of his tribe, for he selected little Wurfel, who moved restlessly in his place.

When the hideous-looking boar, with tusks nearly a foot long, came slowly out of the thicket before us, he seemed not to take the slightest notice of us, or of the beaters behind him, but leisurely advancing, he stopped now and then, examining the ground, and thus went straight towards the fortunate innkeeper. When that worthy, however, became aware of his good luck, he made himself still smaller than he was before,

and his red nose grew several shades paler; and remembering that boars can neither fly nor climb, he ascended the beech tree near him with the nimbleness of a monkey, and soon reached its first horizontal branch, which was scarcely eight feet above the ground. His neighbours, seeing this manœuvre, were unable to suppress their laughter, on which the boar raised his snout, and advanced in a short trot right to the foot of the beech in which Wurfel was perched.

"Why don't you fire?" was the cry to one of the foresters, who stood only about eighty paces off; but the aspect of this black prince of the woods had not failed to impress the forester also with awe. He answered, in a faltering voice, "I cannot; I have broken my hair-trigger." This proved true, though Daude asserted that the faint-hearted forester had broken it on purpose, lest the boar should rush upon him, if not killed at once by his shot, as wild boars are in the bad habit of doing.

When the black monster, which was at least three feet high, came to the tree—which from that time was called "Wurfel's beech" — he stopped, examined the ground, threw the innkeeper's gun contemptuously aside with his snout, and trotted off unharmed, little Wurfel waving his cap, and calling after him, "Good-bye, your reverence! My respects to her ladyship and the whole piggery!"

This occurrence of course gave occasion for many jokes, and much teasing of forester Lauke and of Wurfel, who was wise enough to make more fun of himself than anybody else did. Old Brothuhn only shrugged his shoulders, and said, "Lieutenant, I know where he 'changes.' To-day nothing is to be done, but the day after to-morrow we will wait for him when there is moonlight."

At that time I was a very good rifle-shot, and had shown myself to be such directly after my arrival. As we were going out one evening on the "Anstand," I wanted to get rid of an old shot; when Daude pointed smilingly at a magpie, sitting at some distance on the top of a poplar-tree. I had the good luck to bring down the bird. Another time I shot a fox in full run with my rifle.

On the appointed day, Brothuhn and myself started in good time. The sun was not yet down when we reached the "change." The old huntsman placed himself at the foot of a hill at the end of a ravine, where the ground was swampy, and I took my stand a few hundred paces higher up, in a narrow path on the slope of the same hill, at the foot of which the swampy ravine extended.

It was a delightful evening, and the wood appeared in its holiday splendour. The beams of the setting sun glittered through the dense crowns of beeches of centuries old, overshowering their leaves with trembling sparks of light. Squirrels, their bushy red tails shining

like flames, sported through the emerald domes, in which Sylvan's feathered songsters warbled their evening hymns.

The sun sunk lower; a blueish haze covered the ravines; the air became more still, and the sweet notes of the thrush called the feathered tribes to rest. Suddenly a rushing sound was heard in the air, as if the wild hunter were approaching, ending with a crackling noise in the crowns of the not far distant trees. This noise was produced by capercailzies going to roost. Young hunters—and old ones too—will understand how my heart throbbed, and how my eyes searched the wood.

The cheek of the hill on which I was posted was still caressed by the last rays of the parting sun, when an enormous catamount came up from the ravine, and seated himself twenty paces from me, on the footpath. He seemed to enjoy the sun, and made his toilet like a house-cat, and whenever a lizard or other little animal rustled in the grass, he crouched down, and his eyes blazed. I took aim at the robber. I even set the hair-trigger, and his life hung on the tip of my finger. However, I resisted this almost too great temptation, for my shot would have scared the wild boar for which we were out that night, and he was to me far more interesting than even a catamount, of which I had already shot one specimen, near Laubenheim, in the open field. But this animal seemed intent on his own death;

for, after having sunned himself for about ten minutes, he went slowly up the hill, and again sat down—only ten paces from me! I again took aim, and again forebore, until, at last, afraid of yielding to the temptation, I made a motion with my hand, which sent him, with an immense bound, into the thicket.

Stars now appeared in the sky, and silent night embraced the hill and dale—nowhere a sound, except here and there a mysterious crackling, or the whispering of a gentle wind in the bushes. Now and then a hare crosses the path, sits up, sniffs the wind, and trots away. Behind the opposite hill rises the moon, not silvery and cold as in winter, but with the golden warmth of summer.

Hark! a dry branch cracks in the ravine below. Something is approaching. More crackling is heard, and between each a dull sound—a short grunting, like ouff, ouff! My heart beats like a sledge-hammer — I am not quite sure whether with pleasure only. My rifle is ready, my hanger loosened in its scabbard. "No joke," I thought, "a duel with such a fellow." A yearling, at which I earned my spurs, once threw me down so that my heels flew up, to the amusement of all the experienced huntsmen present. He was, however, an infant in comparison with this black prince, whom I had seen from afar, and whose enormous proportions I had admired in silent awe. However, I was ready for anything, but confess to a secret wish that the wild boar

might postpone his visit. In this exciting suspense I was kept for nearly an hour; then the noise became more distant, probably because the wind had changed, and the boar got scent of me.

Suddenly I heard the crack of Brothuhn's rifle, and I hurried at full speed to his assistance. A strange sight was before me. The old huntsman was quietly reloading his rifle; and about twenty paces from him, in the bright light of the moon, sat the monstrous boar, shaking his head, as if declining vehemently the invitation of the tyrant death.

"He has had enough," said Brothuhn; "finish him with your knife, lieutenant." (In German called "abfangen" with the "Hirschfaenger.")

"Very cool, indeed," I thought, and would have greatly preferred to finish the life of the "chivalrous animal"—as the wild boar is professionally called by the old German hunters—with a bullet, if I had not felt ashamed; for Brothuhn chuckled on seeing my tardiness. I therefore took courage, and made a vigorous thrust at the shoulder of the wild boar, which had been struck by the old hunter's bullet behind his ear, and was mortally wounded. Brothuhn laughed at my jumping back a few paces, for my blade did not make the slightest impression, though it had bent nearly to breaking; and the dying prince of the forest answered my attack only by an angry grunting and a violent jerk of his head, being unable to move his body. If you go to the Ken-

sington Museum, and into the room of animal products, you will discover the reason of my ill-success, when looking with amazement on the "schild" of a wild boar hanging there.

"Kill him from the front, lieutenant," laughed Brothuhn, making his rifle ready; "I'll take care."

With set teeth, I now approached the monster in front, and plunged my knife up to the guard into its breast, on which it fell down dead without a grunt. I then wiped my blade on his rough skin.

When, on the same evening, Wurfel heard of our adventure, he ran about the room, shook his hands, shuddered, and said, with a farcical grimace, "No, no, no—that's nothing for me, nothing for me."

Brothuhn, however, knew that I had not been exposed to any great danger, for the boar was old, and his tusks, though very long, were already curved in such a manner that he could not do much harm with them, especially as he was badly wounded. It happens sometimes that very old boars are starved, for these large curved tusks prevent them from digging up sufficient food.

The most dangerous boars are those of about three years old, the tusks of which are only slightly curved, and are as sharp as knives. They are sometimes down upon the hunter before he has time to draw, and do not require to be challenged by the usual "Hui sow!" The hunters call them jokingly, "hosenflicker" (breeches mender).

The old fellow we had killed was the largest

wild boar that had been killed for years in the neighbourhood. On cutting him up, one bullet was found in the centre of his forehead, and four or five more in his skin. Brothuhn asserted that the acquaintance between his rifle and the boar had been one of old date. He met him, however, at last, under very favourable circumstances, for as the boar stood in the full light of the moon, he could lay his rifle on a branch, and take a deliberate aim.

A consumptive-looking young student from Berlin lodged in Wurfel's inn (he is now a great professor), who loved to lie in the green wilderness, and study Kant. He had not the slightest idea that there were so many four-legged wild Hegelians running about, who might be disposed to attack inoffensive Kantians, and he became very uneasy on hearing the stories of the hunters. With a nervous face he asked the roguish innkeeper, whether there was "zureichenden Grund," if he, lying in the green, should wish harmlessly to study Kant's critic of the "reine Vernunft?"

"What!" cried Wurfel, "pure reason? You will be eaten up by the reverend unreasonable beasts!"

On account of the rusty black of their coat, the irreverent innkeeper was in the habit of calling the wild boars the "reverends!" The student laughed; but he had lost his enjoyment of the wood, for at the least rustling he was afraid of discovering the "zureichenden Grund"

in a pugnacious Hegelian wild boar; and sadder, and more consumptive, he returned to his scientific Bohemian woods in Berlin, where only the daily increasing philosophical piggery existed to frighten the pupil of Kant.

In countries where the wild boars are constantly hunted, they are so shy, that they fly on hearing or scenting men; they only attack when irritated, or wounded. Forester Daude was once in a great fright when, riding on a dark night through a gully, he found himself in the middle of a herd of wild boars which however did not attack him. It is different with wounded boars. There is then real danger; for a more courageous animal than the wild boar does not exist; and even the females are dangerous, of which I experienced an instance during my stay in Thale.

Once towards evening I had wounded a wild sow. I found much blood, and after having marked the place in hunters' fashion by placing a green fir branch in the "Anschuss," I went to the village to fetch a "schwesshund" (bloodhound). Mr. Daude advised me to wait a few hours in order that the sow might become more "sick." When the moon was up he would give me an experienced man with a bloodhound.

When the moon rose we set out. The forester assistant, who had only his rifle, held by a line a little unsightly cur, which I should never have taken for a good bloodhound, though he was celebrated throughout the whole district, not

only for his excellent nose, but even more for his unrivalled courage. His skin was mended like an old leathern bag, for after nearly every rencontre some hole in it had to be sewn up, for which purpose the hunters carry with them a needle and thread. The forest-runner laughed at my blaming him for having no hirschfaenger (knife), and said that he needed none with his rifle and this dog, and that he never used one.

The bloodhound took the scent eagerly, and holding him still by the line we followed over hill and dale. The sow had stopped at several places, and from the blood we everywhere found, we judged that she must be very sick. We expected to find her dead in a thicket before us, and as we could not well penetrate into it with the dog fast by the line, he was set free, and I went round the thicket to be ready, in case the sow should make her retreat in that direction.

Suddenly I heard the dog giving "ständlaut" —that is, barking in the peculiar manner that dogs do when they have a game at bay. Then all was still again, and I heard neither the report of a shot, nor the bark of the dog, but after a while a loud lament. Following as fast as possible in the direction of the sound I came to a little clearing, and witnessed a scene which appeared nothing less than comical.

The poor huntsman was lying on his face roaring with all his might, whilst the wounded sow stood upon him, literally tearing pieces from him.

The little ugly-looking bloodhound had taken hold of one ear of the sow, and at each jerk of her head he swung round. Only with great difficulty did I succeed in killing the sow with my hirsch-faenger, for the dog was in my way.

The huntsman was covered all over with blood, but fortunately it was only that of the sow, for his body had been protected by thick leather breeches, and he was only sorely bruised. When the dog found the wounded animal, he caught hold of it before Fricke could come up, and in this manner prevented him from using his rifle. Whilst he was eagerly looking for an opportunity for a shot, he was suddenly knocked down by the furious animal.

At night we frequently went out on the "Anstand," that is, we lay in ambush for the deer that came to feed in the ripe corn, for which purpose, in order not to be seen, we put white shirts over our clothes and white cotton nightcaps on our heads. I became so acquainted with the ground as never to lose myself even in the darkest night; and not rarely, to shorten my way, I descended from the "Hexentanz-platz" (the witches dancing-place) into the Bode valley, which even by daylight was at that time a dangerous descent.

The summer was unusually warm and dry, rain had not fallen for six weeks, and the water in the Bode was nearly dried up. Once about eleven o'clock p.m. my landlord, old Reokleben,

called me up, and drew my attention to a glow of fire appearing over the Rosstrappe. When I had got up and dressed, I saw people running in that direction, who told me that the whole forest-district called the "Winzenburg" was in flames. A former Oberforstmeister, von Bulow, had placed a gun on the Rosstrappe, which was fired for the amusement of the numerous tourists, as there was and still is, a most celebrated echo. If you fire a pistol, you hear first only a single report, then after two seconds it is repeated from the opposite Hexentanzplatz, and followed by a thundering noise, which seems to wander up to the far Brocken, the head of which peeps over the rocky wall in the direction of Treseburg. When the gun is fired, it seems as though all the surrounding cliffs were tumbling into the narrow valley. The glowing wadding of the gun had on this occasion fallen amongst the dry heather and grass, and, fanned by the wind, had caused the fire.

I had never before seen a burning wood, and did not wish to miss this opportunity. I therefore followed the people, who, armed with buckets and tools, ascended the path leading to the Rosstrappe, whilst others were directed by the royal foresters to the valley. I thought the best view would be from the top of the cliff. The head-forester and his subordinates were rather perplexed, for all means of mastering the fire had failed. There was not a drop of water to be had on the height, for even the bed of the Bode, a thousand feet below,

was nearly dry, and heather and grass burned like tinder. To put a limit to the progress of the flames by making ditches, as is usually done in woods, was impossible on account of the rocks, and nothing remained but to beat out the flames with large branches of trees, and wherever they ran up the gullies to fell the trees the crowns of which were too near the edge of the "rocky cauldron."

The view from the Rosstrappe over the "Devil's Bridge" was most wonderful, and such as it rarely falls to one's lot to see.

The expression "rock-cauldron" is exactly adapted to that part of the Bode valley into which one looks from the Rosstrappe. In it the river Bode, wedged between the cliffs, leaps foaming over numerous fragments of rocks. About the centre of this part of the valley, the Bode forms a deep tank, called "the cauldron." According to the legend, a certain princess, being persecuted by a giant, dropped her golden crown into it. At this place the opposite rocks approach each other so nearly, that it was possible to bridge it over by means of a tree, which remained there as a memorial by the side of the more modern wooden foot-bridge, which is called "the Devil's Bridge." The height of this bridge from the surface of the "cauldron" is not very considerable; but on both sides rise the walls of the valley, from eight hundred to a thousand feet high, formed by solid rocks with manifold clefts, from which grotesque cliffs pro-

trude, like enormous fingers or noses. In the direction towards the village of Treseburg, the valley is apparently closed in by a strangely-shaped wall of solid rock, over which one may, from the Rosstrappe, see the head of old "Father Brocken."

The Rosstrappe itself is situated on a rocky neck, stretched out opposite this wall, and nearly closing the valley on that side. It takes its name from the outline of an enormous horse-shoe in the rock, left by the hoof of the giant's horse, who leaped over the valley in pursuit of the princess. At the farthest point of the narrow neck a wooden pavilion was erected, from which there is a splendid view of the wreathed, torn cliffs underneath and over head. The greatest diameter of this valley, which narrows towards the bottom, may be about one thousand paces. The moisture rising from the waters of the Bode is, of course, very favourable to vegetation, and everywhere near the little river, and in the clefts where earth has accumulated, were bushes and trees; whilst the ground was covered with heather and grass. The latter, however, had now become as dry as tinder, owing not only to want of rain, but also to want of moisture from the Bode, the water of which was no longer dashing against the rocks, but winding between them, and so low as to be scarcely visible.

Everything inflammable in this rock cauldron was in a full blaze of fire, which not only lighted

up each point of it with the brightness of a ball-room, but also formed over it a dome of light which, amid the upward-whirling columns of smoke, assumed the most varied shapes and shades.

In the bed of the Bode, and on its edges, little figures moved busily to and fro, their dark forms appearing like silhouettes on the golden background formed by the flames. On the same background figures of men appeared now and then dangling at a rope, axe in hand, who were let down from projecting rocks in order to precipitate some dangerous tree into the abyss. This was rather a perilous undertaking, for sometimes furious snakes of fire ran up the ridges, singeing the defenders of the edge of the valley with their glowing breath, and driving them away.

Close to the path leading along the narrow neck to the above-mentioned pavilion, several thousand scores of bundles of brushwood were piled up, and it was of the greatest importance to protect them, for, if they had taken fire, the whole wood on the high plateau would have been lost. For this purpose many labourers, with large branches in their hands, were placed there, and it was not difficult to defend them so long as the fiery serpents only came up singly from the valley. But suddenly it seemed as though all these fiery fiends had resolved on a combined attack. Bundles of fire and fiery snakes ran all at once in crowds, with the agility of tiger-

cats, up the hoary sides of the rocks, and flames high as houses eagerly licked over the path, obliging us to throw ourselves down, and let them pass over us. It was fortunate that these flames found but little food, for the long grass was burnt up in a few moments.

After such a fiery attack, the sides of the rocky walls presented a curious aspect. Here and there a flame was still wandering about; here and there a spot was still glowing. The rock resembled a large castle with many windows, the inhabitants of which had been suddenly alarmed in the night, and were running confusedly to and fro with lights.

On the highest projection of a rock, called "The Devil's Pulpit," the figure of the head-forester stood in the glaring light. Over his uniform he had drawn a light cotton woman's cloak, belonging to the hostess of the Rosstrappen inn; and on his head he wore a white cotton nightcap, from under which his brightly-illuminated, weatherbeaten face had a curious effect. From this elevated position he gave his orders in a loud voice, and the mischievous mountain goblins repeated them in a hundred-fold echo.

Across the dome of light above the valley, and between the winding columns of smoke, birds of prey, scared from their hiding-places, were flying about and uttering plaintive cries, frightened and attracted at the same time by the unheard-of catastrophe.

When the danger became more urgent, the head-forester ordered one of the under-foresters to take up his station in the wooden pavilion, and to direct the defence from thence. He was the same fellow who broke his hair trigger in the boar hunt, and he was now horribly afraid lest his retreat should be cut off by the flames. As he lingered before obeying, I offered to go and assist the head-forester to master the conflagration. Our endeavours were at last successful; the fire became localized in the cauldron itself, and the head-forester left his elevated position. He called out to me, "Will you take a cup of tea?" I heard these words quite plainly; after two or three seconds they were repeated just as plainly from the Hexentanzplatz, and then everywhere throughout the valley was echoed, cup of tea, cup of tea,—tea—tea! and the elfs murmured and whispered the strange message to each other until it reached old Father Brocken. It was a wonderful echo; that on the Lurley rock is nothing at all in comparison to it.

I accepted the invitation of the head-forester, for the night air on these heights was very cold. Whilst occupied in filling my pipe, I saw on a rock not far distant a stag and two deer, which were cautiously stalking along their usual narrow pass, and looking with curiosity down into the burning cauldron.—It is well-known to sportsmen, that deer frequently come to charcoal kilns, either attracted by the warmth or by curiosity.

Without saying a word I snatched my rifle, which was carried by a little boy who stood close behind me, and made a sign with my hand to the others. Taking a good aim I fired at the stag which stood full in the light. Before the report of my rifle was echoed from the Hexentanzplatz, we saw the stag, with a tremendous leap, jump down into the valley. I was afterwards sorry for the shot, as owing to the fall of several hundred feet, the meat was of little use.

This conflagration spoilt for some time the beauty of the Bodethal, which was one of the most lovely spots in Germany. It has probably now lost much of its wild romantic loveliness; for it is said that a number of houses have been built even near the cauldron, and that roads and walks have been cut.

The Rosstrappe, however, continued to be my favourite haunt. Close to it a woman kept a restaurant, or rather a shanty where coffee, and amongst other things "Birkwasser" were to be had. Birkwasser is the sap of the birch tree, which after fermentation and other preparation, is made into an agreeable but rather intoxicating beverage, which bears some resemblance to champagne.

My hunting excursions did not, however, interfere with my literary occupations; on the contrary, these were favoured by my solitary roaming in the green woods. I commenced a tragedy in prose, "The Countess de Chateaubriant," of which

I wrote three acts. My Hunyadi had been finished long ago. Sallet praised the piece much, and when I read it, by request, to the bathing company in Thale—mostly ladies—I had the satisfaction of seeing them all in tears. I got books from a library in Quedlinburg, and thus passed a very agreeable quiet life. Sometimes concerts were given in an inn near the "Blechhutte," close to the Rosstrappe, and at present the principal hotel; these concerts were attended by all the ladies, all busily knitting.

In the neighbourhood of Thale was a large fishpond, with a little reed island in its centre, in which thousands of starlings went to roost every night. This pond, which was crowded with fish, was very interesting on account of the rare waterbirds which stayed there sometimes for days, probably drifted south by storms. I once shot a large wild swan there, and also a cormorant, a bird which had never been seen before in this country, but which appeared that year in alarmingly great numbers in the river Elbe, doing much damage to the fisheries.

The presence of Forstrath Pfeil interfered much with my pleasure in hunting in the Royal Forest, as he reserved that sport for himself alone; but I found some compensation in what is called the lower hunt, which includes hares, partridges, rabbits, etc. These latter were very numerous, especially in the rocks near the Stubenberg. The right to shoot there belonged to the owner of a

paper-mill, who had some pretty daughters, and whom I visited frequently. A bare, rocky hill, separated from a thicket by a narrow meadow, offered us excellent sport. Beaters were sent into this thicket, and all the rabbits in it were driven into their holes in the hill. Then one of the holes on the hill side was selected, and from it the shooters were placed all across the meadow. Ferrets were then sent into the rabbit-hole, and very soon the rabbits ran, quick as shot from a gun, towards the wood, on the way to which they had to pass our fire. It required some skill to hit such a little thing whilst running with the velocity of a bullet.

When partridge shooting commenced, we had good sport in the meadows, where we found an immense quantity of birds.

I was also frequently invited by neighbouring owners of hunting-grounds to their great battues. The most interesting amongst these neighbours was an old gentleman who rented a large domain belonging to the Duke of Brunswick. He was a very jovial man, and fond of the pleasures of the table. When a guest paid his first visit he had to drink from a large wine-glass, which could not be done without spilling the wine, except by those knowing the trick. At the close of dinner a large boot of green glass, containing half-a-dozen of bottles, always made its appearance, and was passed round until it was emptied.

In M. L.'s dining-room, between race-horses,

etc., was a portrait of Duke Wilhelm, whom many persons still called an usurper. Colonel Schultze, who had by no means given up his idea of restoring Duke Charles, had commissioned me to get information respecting the feeling of the foresters, huntsmen, and landed squires in that neighbourhood, in reference to Duke Charles. I had received information that Squire L. was by no means a friend to Duke Wilhelm, though the latter was not rarely his guest in the hunting season.

Once after dinner I teased the squire about the portrait of Duke Wilhelm in his dining-room. He replied, "He hangs amongst all the other nobler beasts only for the benefit of the spies." When I called him an old Carlist, and said that I had seen the duke in Paris, and that he had by no means given up the hope of returning to Brunswick, the squire took me mysteriously by the hand, and led me to an upper story of his spacious house. He unlocked a door, and we entered a fine large room, where a beautiful life-size portrait of Duke Charles ornamented with flowers, like the image of a saint, hung on the wall. I respected the reverential feeling of the old gentleman, which might, perhaps, have appeared to me ridiculous when thrown away on such an unworthy object, if I had not heard that the old squire owed a debt of gratitude to the duke—a thing worth mentioning for its rarity.

It was already late in the autumn when I received notice of the return of the Schultzes to Hofahrtsheim. With regret I left the beautiful Bodethal, which I have never seen since that time.

CHAPTER II.

Clouds—A book about Duke Charles and the Revolution in Brunswick—The ambition of the Colonel—Marriage of Prince Coburg-Cohary with Donna Maria di Gloria—Journey to Gotha—An evening party at the Duke's—Reception by the Duchess—The Princes—Prince Albert—The Duke of Coburg—Smaller parties—I tell the fortune of Prince Albert, and prophecy that he will make his fortune by marriage—Prince Albert my eternal debtor for a shilling—A dinner with the Duke—I inadvertently spoil the dinner—The offer of the Duke—I decline—The Duke's kindness and intentions—Departure and journey past Frankfort—A tap on a high shoulder—Helena returned from Paris.

On my return to Hofahrtsheim I found the usual niggardliness but a double amount of pride. Though much disgusted with both, I tried to make myself as agreeable as possible to the ladies, to whom I talked nonsense to amuse them, and to whose long stories of Teplitz I was a patient listener. The Waldsteins, the Clarys, etc., had treated the Schultzes as their equals; for the new-fangled name of Hofahrtsheim, which was coupled with the vulgar name of Schultze, was that of a very old family of Counts, and any one who heard the Colonel speak of his castle and his estates, would believe that they were at least as extensive as a Bohemian principality.

For me the Colonel had, as the Germans say, "great plums in his sack." He was, however, much displeased to see the formal promise which he had given to me in my hands, and it was not very difficult for an old experienced man of the world like him, who had studied my character, to make me give it back to him.

I knew very well that, by my using this paper, the colonel might perhaps be vexed and nothing could be gained. By standing on my rights I should only have provoked the tyrannical old man, and helpless as I then was, I thought it much wiser to make him believe that I had unbounded confidence in him, which flattered his vanity, and made him more willing to keep his word. Very soon afterwards I had an opportunity of testing the correctness of my view of the case, for when once in an animated conversation with him, I asserted a right to his assistance, based on his solemn promise, he became angry, and said, "Right; I have given you my word, but I won't keep it. What then?"

During this sojourn in Hofahrtsheim, the colonel made me write a book under the title "Duke Charles, and the Brunswick Revolution," for which he gave me all the dates, and which, therefore, with some justice, he always called "his book." I however wrote the preface without his concurrence when the book was published some years afterwards, and of which mention will be made in its proper place.

At that time, as previously mentioned, the marriage between Prince Ferdinand of Coburg-Cohary and the Queen of Portugal had been resolved on; and Count Lavradio, the Portuguese minister, was in Gotha, where great festivities were going on. The colonel's family went to Gotha to take part in them; but the colonel remained with me in Hofahrtsheim, as some negotiations between him and the court of Gotha were still pending. His brother had great influence with the old duke, and this influence was exerted to its utmost to carry out two favourite plans of the colonel. The latter had entered (only nominally, however, and without pay) the service of the Duke as a colonel; but as he had long been a colonel, he wanted to become a general. The Duke, however, thought one general quite sufficient for his army, and would not comply with his wish. Another desire of the colonel was to get the decoration of the Ernestinian Order, as his breast appeared rather bare; for he had no decoration but that of the Order of St. John, which had been given him when he returned the decorations of his late master, Duke Auguste of Brunswick, to the King of Prussia.

The colonel did not at this time obtain his object (though he did so afterwards), and when in Gotha he made the Duke conscious of his dissatisfaction. At a gala, at court, he did not appear in his uniform of a Coburg-Gotha colonel, but in that of a Knight of St. John. The Duke

understood the hint very well, and passed the scarlet knight without speaking to him.

As neither the general's commission, nor the Ernestinian Order arrived, the colonel had at last to make up his mind to join his family in Gotha without them, and we departed for that place in January, 1836. On our arrival, the future King of Portugal, and the Count Lavradio had already left, and the festivities were over; but at court, and in the town, nothing else was spoken of.

The Duke had to keep up two courts, one at Coburg, and another at Gotha; and the number of chamberlains, grooms of the bedchamber, and Hof-marshals were great. The chief person at the court of Gotha was, of course, a Baron von Wangenheim, and I left my card on him. Wherever you turned in Gotha you met a Wangenheim; they were in possession of nearly all the influential places. The Hof-marshal was a good but insignificant man, just fit for his office; but he had a wife who must have been a great beauty, and who was still very imposing in appearance, and very agreeable. She had two pretty daughters: one of them fell in love with an actor, jumped out of a window and broke her leg; but she eloped with him, and married him. This happened one or two years later; and at Leipsic, in the Hotel de Pologne, I once by chance sat beside her at the ordinary.

Gotha was a place over which the great French

revolution had passed nearly unnoticed. Nobility and citizens were still divided here by an almost impassable barrier; they had their separate places in the theatre, and even at concerts in the public gardens they kept carefully apart. The morals of the court were about the same as they had been at the Court of Louis XV., and its *chronique scandaleuse* no less scandalous.

The day after my arrival I was invited to an evening party at court. I had already been presented to the duke and to the two young princes; but did not yet know the second wife of the duke, a princess of Wurtemberg. She was at that time a very stately, handsome lady, whose whole appearance made a very favourable impression. I still remember my feeling when she entered the room. She looked every inch a duchess, and walked on the slippery parquet with such *aplomb* that you felt the vibration, though she had even a smaller foot than Madame de Schultze.

When I was presented to her, she received me in the most flattering manner, and said, "You are no stranger here; my sister-in-law, Countess Mensdorf, has frequently spoken of you."

The duke was equally gracious.

After such a reception, all the people of the court were, of course, also very friendly. I was presented to the Duke Ernest of Wurtemberg, a tall, fine-looking man, who had a great fancy for actresses and brilliant waistcoats, of which latter he had an enormous quantity, as he never wore the

same one twice. Prince and Princess Leiningen were also present, and I was charmed with their unaffected manners and unassuming kindness. But I liked best the two young princes, who were very gracious to me, especially Prince Albert, who was then a very handsome young man, and extremely amiable and kind. He was at that time more popular than his elder brother, who was quicker in his manner, and somewhat sarcastic. The evening party of which I am speaking took place in the rooms of the last eccentric Duke of Gotha. They were very splendid, and Prince Albert was kind enough to point out to me their beauty and curiosities. In one of the rooms all the chairs were of solid silver; and the Prince mentioned how much they had cost, but I have forgotten. To show me the effect, he ordered two lamps in huge alabaster vases to be lighted: they stood, if I recollect right, at the entrance of a recess or niche, in which were luxurious sofas. He also explained to me some splendid water-colour drawings, representing scenes from Shakespeare's plays, which were inserted as ornaments in the passages leading from one room to the other.

The room of the late Duke of Gotha, in the midst of which stood a large piano, was left untouched. My attention was, however, most attracted by a very curiously-arranged closet. A large room, which served as a passage, was divided by a partition of coloured and ornamented glass, with a looking-glass in its centre, serving as a

door, and leading to a rather large closet, from which, through the coloured glass, one could see everyone passing by without being seen. This closet was very prettily furnished, and had a door leading directly to a corridor. On the luxurious sofa I found the duke's Austrian aide-de-camp, Captain Count Kolowrat, fast asleep.

I was much pleased with the tone of these court circles. It was by no means stiff; on the contrary, everybody moved with elegant ease, very agreeable to people used to such society, but, as it seemed, embarrassing to persons who belonged to a different sphere. Some citizen deputies of the representatives were utterly out of their element there, and looked rather awkward and ill at ease.

The young duchess was very fond of dancing, and was herself a very good dancer. I had the honour of dancing with her. A chamberlain and one of her ladies had to dance in advance of us.

There were many charming ladies present, of whom I only remember Mademoiselle von Stein, a most lovely girl, daughter of Baron von Stein, who afterwards became minister; she married a Prussian diplomatist, Baron von Sydow. Mademoiselle von Wangenheim, who eloped with the actor, was also very handsome. Amongst the ladies of honour was Mademoiselle de Griesheim, who was the most courted; and another, a charming lady, said to be admired by Prince Albert. She afterwards married a lawyer, and the duchess

loved her much. She was the only lady whom the duchess always kissed on her forehead on her coming and going.

The old duke was a very tall, handsome man, pleasing in manner; he generally spoke in a low and gentle voice.

In winter the duke went out hunting nearly every day, and dined so late, that sometimes the public had to wait for him at the Court Theatre, as the piece did not commence before his arrival. If he had company in the evening, and he and his dinner-guests did not wish for supper, nothing was provided except some cake with the tea, and similar unsubstantial trifles. He who was invited had therefore to prepare himself by a late dinner, or trust to the hope of finding some hotel or restaurant open after the party. The hungry murmurers sometimes became so loud in their complaints that the much-teased Marshal von Wangenheim was compelled to apply to the duke, who thereupon ordered a cold supper which had rather the character of a hunting-luncheon in the field and which was devoured in a similar unceremonious manner.

When there was no dancing at the duke's parties, the company played at cards; the older persons at whist or *l'hombre*, and the young people at some sociable game, at two tables, one of which was generally presided over by Prince Ernest, the other by Prince Albert. I always belonged to the table of the latter.

Once, at a smaller tea-party in the apartments of the duchess, I was sitting with Prince Albert and some young ladies at a table, when one of the latter asked me whether I could tell fortunes from cards. "Of course, I can," I said; "and the fortunes I tell always come true." Prince Albert wanted me to tell his fortune, and I spread the thirty-two cards of a piquet pack in the usual manner. The card representing the prince always appeared in connection with a queen, surrounded by very auspicious cards, and I told him that he would make his fortune by a great marriage—in fact, that he would marry one of the greatest ladies in the world. The duke and duchess, attracted by the laughter of the prince and the ladies, listened to what I said, and looked at each other smilingly.

Though the cards really fell as I had said, I had some better foundation for my prophecy. At that time a marriage between the Queen of England and Prince Albert had already been thought of; at least the old duke had spoken confidentially of it to his old grand marshal, who told his brother the colonel, from whom I knew it, and who suggested my waiting for this marriage, in order to get a place in the prince's household.

After I had told the prince his fortune, he taught me how to play a game then in vogue which was called "*dame noire*," and we played a number of parties. The prince always lost, and I comforted him with the saying, that he who is

unlucky in gambling is fortunate in love. After one deal, and without having seen my hands, I offered to exchange; he accepted. But he lost again, and would not play any more. As people in Germany never play at cards only "for love" —children, perhaps, excepted—we had played for a trifle, and the prince owed me one shilling—thirty-six kreutzers! He took out a little marroquin purse with a steel bow, on which was, in steel beads, the word "souvenir," and shook it laughingly to show its emptiness. "I have lost the key of my strong box," he said, and requested the old grand marshal to pay me. I am glad that he did not, for it has always amused me much that Prince Albert should all his life have remained my debtor for a shilling!

The princes, though no longer children, had only three hundred gilders pocket-money a year each, which is about two pounds a month. They were most sensibly educated, not as was usual with princes, but more like private persons of the upper classes. Their tutor was a M. Florschutz, who then had the title "counsellor" (Rath), and lived with them in the top story of the palace, in rooms which were as plain as the lodgings of a young man with a hundred a year.

Having to attend to a little commission for the duchess, I had occasion to go one morning to see Prince Albert. I went to the top of a staircase and passed over a rather disorderly-looking space, where some people were occupied

in painting decorations for the theatre. It was long before I found a huntsman, cleaning some guns, who announced me, and showed me into a kind of ante-room with one window. To the right and left were doors which stood ajar. In the room to the right I heard some one playing the piano, and from that to the left the voice of Prince Ernest called out, "Albert, there is some one at the door." On which Prince Albert came out in his shirt sleeves. On seeing me he returned to his room, blushing like a girl, and put on his coat.

Both princes loved music much, and were good performers on the piano. Prince Albert also painted very well in oil, and everybody told me that the princes were extremely clever in other things.

Both looked strong and healthy, thanks to their exercise in the fresh air, for they went out much on horseback, and also went out hunting with their father.

I was frequently invited to dine with the duke, and several times at some hunting lodge or other house in the country, to which I was taken in a court equipage. The dinners were very good, but the gentlemen of the court complained that the wine was bad. Coburg beer, which has some reputation, was also served at dinner.

At one of these dinners in the country, where only the princes and a small number of gentlemen of the household were present, my place was opposite the duke. I remember it very well,

as I happened to say something which dismayed the duke and the whole company.

Whilst in Mayence I had sometimes met in the "Anlage" a very distinguished looking man, who called himself a Brunswick captain of cavalry, and said that he was in connection with Duke Charles. His name was H——r. He was dressed extremely *comme il faut*, was gentlemanlike in his whole appearance and behaviour, and a very handsome man, of about the same figure as the old Duke of Coburg. He sought for my acquaintance, played at billiards with me, and observing that I was every day with Countess Mensdorff, requested me to introduce him. I asked the princess, who had no objection, and accordingly I introduced him.

On my returning to Mayence from Hofahrtsheim she told me that Captain H——r had made an attempt to borrow money of her, but did not tell me that she had given him a recommendation to her brother, the duke, who was so much pleased with him, that he became his favourite and constant companion. All the fifty Wangenheims and their consorts became very moody, for their master grew every day more intimate with this strange intruder, who was not even a nobleman! Of course he was driven off, but the duke always regretted him.

I do not know how the name of this Captain H——r came to be mentioned by me. The duke heard it, and asked rather eagerly, "Do you

know him, and have you heard anything of him?" I had not even the slightest knowledge that he had ever been in Gotha, and therefore answered, "Yes, your highness, he was hung in New York for forgery." The duke coloured, and nearly dipped his long nose into the caviar on his plate, and all the company looked as if they had swallowed fish bones.

The duke wished to keep me in his service, but it was difficult to find a suitable appointment. The colonel proposed that I should assist in the transformation of his troops, by drilling them after the Prussian tactics; but by this proposition he offended all the officers, who did not want to be transformed, though they had to submit to this fate some years later.

I had several audiences with the duke, who received generally at nine o'clock a.m., before he went out hunting; and had many conversations with his minister, Baron von Carlowitz, who felt very kindly towards me. When I last saw the duke, he offered me a commission as lieutenant, "until something better should turn up." The colonel's brother had told me, I ought to wait until Prince Albert should marry the Queen of England, and take an appointment in his household. This prospect was indeed tempting, for I liked the prince very much, and he seemed well pleased with me; but the marriage was then only a project, which might never be carried out; and both parties were still so young, that some few years must

elapse, under any circumstances, before it could take place. Besides, the colonel had told me, that the duke was rather quick and lavish in his promises, but that he had a short memory, and sometimes did not recollect them. I might have known, however, the reason of this assertion of the colonel; he was still a colonel, and had not even been decorated. This delay, however, and the circumstance that I should have to enter the army of the duke as the junior lieutenant, were the principal reasons of my disinclination to accept the duke's offer. It would, indeed, have appeared ridiculous to quit the Prussian service, where I had already in my regiment seventeen officers below me on the list, to become the junior officer in the Coburg-Gotha army! I therefore proposed to the duke to give me an appointment as lieutenant *à la suite*, such as he had given to a major who had entered his army from the Swedish; but this he said he could not do, and I therefore declined his offer with a little more energy than was required. The duke said, "Well, reflect upon it;" but I told him that such an offer needed no reflection.

A few days later, Minister von Carlowitz sent for me. The duke, who had left Gotha, sent me his compliments, and had charged the minister to tell me that he had considered me as his guest in Gotha, and that therefore I was to send in my hotel bill to the privy-councillor of finances, Mr. Schnuer. The minister told me, also, that it was the intention of the duke to recommend me as an

aide-de-camp to his nephew, the King of Portugal, since a Coburg officer, Count Vitzthum, who had been appointed, was not going. Should the appointment, however, be filled already, he would take care that I should be made a captain in the Portuguese army. I had to leave my address with the minister, who promised to inform me of the result of the duke's recommendation.

Count Vitzthum was an agreeable young officer, but somewhat sarcastic; and, on seeing the life-size portrait of Donna Maria di Gloria, which was exhibited in the palace in Gotha, he had made some disrespectful remarks, which were taken very ill.

It was very kind of the duke to consider me as his guest in Gotha, though he had not invited me; but, as the colonel had already paid my bill, I refused to accept the amount. Mr. Schnuer was much astonished, and said, "For Heaven's sake do not refuse; the duke will be offended." I therefore accepted for each day of my sojourn in Gotha (I had been there five weeks) about ten shillings, which sum, to speak candidly, was very welcome, for the colonel had only left me a few thalers. He wanted to get rid of his obligations towards me, and a pretext was thus furnished by my refusal of the duke's offer. The colonel had certainly been very kind to me; but, on the other hand, he had persuaded me to give up my commission in the Prussian army, and it was cruel to turn me adrift now without a penny in the world. Under these

circumstances, nothing was left but to go to my mother and stepfather, who had become director of the Royal College in Dortmund, in Westphalia, where I might wait for news from Minister von Carlowitz.

On my way thither, I had to pass Frankfort, where at that moment the father of the future King of Portugal was residing. Having been told that the duke had written to his brother about me, I thought it proper to pay my respects to the Duke of Coburg-Cohary, and for this purpose went to the Russian Hotel. Here I saw his aide-de-camp, a captain known to me, and he went to inform the duke. Having waited rather long in an empty room, I became somewhat impatient; and, on seeing a man pass whom, by his dress, I took for a *valet de place*, I tapped him on his shoulder to make further inquiries. The man turned round, and, discovering a resemblance to the Duke of Coburg, I saw that I had taken this liberty with the father of the King of Portugal. I presented myself, and told my tale; but he had not yet received any letter from his brother, and this was all he could tell me.

It was, however, not merely the presence of the duke which called me to Frankfort. There were far stronger attractions. Hélena had returned from Paris! Her father had done all in his power to induce her to renounce me, and had managed very skilfully; for he had impressed her with the idea that a marriage with her would ruin

all my prospects in life. The consequence of these artful manœuvres was that Helena was taken by what I called the renunciation fever, for it was not difficult to work on her noble and enthusiastic nature. I had already in Thale received a letter from her to this effect, which had distressed me very much.

How I conquered all difficulties, and saw Helena, and defeated the machinations of her father, is of course very interesting to myself; but might not be so to the reader. It is sufficient to say that I succeeded in curing her of her renunciation enthusiasm, and that we parted with the firm resolution to remain faithful to each other for life, and under all circumstances.

CHAPTER III.

Dortmund—Frederick William IV. conquered by Adam—A new plan for the future—Journey to Frankfort—Charley from Broad Street—My first and last lecture—Hard times—A new idea—Journey to Kissingen—Meiningen and Coburg—An adventure with the Frankfort police—The police defeated with diplomatic assistance—In Bockenheim—Hard struggles—Starving—My ministering angel—W. R.—"The Jaeger"—Success—Merry company—Rethel—Teichs—Rustige—Auerbach—Leipsic—Alex. Fisher—No. 16—Mr. Weidner—A hippological paper—Major von Tennecker—I become a citizen of Frankfort—The end of the chapter.

DORTMUND was in olden times a free city; but in 1836 it was a rather insignificant town, which had preserved nothing of its old magnificence but its ramparts. It has, however, gained very much by the introduction of railways and is now again rather an important place.

The principal resort of all the government *employés* and other people of education was then the casino, where was consumed a large quantity of the beer for which Dortmund was renowned. One sort of this beer, when two years old, and rather sour, is called altbier. My stepfather always used to say, "one must spoil one's taste to like it." Another kind, supposed to be ten

years old, is called Adam, and is excellent. It bears some resemblance to Disher's old ale, which may be had in Tottenham Court Road, close to Oxford Street, in London.

The Dortmund people think very much of this Adam, and when King Frederick William IV. of Prussia visited that place, a deputation of the magistrates waited upon him, one of them bearing a salver with a large tankard filled with Adam. When the king asked what it was, and heard that it was the celebrated beer, he said, "Very welcome; for it is extremely warm," and drained off the contents of the tankard at a draught. The members of the deputation, who were better acquainted with old Adam than the unsuspecting king, smiled at each other, for they knew what would be the result. His Majesty was unconscious for more than twenty-four hours.

The Dortmund people were good and harmless, and only became excited if their local patriotism was attacked. Any one who declared that their "altbier" was sour, was a suspected individual. The principal curiosity of Dortmund was, and probably is still the "Vehm Linde," an extremely old lime-tree, with a rent and hollow trunk, near which stands a large stone table with the old Imperial eagle cut in it. Here was once held the Westphalian "Freigericht." This "Freistuhl" was one of the most celebrated in all Germany.

Every two years a sharp-shooters' festival

(Schutzenfest) was held in Dortmund, during which all the inhabitants seemed to be crazy. There was not only a Schutzen king, but also a queen, with her ladies of honour and court, who during the eight days of the festival was treated like a real queen. It was, in fact, the Dortmund Carnival. The sharp shooters' company was extremely well dressed in uniform, and well drilled, and possessed two very fine guns, with all their requisites. The commander of this company was an old watchmaker, of the very appropriate name of Geck (fool) whom some humorous old citizens treated with the utmost mock-respect, and called general all the year round.

My stepfather had now become fat and lazy, and rather a bore. His antiquated, thousand-fold repeated anecdotes were the horror of the company in the casino. He, however, stood very well with the Government; and the king, when passing Dortmund, always shook hands with him, for he was the author of the renowned "Preussenlied." Of course, he did not escape the fate of being distinguished by the decoration of the red eagle. He had also become a great gourmand and tippler, and was so much afraid of death, that nobody in the house dared even mention the word. To see him in a thunderstorm was quite amusing. The shutters and blinds of his house were closed, and he sat down in the centre of the room. His watch and ring, and whatever articles of metal he usually carried about him, were laid aside in some other room.

During my stay in Dortmund, my literary pursuits were not neglected. I wanted to try my luck at a comedy, and wrote, after "The Arabian Nights," a piece called "Hassan," which became something far different from what I intended. A publisher in Dortmund printed it, and the critics praised it much, though it was not represented, as it was not sent to any theatre. I was much astonished to find it afterwards, in a work of German literature, mentioned with Count Platen's "*Verhängnissvolle Gabel*," as one of the only two "satirical dramas" existing. It was not written under my own name, but translated Wiersbitzin into German, calling myself Otto von der Weiden.

The same publisher also printed my tragedy, "The Hunyaden," and even paid for it—six louis-d'ors! When the printed copy was laid before the censor (who was my stepfather) he refused the imprimatur, as the ideas expressed in the piece seemed to him too democratic. A few copies were, however, secretly sent off to some reviewers, and the work was very fairly dealt with. It was accepted by the theatre in Prague, but the Austrian censor prohibited its representation.

I dedicated my "Hassan" to my friend Sallet, with whom a lively correspondence was kept up by me, which was very useful to me, as he, having more experience, gave me many useful hints.

In vain I had waited for a letter from the Minister von Carlowitz, and was obliged at last

to give up the hope of getting an appointment in Lisbon.

The news thence was very unfavourable, for the Germans, whom the young prince had taken with him, had excited the jealousy of the Portuguese. A riot took place on their account, in consequence of which the Germans had to be dismissed. The report was even current that the king had fled.

I remained nearly a year in Dortmund, and then became aware that my presence was beginning to be troublesome to my step-father. My hopes in reference to Portugal were at an end; Colonel von Schultze seemed not to care about me, and I found myself in a very hopeless position. On mustering the means at my disposal, I could not but acknowledge that they were very insufficient; however, I was young and did not lose courage. During the winter I had frequently, at private parties, read tragedies of Goethe, Schiller, and Shakespeare, and as all agreed that I read uncommonly well, the idea struck me that this talent might be made remunerative. I had heard that Ludwig Tieck made a good deal of money by his lectures, and I hoped at least to earn sufficient for my modest wants.

As I had not a penny, and would not have asked my stepfather for money even if on the point of starving, I borrowed from a rich friend ten louis-d'ors, with which I travelled to Frankfort, to carry out my plan. On arriving there on

March 18th, 1837, on a Sunday, early in the morning, I alighted at the hotel the "Roman Emperor." A whole year had passed since I had seen my Helena, and immediately after my arrival I went out to reconnoitre. I was in luck, for scarcely had I left the hotel, when I met Helena and her sister coming from church, which I considered a very good omen.

My presence in Frankfort was to be kept secret from Mr. Cardini, and plans for future meetings were arranged. Little Mina was of course on our side, and at her suggestion a third person was taken into our confidence, which third person was of course a young man, who worshipped her; he was generally called Charley from Broad Street. He was a native of Frankfort, and, to his great regret, only the son of a modest citizen.

With his and little Mina's assistance I saw Helena frequently. How we managed, and into what scrapes we got now and then, how happy we were, and what castles in the air we built—I will leave to the fancy of the reader, for my dear "old woman" does not like me to lay bare the sacred confidences of our life.

To be sanguine is a fault of youth and inexperience; it was also mine, and led me into many difficulties. Not rarely I took hope for reality, and acted accordingly. Not being very sanguine of success as a lecturer, I had engaged lodgings in the best hotel, and lived as if I had

already in my pocket the many hundred guilders, which I anticipated from my first lecture.

I neglected nothing to secure success, but my inexperience was the cause why I really did very little. I visited some high personages known to me when in Frankfort with my regiment. The Prussian minister, Lieutenant-General von Schoeler, received me very kindly and gave me his advice. I sent a list round, but find in my diary (I kept one at that time for a few months), under nineteenth March the following short notice: "The *valet de place* whom I sent out for subscribers is an ass; he returned without one single signature."

I did not give up my plan however, though Helena very much disliked my appearing in public in Frankfort, because she knew the people there better than I did, and had no hope of success. I insisted, however, the more obstinately, as I had had to conquer many strong prejudices before forming this resolution. I shuddered slightly on seeing my name in the bills; for I intended to read under my *nom de plume*, von der Weiden, but the police insisted on my adding Corvin. It was unfortunate that I could not have the fashionable hall in the Russian hotel, and was obliged to be satisfied with that in the Golden Horse (now Hotel de Hollande), and was told beforehand that the fashionable world would nôt go there.

At last the important day came. It was Mon-

day, the 20th of March. I was going to read the first part of Goethe's "Faust." The hall was well warmed and lighted, and everything well arranged. A table standing on a platform with two candles, and the obligato glass of *eau sucré* was ready, and I also. First entered a whole ladies' boarding-school, whose principal was a friend of Helena, and to whom I had sent a quantity of free tickets. Besides these persons with free tickets came *one single* gentleman. How I loved that man, notwithstanding his red hair, and by no means agreeable face! After waiting as long as I possibly could, I began to read. All said that I read very well; but when the only paying auditor had heard enough for his half-crown, and stalked away during a pause, and our lady friends thought it unfair to let me read any longer to so small an audience, I ended my lecture, with what feelings the reader may imagine. I might have succeeded if I had managed better, and had secured the assistance of the press, but I was utterly ignorant in these matters.

Thus the bubble of my hopes burst, and, instead of pretty rolls of half-crowns, a number of bills loomed before me, and prominent amongst them those for the rent of the hall and at the "Roman Emperor." Helena felt for me. She silently pressed my hand, and tears rolled down her cheeks.

However, barren regret was not in my character. If the head of one hope was cut off, two

new ones grew next morning in its place. The "Roman Emperor" was paid, and the "Golden Horse" proved to be a fair animal, but after having settled everything, not one penny remained in my pocket. I had, however, a whole mint of golden hopes.

Eduard Duller was now living in Darmstadt, where he was editor of a paper, the *Phœnix*, in which he published a scene from my "Hunyaden," with a very good critique. I called on him, and he was willing to assist me with my lectures. Holy Week, however, caused a delay, and the whole thing was at last given up.

My "Countess de Chateaubriant" was finished. I sent it to the eminent publisher of Goethe and Schiller, Mr. Cotta, in Stuttgart. He did not accept the tragedy, but requested me to become a correspondent to his *Morgenblatt*, then the best German paper.

I had taken private lodgings, and pursued my literary occupations under the advice of Sallet, who was still in Berlin, and with whom I corresponded.

My life just now in Frankfort was very hard, though tempered by love and hope. With these, landlords are not to be paid, though tailors sometimes give credit on them. With Charley's assistance I found one such light-minded individual who kept me in clothes, but my conscience smote me, as I did not know how to pay him. A dream comforted me in this respect. I dreamt that I met

Master Ziege at the corner of the Liebfrauenberg, and said to him, "Dear Ziege, come in an hour to my lodging; I am just going to the Roemer to fetch my money." I laughed then, for the Roemer seemed the last place in all Frankfort from where I was likely to *fetch* money. However, the dream came literally true a few months later. I met Ziege on the same spot, and said to him the same words, going to the Roemer, where a few hundred guilders had arrived for me, sent from the "Pupillen Collegium" in East Prussia, which had the estate of my father in hand; this money arrived quite unexpectedly, but very much in season.

Colonel von Schultze wished me to go to Hofahrtsheim, for reasons which he could not confide in writing. As he did not enclose money, however, for the journey, and being tired of serving as a tool for his very vague, but sanguine plans in reference to the restoration of Duke Charles, I preferred to remain in Frankfort.

Meanwhile I became sick. The doctor recommended me to go to Kissingen. By chance Colonel von Schultze and family were going there that season, and it was arranged that I should join him there.

On reaching Kissingen in July, I was rather coldly received by the Schultzes. What the colonel had to tell me amounted to nothing. He hoped, however, to get me a situation with one of the princes who were then in Kissingen. For this

purpose he presented me to the amiable Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, the father of the present Empress of Austria, who was then still a young man, and very popular. He received me with great kindness, and I breakfasted with him several times in the Kurgarten; but as he had already promised the then vacant office of *Cavalier de Compagnie* to somebody else, this failed me. In other respects better success attended me in Kissingen. Though I did not take baths, which were too expensive for me, and only drank Ragotzy for a fortnight, I was completely cured.

The colonel treated my literary aspirations as chimeras, and thought my only hope lay in donning again the livery of some prince. For this purpose it was arranged that, on my return to Frankfort, I should pass Meiningen and Coburg.

In Meiningen I saw the duke, to whom I was well recommended, but no place was vacant. I also visited Ludwig Bechstein, who lived in Meiningen as the duke's librarian. He was an author of some reputation, and nephew to the celebrated naturalist, Bechstein. He had read and liked my "Hassan," and we passed some very pleasant hours together, for he liked a bottle of wine, and was a good companion. This connection with Bechstein was kept up for many years.

In Coburg I passed eight days in the company of some officers with whom I had become acquainted in Gotha. The duke, however, was not there, and

I accomplished nothing whatever towards my plans. In Coburg I made the acquaintance of another author, who was a chamberlain, and also librarian of the Duke of Coburg. This was Gustave von Heeringen, a novel writer of some merit, and a very amiable man.

I returned to Frankfort more depressed in mind than I had left it, for my prospects were very gloomy. Helena was on a visit to her grandmother in Roedelheim, for the family were living in Frankfort, as the manufactory had been removed to that city, which was now in the Zollverein. I visited Helena every day, for her grandmother was in our confidence.

On coming home one evening to my lodging in Frankfort, I found a note requesting my presence at the police-office next day. Believing that they wanted to see me about my passport or permit, I resolved to call at the Roemer before going to dine with grandmother in Roedelheim.

I was shown in to Senator Muller, who was then the chief of the Frankfort police. A lithographer from Saarlouis, who had furnished illustrations for a little manual on the "Art of Swimming," which I had published, had applied for payment to the Frankfort police, having heard that I was living in that city.

On my leaving Saarlouis, I had told the man that he would be paid by my friend Held, who was to receive the money from the subscribers in the army, and he had been perfectly satisfied with that

arrangement. It seems that Held had not paid him, of which I, however, knew nothing. I told this to the senator, but that functionary assumed a very severe tone, and said that he had never heard of any law compelling a creditor to receive his money from any other than the debtor. "However," he concluded, "this is not the business of the police; but in order to protect Frankfort citizens from being injured by you, I would wish that you should shorten your sojourn in this city."

This language was in no way to be justified, as I did not owe money to any one in the city, except to my tailor, who was perfectly satisfied. Not being yet used to the brutality of the police, I resented the language of the senator, and answered, "That I did not care much about shortening my sojourn in Frankfort, as I had intended to leave soon."

"Well, then, you will depart to-day," said he, angrily. On which I very calmly replied, "*Recht gern*" (with pleasure). "*Recht gern!*" he cried furiously, "*Recht gern!* I will teach you how to behave to the Frankfort police."

"Mr. Senator," said I, "it was you who first behaved rudely to me."

"Rudely!" he roared, "*I* rude!!" and dancing with rage behind his desk, he called "Gensd'arme!"

"Take care what you do, senator, you know I am a Prussian officer."

"Gensd'arme! Arrest that *Master Lieutenant!*"

"I shall complain to my ambassador," I said, as I followed the gensd'arme to the "Constable's Wache," which is situated nearly opposite the "Roman Emperor" on the Zeil. I slipped a guilder into the hand of the gensd'arme, and requested him to go either a few paces before or behind me, not to attract the attention of the passers-by.

On arriving at the guard-house, the first thing done was to examine my pockets, and to confiscate everything found there, such as my purse and my open letters, which were by no means for the eye of every one. Then I was locked up in a cell, which had been that of one of the political prisoners who had escaped some time ago, with the assistance, as was supposed, of some of the officers of the police itself.

The scene at the police-office had rather amused than angered me, but to be put here in a prison, like a thief, made me furious, and revolving plans of revenge against the senator in my head, I ran up and down my cell until, quite exhausted, I lay down on the bed, which was covered with a threadbare, dirty blanket. The turnkey asked me whether I wished to dine? As I did not like to send over to the "Roman Emperor," where I usually dined, I was satisfied with what the kitchen of the turnkey could furnish. Neither knife nor fork was allowed me; my meat and bread were cut, and only a wooden spoon given to me.

A policeman in plain clothes came in the afternoon. He took much pains to be polite, and in-

formed me that the senator requested my presence at the Roemer. I went there, and was led in to an assessor, who read a kind of record about the occurrence of the morning, and asked me what I had to say in excuse, giving me at the same time a hint, by expressing a doubt whether I had known the senator, on which, however, I did not act.

It seemed to me rather strange to expect me, the injured party, to excuse myself, and so I told the assessor. All I could and would do was to say that the senator had not been rude, but unpolite. The assessor shrugged his shoulders, and went in to the senator. After a while he returned, and told me that I was free, but that I must leave Frankfort that day.

"Indeed!" I said, "that's a strange proceeding. You will hear from me." I had my passport viséd for Bockenheim, a little Hessian town ten minutes from Frankfort, which was done after some difficulty, took a room there at once, and wrote a letter on the spot to the ambassador, General von Schœler, to whom I narrated the occurrence as it had happened. In concluding my letter, I said, "That I should find means to obtain personal satisfaction from the senator, but that I left it to him to get it for the Prussian officer, who had been insulted in my person."

As I was only refused residence in Frankfort, and there existed no reason whatever for forbid-

ding me to visit it, I went as usual to dine at the ordinary at the "Roman Emperor," and also to my old lodging. I heard from my landlady that a gensd'arme had inquired whether I had slept at home; and when I came to the "Roman Emperor," the landlord asked me whether I would not prefer to dine in a room alone, to avoid anything disagreeable. To my surprise, I heard that the police had informed him that it was intended to arrest me, and that inquiries had been made whether I owed him any money. The landlord had answered that I owed nothing whatever, except the dinners for the present month, which were always paid at its end, and that he had earnestly protested against any misuse of his name.

This infamous manner of proceeding made me very angry, and as two days had already passed since I sent my letter to General von Schœler, I informed him of this new insult, and declared "that I would go out armed, and shoot the first gensd'arme who should touch me."

This letter took effect. His aide-de-camp, who was an acquaintance of mine, brought the ambassador's answer and promise to take care that I should have satisfaction. He also guaranteed that nothing disagreeable should happen to me in my visits to Frankfort, and said that, if I wished to reside again in that city, I need only give him notice. He desired me, however, to call upon him at my convenience. This I did a few days afterwards.

General von Schœler said the occurrence was not disagreeable to him. "He had ordered the senator to be examined at once, and though the statements of the police-officers differed somewhat from mine, he knew whom to believe. He did not think that the senator had any objections to me personally, but that he had seized on the first opportunity to annoy a Prussian subject, and especially an officer." When the political prisoners had escaped from the "constable's watch," Senator Muller had received some rather disagreeable notes from the Diet, and was of opinion (and in this he was not far wrong) that he owed them chiefly to Prussian influence.

A short time afterwards, Senator Muller was obliged to resign his appointment as a chief of police in favour of a younger senator, and when I next saw the ambassador, he said he hoped that I was satisfied.

I profited by this opportunity to inform the ambassador of the brutal manner in which poor travellers were treated at the Frankfort police-office; how they were not only insulted by the police calling them abusive names, but were even knocked about. There were, indeed, not more brutal police to be found anywhere; and the ambassador, who was very indignant, promised to look into the subject.

The Frankfort police had, of course, tried to prejudice the ambassador against me, by telling him, amongst other things, that I had been dis-

missed the Prussian army for dishonourable conduct, which was easily disproved by a letter from my former colonel. Further, the general had been informed that I had some connection with Duke Charles of Brunswick, which I did not deny, as I intended to enter his service. As the general seemed to be astonished, and referred to his condemnation by the German Diet, I explained how things had occurred, and that the Diet had been duped. The general dismissed me in a very friendly manner, and promised me his further protection.

I remained for a time in Bockenheim, where I had lodgings with very nice people, and at very low prices. My prospects, however, became more and more gloomy, for whatever I tried failed. After having procured most flattering testimonials of my abilities from my former regiment, I tried for the situation of governor to the young son of the Landgrave of Hesse Homburg, but in vain.

Helena advised me to give lessons, and could not understand that it was extremely hard for me to bring myself to such a resolution. It was, indeed, unreasonable of me, but the power of our prejudices is great, and though they are sometimes unaccountable, it is impossible to get rid of them entirely, even when common sense condemns them. I had, however, promised to apply for a vacant situation in a school. I therefore went to call on its principal, but felt much re-

lieved at not finding him at home, and on hearing that the situation was already filled.

I wrote also to the Russian ambassador, M. V. Oubril, to whom I had formerly been presented. He sent for me, but fortunately discovered that I did not speak French fluently enough. Thus I escaped the happiness of entering the Russian service.

I also tried to obtain a place in the post-office, and applied to Mr. von Nagler, who had always been very kind to me. He, however, advised me not to accept such a miserable appointment.

A man who has been educated to be an officer is very badly off when he wishes to turn to some other occupation. I felt that I had learnt but little, and that it was necessary to study a great deal to secure success as an author. I was very willing to do so, and, besides, I had to think how to use my little talents to provide me with the most urgent necessaries of life. If I could not succeed in this very soon, there would be a good chance of being starved to death before me. On my twenty-fifth birthday I wrote in cypher in my diary, "My whole fortune amounts to two kreutzers" (about one halfpenny).

As I could paint a little in oil, I tried to paint pictures on papier-maché snuff-boxes, which were made in Offenbach. They looked very well for a dilettante, but could not compete in neatness with those which were manufactured wholesale and sold

extremely cheap. I did not sell one of mine, and lived, during the autumn and winter, as miserably as possible. As I had no money to buy wood or coals, I was painting or writing in my cold room until my fingers were stiff and my teeth chattering. For several months I lived on two cups of coffee and a little roll every morning, which were furnished by my landlady on credit. At dinner-time I generally took a promenade around the city, to make believe that I was gone out to dine. I smile now when I remember how my mouth used to water on looking at those detestable little sausages sold by hucksters for two kreutzers a piece, which, however, I should not have dared to buy, even if I had by chance had a few kreutzers, for fear anybody might see me.

I now became exceedingly pale, and my cheeks hollow. Everybody believed that I should soon die of consumption, and pitied my poor Helena, who would not renounce me.

I had made peace with her father; at least we were on a tolerably good footing, and I visited Helena at home. It happened sometimes that I came in when the family was at dinner, and they invited me to join them; but I always declined, on the plea of having dined already, for fear they might guess the truth.

Sometimes, however, when alone in the room, I went with a beating heart to the cupboard and cut a slice from the loaf and put it in my pocket. Once I was detected by Helena, and my embar-

rassment and heightened colour betrayed to her the true state of things.

I am now fifty-seven years old. Thirty-two years have passed since that time; but I cannot think of that moment without tears rising to my eyes! In such situations the heart of a true woman stands revealed. How the cheeks of my Helena glowed under her tearful, glistening eyes; how eagerly her lips spoke words of comfort in which she did not herself believe; how her hands trembled with eagerness to help—to help at once; how she asserted and defended her duty, her right to do so; how she soothed my wounded pride, and coaxed away my objections—all this I can never forget. Of course, her parents must never know of my reduced circumstances. These would improve, and it was very wrong not to have told her before. She had a right to assist me in my struggles as much as she could.

I listened with deep emotion to her eager speech, and without more ado she went to work.

She was very clever with her fingers, and invented very pretty patterns for embroideries; and her own embroideries were like fairywork. She sold them to a school-friend of hers, who had a business of the kind and kept the secret, though she paid but little. Helena was, however, very industrious, and happy to be able to assist me.

At that time I did not think it advisable to go to her house, for her father had again one of his

Italian fits; and she used to meet me in the morning at an appointed place. I can still see her coming up the street with her free and graceful step which told of her Italian origin, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, as she handed to her pale and afflicted lover a little parcel of creature-comforts, or a flask of good wine, and perhaps a well-earned guilder.

If I were a snob, I should leave this and similar passages out of my book; but I am not, and care little what snobs think about it. Noble souls will understand that these recollections are considered by me as the most precious of my life.

I did not lose courage, though my literary projects advanced but little, and were attended with many disappointments. Old Colonel von Schultze had always had in his mouth a Brunswickian adage, "*Mit Geduld und Spucke da faengt man die Mucke*" (With patience and spittle you catch the fly), which I remembered; and did not lose either patience or courage.

When my landlord in Bockenheim, a young man, died, I went again to reside in Frankfort. Indeed a curious fate attended my landlords. The first I had in the city, after leaving the "Roman Emperor," was a young, healthy man of about thirty-five. He fell ill, and died within three days. The same was the case with that in Bockenheim. My third landlord was a young man of twenty-eight. When, after an absence of two days, I returned from Darmstadt, and passed over

the Rossplatz, which was still a good distance from my lodging, I was suddenly struck by the thought, "Stroenlein is dead!" On reaching my house, I found him on the bier! The fourth lodging I took was kept by an old woman, and she remained alive.

With a plan of publishing a paper for sportsmen I made but little progress, for neither M. Sauerlaender nor M. Behln seemed to care much about it. However, I did not give it up, as I became every day more convinced of its excellence.

Charley was now the acknowledged suitor of little Mina. He had spoken frequently of his principal, and told me that he was a very eager sportsman. This gave me the idea of interesting W. R. in the publication of my sporting paper, and I proposed the plan to him by letter.

W. R. was a man about whom opinions in Frankfort differed very much. The monied aristocracy and the authorities in the city looked with suspicion upon him, but the middle and labouring classes loved and respected him. This was very natural, for he was a man of strong common sense and a "liberal"—the expression "democrat" was not yet current. The Polish refugees and other political martyrs received from him not only sympathy in words, but judicious, substantial, and liberal aid. He was never tired of giving, though he very frequently met with ingratitude. He enabled young Poles to study at the University,

and assisted them to establish themselves in other ways. Whenever a humane or useful undertaking stood in want of support, or a good man was in trouble, W. R. was the man to help.

Though he was a merchant he was interested in all branches of science and art; he had desultory knowledge on every subject, and some subjects he understood extremely well. He had not only much common sense, but was a thoughtful man, by whom no event in life passed unnoticed or failed to yield him some intellectual fruit.

He remained more faithful to his friends than to his fancies, which changed frequently. Before I became acquainted with him, he occupied himself very much in his leisure hours with music, and in every corner of his house there were musical instruments, on nearly all of which he was a performer. Suddenly he got tired of music; the musical instruments were put out of sight, and nobody would have guessed from his manner or conversation that he understood anything about it.

The music fancy was followed by the sporting fancy. Instead of musical instruments you saw everywhere valuable rifles and fowling-pieces, and entering his room one had to be careful not to tread on the tail of some "Juno" or "Diana." He kept four splendid horses, and furnished his new house very elegantly. Everybody believed he was going to be married.

W. R. was, however, no ladies' man, and generally assumed a rough manner, though he could

express himself well, and behave well in company. He did not lack humour, and still less an appreciation of it; a merry story lived long in his memory and mouth, and his friends had to listen to it very frequently.

His heart was brave, pure, and true; his feelings were delicate and tender as a woman's; but his will was that of a man. His life was simple, his morals pure, and his inclinations noble; in a word, he was one of the best and noblest men I ever met with in life.

His faults were pardonable. He was somewhat dogmatical, and even tyrannical; but more in theory than in action.

He was a bachelor, and remained one, as he was too modest to believe that any girl could love him for his own sake. His figure, indeed, was not elegant, and he made fun of it himself, but his whole appearance inspired one with confidence and made an agreeable impression. He was of medium height, his large head was square, and his forehead massive, rather projecting over his eyes, which, like his mouth, had a mild and frequently contemplative expression.

W. R. did not like officers, still less noblemen, and Prussians he hated. As I combined all these three detested qualities in my own person, my chances with him seemed to be small; but as it was not my fault to have been born a nobleman and a Prussian, and as I had had no choice in becoming an officer, and he was pleased with my appearance,

our first conversation ended more satisfactorily than I expected. W. R. had confidence in my undertaking, and was ready to furnish the means for it.

At that time I had very little knowledge of a publisher's business; but I had studied other newspapers, and believed that I could make mine interesting, which seemed to me the principal thing. From M. Behln I got the addresses of many literary sportsmen, whom I invited to become contributors. The first thing I did was to write three numbers, to print ten thousand copies of them, and to send them out gratis into the world. These three numbers—the paper was to appear daily—contained the first chapters of a sporting novel, of which I had no idea as yet how it would end, and also an English poem of the Percy collection, extremely well translated by Sallet. I do not recollect the exact title, but it was the legend of "William Bell" and—"Cloudesley"—an English "pendant" to the Swiss Tell legend. In the first month I had subscribers enough to cover the expenses of the paper, which was much liked by all sportsmen. Its title was "Der Jaeger" (The Huntsman), a paper for huntsmen and friends of nature. An English sportsman and a German hunter are far different. German venery, as then understood, did not include horsemanship, but only shooting. It was a mistake, caused by my want of experience, to make my paper a daily one, for probably

I should find it difficult always to obtain sufficient materials.

The time of sorrow was now over, and I began to enjoy life in Frankfort, to which the company I frequented contributed a great deal. I dined at that time in a little hotel—the "City of Ulm,"—where I became acquainted with a set of very agreeable young men, mostly artists, whose names became well known in the world afterwards. Amongst them were Alfred Rethel, O. Achenbach, Lasinsky, Henry Rustige, Adolph Teichs, Charles Trost, and other painters who studied at the Staedel institution, at the head of which was Professor Philip Veit. Our table soon gained a reputation in Frankfort for the good humour which prevailed at it. In fact the intellectual meal which was served was much better than the simple fare furnished by the landlord for the moderate sum of twenty-four kreutzers, which is equal to eightpence. Many people dined there only to listen to the jokes and witty repartees which were exchanged across our end of the table. Henry Rustige, now a grandfather and professor at the head of the academy in Stuttgart, incessantly tormented poor Adolph Teichs,* who was very absent. When he laid his hands on the table at dinner, as was his habit, Rustige put into them all the forks, knives, and spoons he could get hold of, without Teichs becoming at all aware of it. Teichs was very good-natured, and had much dry humour.

* He died as a professor in Brunswick.

Teichs and Trost lived in the same house with me on the upper story, and we carried on much fun. In the evening we were frequently together in my room. I read something aloud, whilst the artists composed pictures which were criticised. Trost had much talent for caricature, and he understood how, with a few lines, to produce the most striking and ridiculous portraits of persons we knew. I have still some of these portraits in my album, and amongst them that of Bertold Auerbach, the author who has since gained much fame, and whose name is well known in England, where generally German authors till the last few years have not been much cared for. He was then commencing his literary career, had only written his novel, "Spinoza," and was writing another, "The Poet and Merchant." At that time he was all the philosopher, but when I saw him a few years later in Leipsic, after his "Dorfgeschichten" had made a sensation, he had assumed the tone of a Suabian countryman.

I visited my friends frequently in their studio in Staedel's institution, and saw them at work at their beautiful pictures. Rethel painted there his "Daniel in the Lion's Den," "The Discovery of the Corpse of Gustavus Adolphus," "Justitia Prosecuting a Murderer," "The Portrait of Charles V. for the Hall in the Roemer, etc." He also drew my portrait in life-size on the wall of his studio, where it long remained as an amusing caricature, until it had to give place to a fresco picture of Rethel.

At Christmas we arranged amongst ourselves a huge Christmas-tree, covered with amusing little presents, each of which was to be accompanied by original verses. We carried on a great deal of that kind of fun, which can only be enjoyed by men of genius, and which mere common-place people regard with amazement, mixed with self-congratulatory contempt.

Sallet visited me on his return from Berlin, and stayed a few days with me; he was on the point of sending in his resignation. He was of course accepted by our set, and all of them liked him much. In honour of his visit I gave a little party in my lodgings, with plenty of punch, and Sallet read us a fragment of his novel, "Holofernes," a burlesque opera, "King Artus," of which he sang some parts set to music by one of his friends. We liked the songs much, and, animated by punch, all present repeated them with thundering voices and such stamping of feet, that our old landlady crossed herself, and one of the singers of the theatre, living opposite us in the narrow street, regretted very much that she was not of the party.

Before Sallet left, I paid him for his contribution to my paper—the first money he ever got for his articles.

Until then I had only sent out my paper through the post-office, but I was advised to bring it into the book-trade. For this purpose I gave it on commission to a bookseller in Leipsic, who had

been recommended to me by M. Alexandre Fischer, who at that time published a dramatic paper, together with M. Ernest Wilekomm, and who had accepted my friend von Asmuth's comedy, "Selim, the vain Sultan." They had also given a very good critique of my tragedy, and I got into correspondence with Alexandre Fischer. This gentleman sent me a tragedy, written by himself with the intention of having it represented in Frankfort. Its title was "Masaniello," and it was the queerest imitation of Shakespeare I ever read. M. Fischer out-Heroded Herod in the strength of his expressions. I sent him in exchange a dramatic extravaganza, "Midas," for which M. Robert Volkmann composed the music, but, as I did not finish the piece, he published some music from it, which he dedicated to me.

Frankfort was no place for literary pursuits. The presence of the Diet was a check to the development of science, art, and progress in general. The few representatives of the press were held in low esteem, for they were nearly all in the pay of the despotic governments, and so mercenary, that not even actors or singers could expect a fair critique without bribing the editors. They were not rarely soundly thrashed by some hot-blooded artist, and everybody was pleased when they got their desert. Besides this, authors were under the especial surveillance of the police, and the power of censure was exerted in the most ridiculous manner.

The police of Frankfort was utterly under the command of the legations, and their position may be judged from the circumstance that General von Schoeler told me "He had ordered the chief of that police to be examined." The ambassadors were not fond of independent authors, and did not like to have them in their proximity, as many things occurred in the precincts of the palace of the German Confederation, which gave cause for a fear of publicity. My position with regard to the police had, however, changed in a wonderful manner since the Prussian Minister had taken me under his especial protection. On again taking up my residence in Frankfort, a permit for an indefinite time was sent to my lodging, and whenever I came to the police-office the new chief was elaborately polite, and always saw me to the door, a thing unheard-of before in Frankfort.

Some of the literary men and artists now entertained the idea of forming a kind of club, and for this purpose a room in the "Swan Hotel" was hired, and the club called "Number 16." I sometimes went there, but meeting only half a dozen people, I discontinued my visits. I saw there some actors, and amongst them Mr. Weidner, who enjoyed a great reputation, but who did not please me, and least of all in his two principal parts, as King Lear and as Mephistopheles. The best Lear I ever saw was M. Eslair.

In the autumn and winter of 1838, I frequently went out hunting with W. R., and became

acquainted with many originals, such as abound amongst the people "of the green cloth." As the editor of a sporting paper, I was always on the look-out for characters, and sometimes met strange fellows.

My paper had such good success, that it yielded me about eighteen hundred thalers a year, which is in Germany considered a fair income. I had still other literary plans, and in order to find publishers, and to settle with my agent, I went in May 1839, to Leipsic.

I found a publisher for a hippological monthly paper, which I called "Der Marstall," and a co-editor in M. von Tennecker, a retired major in the army of Saxony, who had written an immense number of books on sporting subjects, some of which had passed through ten or twelve editions. He ought to have made a fortune by them, but he was so poor that he and his family were nearly starving, whilst his publisher, M. Frederick Vogt, in Ilmenau, built palaces for himself, and became the richest man in his country.

The major lived in Dresden, and I went there from Leipsic, travelling for the first time on a railroad, for that from Leipsic to Dresden was the second which was made in Germany; the first was that from Nurnberg to Furth. The major was very ill in bed, and could not receive me. Poor fellow! he died a few months afterwards; and even in his last wanderings of mind he remembered me with gratitude. The reason of this was,

that when I engaged M. von Tennecker for my paper, I asked him how much remuneration he expected for his contributions, begging him to remember that the undertaking was only just commencing, and its means were limited. He answered that he could not write under three thalers for sixteen pages! on which I replied that I dared not offer such paltry pay to any one, and requested him to accept at least double. This it was which made such a deep impression on him.

My affairs in Leipsic were to all appearance prospering, and, with three thousand five hundred guilders in my pocket, and as happy as a king, I returned to Frankfort.

By the advice of Hofrath Kelchner, of the Prussian legation, I had taken the necessary steps for becoming a citizen of that republic. As a "foreigner," I should have found many difficulties in marrying the daughter of a Frankfort citizen, and this was, M. Kelchner said, not only the shortest, but also the most profitable mode of proceeding.

To become a citizen of Frankfort was then considered a great thing, and was nearly impossible for a foreigner, who had not only to pay five per cent. of his whole fortune, but also to agree to other conditions. The owner of a publisher's business, a M. Suchsland, who had become a citizen, had to promise to pay several thousand guilders, in case he should not marry the daughter of a Frankfort citizen; and indeed he did pay

them, as he married a "foreigner;" for so any one belonging to any of the many other German States was termed. However, anyone who married a Frankfort girl could become a citizen at once.

Notwithstanding all this, it was not easy for me to enter the port of matrimony. First, I had to be dismissed altogether from the Prussian army, and released from my allegiance to Prussia. My request was at first refused, but, by means of my cousin, the "Geheime Rath," I succeeded at last in Berlin. Still greater difficulties met me in Frankfort itself, for the sluggishness of the circumlocution-office in that city was surpassed by none in the world.

As I was neither a merchant nor tradesman, but an officer, it was not at first thought possible for me to become a citizen, but at last I was accepted as a "literatus." I had to pay money to a great number of offices, and when I thought I had complied with all the conditions, I was informed that I must enter the militia as a private. As, however, there existed a law that a citizen who had been an officer in a foreign service was free of this militia service, I objected, but was told that this law did not apply to me, as I had become a citizen as a "literatus"! To put on the uniform of a private was very distasteful to me. However, I had to take the oath in this uniform. I borrowed one for that purpose from Charley, but resolved to remove to the neigh-

bouring town of Hanau, to escape this playing at soldiers, which was indeed only a mockery. I had to take the oath on the Roemer before the first burgermeister of Frankfort, and on leaving the hall, I was received by a dozen outstretched hands of the Swiss guards.

I imagined now that all difficulties in the way of my marriage were removed. Far from it. Now came those in the "Kirchenbuchfuehrung"—the registrar's office of the church. I had reported my intention to marry, and had complied with all proper formalities, but one week passed after another, and still our banns were not published in church. At last a knowing Frankfort man supplied the key to the mystery. He advised me to give the registrar a few crowns, and everything would go well. I was indignant at the idea, and much averse to insult a respectable functionary by such a base offer. My friend, however, told me how to manage that. On paying some dues, I should lay down, as if by mistake, a few additional crowns. This I did, and the registrar put them aside with a very friendly grin.

The man asked my religion. As there were so many Jews in Frankfort, I imagined that he might, perhaps, take me for one, and accordingly said I was a Christian. He wanted, however, to know to what church I belonged. I therefore answered that I was "Evangelisch," as the State Church in Prussia is called, in which Lutherans and Reformed (Calvinists) are united. The man told

me, however, that no such Church existed in the State of Frankfort. I left it, therefore, to his choice, and he booked me as a Lutheran.

At last the banns were published, and I hoped there was at last an end of my difficulties, when others occurred from Leipsic. One of the bills of my agent had been dishonoured, and I had to go there again in the middle of August, to set things right.

My marriage was at length fixed for the 28th September, 1839—six years after I had first entered the house of M. Cardini, in Roedelheim! It was, indeed, high time, for all these difficulties, delays, and anxieties, had impaired the health of Helena, who began to get thin and pale.

The ceremony took place in St. Katharina's Church, and was performed by Rev. Rehbock. At its conclusion our relatives and a number of friends drove to a pretty place between Frankfort and Hanau, called Bergen, where, in a pleasant garden, we had a very merry dinner which lasted until late in the evening, when I and my bride drove off to Hanau, where I had hired and furnished a neat lodging, and where everything was prepared for our reception.

CHAPTER IV.

I am taken for a Russian spy—Life in Hanau—Shooting—M. Held turns up again—Difficulties—Great losses—Move to Leipsic—Visit to Hofahrtsheim—Changes there—Pride and starvation—A very disagreeable journey—I am robbed twice—Arrival in Leipsic—My publishers—O. Baumann—Frederick Fleisher—The history of my History of the Dutch Revolution.

PEOPLE in Hanau did not know what to make of me, and with them it was therefore the most natural thing to take me for a Russian spy. Russian spies were then the bugbears of the liberals in Germany, and according to their belief all the country was teeming with them. Their particular business was to watch the Polish refugees, who were still tolerated here and there by the police. My character as a spy was still more justified by my mysterious doings. I had rented and furnished a lodging, but did not live there, on account of the delays in regard to my marriage and my business in Leipsic; and when seen for a day or two, I associated only with one of the Polish refugees living in Hanau. This was a Count Kawiecki, who was permitted to live in this Hessian town, because he had married the daughter of a man to whom the old Elector owed much gratitude.

I became acquainted with the count at hunt-

ing-parties in Frankfort. He was a young man of agreeable manners, who said that he had been an aide-de-camp of General Umienski. He had fought in the battle of Ostrolenka, and wore the decoration of the Polish order. The liberals suspected him, however, and said that he was no count, but only the *valet de chambre* of one.

Hanau was a very lively and pleasant town, celebrated for its jewellers, and for the liberal ideas of its inhabitants; therefore in very bad repute with their paternal electoral government, who placed there the strictest chief of police they could find. Police and soldiers treated the citizens with a tyranny which was indeed intolerable; and the following incident of my own experience may serve as an example.

One Sunday I received a visit from some relatives of my wife. Two of my brothers-in-law went out before dinner to hear the military band at the parade. One of them, a young boy of about seventeen, smoked a cigar, not knowing that it was forbidden in the vicinity of a sentinel. The soldier, in a rough manner, bade him throw away his cigar; but the boy did not understand what he meant, puffed away, and smiled good-humouredly at him. He was collared at once, and put in the guard-house, for the soldier said that he had laughed at him. Of course our dinner was spoilt, for I had to run about to get the poor boy out of his prison, in which I at last succeeded, late in the evening, and after a great deal of trouble,

by becoming bail for him to the amount of about five hundred thalers.

The country around Hanau abounded with game, for nearly all the hunting-grounds were rented by a very rich man, who had placed on them twelve foresters to keep off poachers. I became acquainted with this gentleman, and was always invited to his hunting-parties, which were indeed splendid, and were made especially entertaining by the great variety of game which was shot. I remember one of these hunting-parties at which we killed twelve fat roebucks—young bucks and females were not permitted to be shot—nearly two hundred hares, a great many rabbits, several foxes, one catamountain, a great number of cock pheasants, woodcocks, partridges, and a few grouse (Birkhühner). I do not know any country in Europe where so many woodcocks are to be found as there were at that time near Hanau.

One day, when standing at my window, I saw a man in the street who much resembled Held. It was he, but I did not care to renew our acquaintance, as the reports circulated about him were by no means favourable. Soon after I left Saarlouis, he ran away with a strolling actress, and became an actor himself, and since then had led a roving life.

At that moment he was with a company who stopped in Hanau. As I did not go to the theatre in that town, and did not even look at the

posted bills, I knew nothing of his presence, though he made himself sufficiently conspicuous. He acted as representative of the company, who were very much discontented, as the manager cheated them to a great extent. The rogue not being amenable to reasonable remonstrances, Held conceived an idea for compelling him to behave differently. He persuaded the other members of the company to assist him; and it was resolved that on one night, before the rising of the curtain, all the actors should refuse to play, and that Held should lay the case before the public.

The catastrophe was fixed for an evening on which a play, called "Charles XII. before Stralsund," was to be represented. When, however, the fatal hour arrived, all the actors lost courage and dressed, except Held, who was to act the part of Charles XII. When the curtain rose, he stepped out in his usual dress, and commenced his explanations, but was stopped short by two gensd'armes, who emerged from behind the scenery and arrested him.

He had to remain for several days in a rather dirty and mean prison, and when at last he was dismissed had not a penny. As he, however, had heard that I had married in Frankfort, and was editor of a paper, he walked to that city, where he learnt, to his astonishment and indignation, that I lived in Hanau, where he had been for so many weeks.

Though not very desirous of presenting him to my young wife, yet as he was my old comrade, and in trouble, I would not refuse to receive him. He looked very shabby, and had all the manners of a strolling actor. On entering my room, he said, in a tone as if he was acting in a play,

"Did you really not know that I was here?" And then, looking around in a theatrical manner, exclaimed, "I rejoice to see that you are so well off."

I told him not to make himself ridiculous, but to sit down and tell me his adventures. He stayed with me all the next day, and enjoyed the good things at dinner, for he had been starving for many days. I redeemed his trunk, gave him some money and a letter to General von Schultze, who was then Coburg, where Held intended to go.

Some time after he left, a young woman called at my house with a letter from Held. She was poorly clad, and her rather pretty face looked sad and thin. When I took the letter, she lingered a moment, but went away without saying one word. I had no idea who she was, and that she wished to speak to me; I only thought she came to deliver the letter, in which nothing was said of the bearer.

Had I had a little more experience I might have read her sad story in her face, and have saved the life of a poor, broken, honest creature. She was

an actress, and her rare virtue ruined her. Before misery made her thin and pale, she was very handsome, and many fell in love with her; but she refused even the offers of a king to throw away her love on Held, whose sophistical and persuasive tongue won her. She, her old mother, and Held, starved for a time together. When Held received some money from me he did not even give her one penny, and she and her mother were nearly starved to death. One word from Held to me would have saved them, but he did not even mention her.

Some time afterwards, I came into possession of a parcel of letters which she had written to Held. In all my life I never read more touching letters. Each line breathed disinterested love, purity of heart, and most noble feelings, though she was a strolling actress!

Her fate was indeed very sad. She could no longer endure her misery, which in the following winter reached its highest point. She embroidered in the edge of her dress a verse from the Bible, and after having accomplished this work she took an axe, went to the ice-bound Rhine, hewed a hole in the ice, and drowned herself!

The clouds which had loomed in the horizon of my life, even before my marriage, became more and more threatening in January, 1840. The publisher to whom I had confided my paper on the recommendation of Fischer, had convinced me that it would be much better if the paper were

printed in Leipsic, which was indeed the case. However, he got into difficulties, and it became doubtful whether his bills, which I held, would be honoured, though he had received payment from the subscribers. For weeks I did not receive one single number of my paper, and discovered at last that it had not been printed at all for nearly two months. I started at once for Leipsic, and heard that my publisher had pawned my paper to a printer! a sort of man who offered credit to young publishers, in order to get possession of good and saleable books if they could not pay him.

If I had pressed my publisher with my overdue bills, he would have been declared a bankrupt: I therefore arranged with his other creditors, and the contracts were ready for signature on a Friday evening. As it grew late, and I had an appointment, I jocularly said, "I do not sign such documents on a Friday," and proposed to sign it next morning, when we were to meet again.

Early next morning my publisher was arrested in bed for a bill accepted by him to his lawyer, which he had concealed, and the whole circumstances were altered. The other creditors backed out, and our contract was declared void. I lost a very considerable sum, which was increased by a foolish measure which I believed to be necessary for the credit of my paper. Instead of letting the three months, during which the paper had not been pub-

lished remain missing, I had all the wanting numbers printed at my own expense. At last I succeeded in arranging with M. Bernhard Tauchnitz (since become so well-known in England), that he should publish my paper. Taught by dearly-bought experience that it would be nearly impossible to carry on my literary business in Hanau, I resolved to remove to Leipsic.

My old patron, von Schultze Hofahrtsheim, had attained all his aspirations. He had been made a Saxe-Coburg Gotha general, was decorated, and had even been sent by the duke to congratulate Princess Helena of Mecklenburg on her marriage with the Duke d'Orléans, for which he had been presented with a gold snuff-box, studded with diamonds.

Our friendship had become rather lukewarm since I had seen him last in Kissingen. Still I owed him some gratitude; but on the other hand, he had, by his promises, induced me to give up my profession, but he had not kept his word with me, but had left me to my own resources. However, it is best to take things and persons as they are, and do not repine about what might have been.

The general was an extremely selfish, tyrannical man; but he had done me good, and I liked him, and judged his faults leniently. On my marriage he was so much occupied with his petty ambitious plans that he did not even notice it;

but when he learned that I got on very well without him, he felt a kind of respect for me, and became again interested in my progress—of course, always with an eye perhaps of serving his own purposes.

Hearing that I was going to remove to Leipsic, he invited me and my wife to pass the summer in Hofahrtsheim. This invitation I accepted, for I wished to show him that it was not an act of folly on my part to have preferred the tobacco-dresser's daughter to his daughter with her broad acres.

On our way to Hofahrtsheim we had to pass Magdeburg, where my cousin Louis commanded a regiment. My wife and I were received by him and his lady with the utmost kindness and cordiality. This reception gave me the more pleasure, because they were the two first members of my family to whom I presented my wife.

We arrived in Hofahrtsheim at a very awkward time. The general's wife had not yet arrived from Coburg, and we found him alone. The general received us, however, with great cordiality, and was much pleased with my wife, who won his heart at once by her practical sense. She inspected the closed-up mouldy rooms, ordered all the beds to be aired, etc., things of which his born countess never thought, though she imagined herself to be an excellent housekeeper.

The general's wife, however, when she arrived, seemed rather to resent the good services of my wife, who displeased her on account of her fresh

and tasteful toilet, and for many other little virtues which made her own shortcomings more conspicuous.

Many changes had taken place in Hofahrtsheim. Though the general had reserved his house (which he liked to call "Schloss") and his garden (which was styled a park), he had rented his estate to his former "inspector." He had engaged a handsome and well-educated young "chasseur," and also a very skilful *chef-de-cuisine*, who had never anything to cook. As all the food required for the household had to be bought of the farmer, the general's wife—who prided herself on being a good housekeeper—was still more stingy than before.

Not suspecting the changes which had taken place in Hofahrtsheim, I had not only brought with me my excellent black setter, Nestor, but had even agreed to the proposition of my cousin, the colonel, to bring also his fat pointer, Admiral, to whom a little exercise and fresh country air would be a blessing.

The worst was that we could not buy anything to eat in that village, and we did not think of the expedient resorted to by Baroness von Knebel, who was, with her little daughter, also a visitor in Hofahrtsheim. She drove now and then to the neighbouring city, where she bought a ham and wine. With these she refreshed herself and little daughter within locked doors.

As we had made all our arrangements for a sojourn of several months, and could not leave

without offending the general, we had to make the best of our situation, uncomfortable as we felt it.

The general had bought the ruin of an old castle, situated on an eminence on the Elbe, which gave the name to a little town. This building was finished during our visit in Hofahrtsheim, and great preparations were made for its inauguration, for which purpose we drove over one afternoon. The inhabitants of the little town had built a triumphal arch, and the general and his wife were received by a deputation. Both felt exceedingly grand; he made a dull speech, and, in a word, it was a most absurd affair, which amused us greatly.

When the family prepared to move to their "castle," where was no room for visitors, we left Hofahrtsheim (without much regret) in company with Baroness von Knebel and her little daughter. In Brandenburg, we stayed a day in a very good hotel, solely because we so much enjoyed its good fare after the starvation in Hofahrtsheim.

The weather was very fine, and when we came to Baumgartenbruck, on the River Havel, about eight miles from Potsdam, my wife was much pleased with the freshness of the landscape, and we stopped for lunch. A light summer rain caused our coachman to make some alteration in the arrangement of our luggage, which was secured by means of a chain behind the carriage; but as we were so near Potsdam, he did not think it necessary to fasten the chains again, but used a rope instead, which was more handy.

Between Baumgartenbruck and Potsdam, on the high road, and about noon, the daughter of Baroness von Knebel dropped a handkerchief out of the window, and I got down to pick it up. Casting a look at the luggage behind, I noticed that something was wrong, and discovered that one of my trunks was missing and that the other trunks were on the point of falling off, for the rope had been cut, and its end was dangling down.

Such a robbery would not have happened if my setter had been running as usual behind the carriage; but the poor brute had lost us the day before, and had run so many miles to find us again, that he was quite stiff, and I had placed him with the coachman.

There was no human being to be seen on the road; and, as it led through a wood which extended for many miles, it was quite useless to hunt after the thieves. Potsdam was in view, and on our arrival I gave notice to the police, and promised an extra reward for the finding of my trunk. There were, however, only two gens-d'armes in the Residence; one of them was not at home, and the other was lame; and when at last, next day, some search was made, it was too late. My leather trunk was found in the wood, but it was cut open and empty. This was a very disagreeable loss, for the trunk contained many valuable things, besides many important papers and letters.

On the day before our departure from Hofahrtsheim, King Frederick William III. had died,

and as he was a good man and very popular, the mourning for him was general. Everyone who mixed in society wore black, and we resolved to stay a few days in Potsdam, to replace the loss sustained by the robbery of our trunk, and to procure a mourning dress for my wife.

Of course we visited the Cadet House, where I had passed three happy years; and among the officers of the garrison saw many of my old comrades, with whom we made excursions in the neighbourhood.

When, accompanied by some officers, we went to the railway station to go to Berlin, I paid for the tickets, luggage, etc., and put my purse for a moment into the side-pocket of my travelling coat, whilst handing our umbrellas to a porter. On putting my hand again into my pocket, my purse was gone, with all the money we had, except a few thalers which my wife had in her pocket! If the police in Prussia had not usually to look after other people beside thieves, a boy, who had been already in prison for theft and who had been seen near me, might easily have been caught. It was fortunate that considerable purchases had been made by me in Potsdam, or the rascal might have got a still heavier purse; however, it contained about twenty louis-d'ors in gold, and a beautiful antique head of Minerva, which I had intended to have got mounted in Berlin. Thus our journey became very expensive, for it cost me at least six hundred thalers.

My dear old aunt, Baroness Arnim, received us with motherly kindness, in which Nestor was included, for he was even permitted to sleep on the carpet in the drawing-room. This kind reception compensated somewhat for the disagreeable journey.

M. Tauchnitz had, at my request, hired rooms for us in a village near Leipsic, which I preferred to a lodging in the town. Madame Corvin looked round the rather poor rooms with a sad face, and had a little spell of crying, for she regretted our snug little nest in Hanau.

About a week or two after our arrival, I was out with Madame Corvin in the city, when our landlady came after us in great alarm and told us that Nestor was mad; that he foamed at his mouth, and had jumped through the glass of the window. When we returned home, however, we saw him lap some milk. In the night, he again fell into convulsions, foamed at the mouth, and ran in a straight line, with tail erect, up and down the garden, without knowing me. It was fortunate that the people in the house were sensible people, or the dog would have been killed as mad, though he had only a very severe fit of distemper, in consequence of a cold which he had taken, by jumping into very cold water when returning from a long run after a wounded hare.

Madame Corvin and I watched all night, attending to the poor animal; and in the morning we took him in a carriage, and drove to a veterinary

surgeon in the city, who was reputed to be a very skilful man. On seeing the dog, he shrugged his shoulders; but I told him to treat the dog as if he were a valuable racehorse, and not to think of the expense.

After a fortnight poor Nestor, though gnawing some meat, did not yet know me; he could not stand, but the veterinary surgeon said his life would be saved. He bathed him daily with wine, and after a time the dog was so far better, that he could be given into the care of a poor woman, whom I paid well, and who nursed him as if he had been a sick human being. After three months he was perfectly restored, and became the most excellent setter I ever saw. His mother had been imported from England for the Elector of Hesse.

The bookseller, John Frederick Hartknoch, now published my hippological paper, "The Marstall." This firm had existed for more than a hundred years, and enjoyed a very good reputation. The line of the Hartknochs, however, died out, and the last of them left, in addition to a fine fortune and a good stock of articles, a rather young and pretty widow, without any incumbrances. She had married M. O. Baumann, a former clerk of her late husband. When I became acquainted with M. Baumann, he was a red-cheeked, jolly young man, who liked his good glass of beer or wine. He paid punctually, and even in advance, to get rid of the idea that he had something to pay. In a word, O. Baumann was a very good

sort of man, and we got on admirably together, and our wives did the same.

He owned a house outside the Florsthor, and we rented a lodging in a house close to his. Our things from Hanau arrived in time, and little by little we furnished six nice rooms, and Madame Corvin became consoled for the break-up of our first home.

The ground-floor of our house was occupied by a little glazier, whose wife was an extremely tall, strong-boned woman from Wurtemberg, a strict Lutheran, who held the hymn-book in her left hand, whilst with her right she stirred the broth. She had a voice as deep as that of a bear, and it was quite amusing to listen to her. She was a very strict mother, and educated her children according to "the good old fashion" of alternate whipping and praying; and her edifying song was now and then interrupted by her scolding, or by the sound of boxes on the ear, followed by infantine lamentations. After such an outburst, she sang again, "Herr gieb mir Saufetmuth und Guete," and stirred her broth. At a most unseasonable hour in the morning we could hear the master, the mistress, the workmen, servant, and children singing, "Grosser Gott Dich loben wir," and then they all went merrily to work. They were good honest people, and no hypocrites, but they might have been a little less vociferously devout.

Though the editorship of my two papers yielded a tolerably good income, I did not gain that kind of

literary reputation by them to which I aspired. I felt able to write more important and better things than articles for sportsmen, and felt especially tempted to write history, which had been always my favourite study. I consulted with O. Baumann, and we agreed that he should publish a popular History of the Thirty Years' War, which I intended to write. One evening he called on me, and we were employed until midnight in calculating the expenses of the work, etc., and in arranging our mutual conditions. However, when I called next morning at his office, he showed me the first volume of a work which had been published that day, and which greatly interfered with our plan, at least in so far as it treated of my subject. It was Professor Flathe's "Gustavus Adolphus and the Thirty Years' War." To my great regret I was, therefore, obliged to give up this interesting undertaking.

In making my preparations for it I had had to study in detail the history of the great Dutch Revolution against Spain, which is much interwoven with the Thirty Years' War, and the more I read the more I became interested in my study. This revolution of the Netherlanders against the tyranny of Spain seems to me one of the most interesting periods of history, and of the greatest importance to all Europe. I was much astonished that no German or other modern author had hitherto undertaken this highly-interesting work. Schiller had commenced it but had given

it up, probably because it required too much time and labour. The work of our great poet, which reaches only to the time of the Duke of Alva, had been continued by a M. Kurz, who wrote very well, but followed only the Jesuit Strada, whose contemporary history of that revolution was rather a glorification of the house of Farnese than a reliable history. To write such a book it was necessary to study the contemporary works of the Dutch historians, Hooft, Meteren, Pieter Bore, etc., and of a great many Spanish, Italian, French, and English authors, to ransack archives, and make other laborious investigations; and these great difficulties, had probably deterred modern historians from engaging in the undertaking. This difficulty, instead of deterring, attracted me, and I resolved to write the history of the great Dutch revolution.

My friend Baumann had no confidence in the work; that is, he did not think that the German public would be much interested in it, and I had to look for another publisher. My work was then offered by me to Mr. Frederick Fleischer, of Leipsic, who was then one of the greatest publishers in Germany.

Frederick Fleischer had been pointed out to me as the rudest fellow in Leipsic; however, I found him far more polite than his reputation led me to expect. He was a tall spare man, with a coat cut after the fashion of 1820, and looking like a worthy from a drama of old Iffland. He appeared as if he had never laughed in his whole life, and indeed

looked so wise that he was made a "Stadtrath" —a member of the city council—to which in those serious times only serious people were elected.

I will remark, only by way of parenthesis, that outward gravity is not always an indication of a deep and serious mind; nay, on the contrary, my experience is, that the most intelligent and most clever men are of a cheerful disposition, whilst shallow dunces frequently mask their emptiness by a grave demeanour. He who dares not be a little foolish now and then generally feels in his inmost heart that he is a fool, and is afraid of being found out.

The gentleman in question was, however, inclined to publish my work after he had submitted my plan and a few sample chapters to the head of a learned establishment in Leipsic, who was his literary adviser. The whole work was to be published in six volumes, but he cautiously made agreement only for two, and paid only two louis-d'ors for sixteen printed pages.

A young author is but too glad to meet with a respectable publisher, and is not in a position to insist too strongly on his own terms. M. Fleischer found it convenient to publish the book in duodecimo, which seemed to me by no means suitable for an historical work. He said, however, that he understood his trade better than I did, and I had to yield. When I requested him to send some copies to the editors of the principal papers, he answered that he would not favour the trade

of an editor by sending books for review; and on my complaining that I saw no advertisements of my book in the papers, he said that advertisements were expensive, and of no use whatever. The book had been sent to all the publishers in Germany, and this he declared was perfectly sufficient, as his firm was so well known.

I wrote the book with the utmost care and pleasure, but it was not to be wondered at that in consequence of these absurd measures of the publisher, he did not sell two hundred copies! This small sale was partly owing to the distrust of the public in regard to works which appeared by volumes, and not complete at once. Many publishers had begun works, and had discontinued them after one or two volumes, which became worthless to those who had purchased them in full confidence that the work would be finished.

M. Fleischer, however, was far from ascribing this unfavourable result to his inefficiency; he ascribed it to mine, and expressed as much in a letter, in which he offered to continue the work if I would renounce all pay for it! This letter of my publisher mortified me very much, for I really thought he might be right. I had worked with the greatest conscientiousness, and had written my book with the utmost care; and on comparing it with other similar books, I thought that it might very well stand by their side; but then I fancied that my partiality for my own child might perhaps have dimmed my judgment, and

that I might really possess no talent. Having to live by my pen, I could not afford to accept the offer of M. Fleischer, and the German edition therefore stopped at the second volume. This made me feel very sad.

At that time a Dutch musician was living in Leipsic, M. Verhulst, with whom I had become acquainted. He sent me a note, in which he said he had the pleasure to inform me that my book had been translated into the Dutch language. Soon afterwards I received a letter from M. M. H. Binger, a publisher in Amsterdam, who paid me many compliments about my book, which he said was highly appreciated by the critics, and which he had been requested by many parties to publish in the Dutch language. He enclosed the first volume, which was exceedingly well printed, and ornamented with valuable historical portraits and other illustrations.

The Dutch have not many modern authors, especially in the imaginative department, and therefore they translate almost every English, German, and French novel; but, as they have excellent historians and are very jealous in reference to their own history, this was the highest possible compliment that they should translate the work of a foreigner relative to the most glorious period of their history. This acknowledgment gave me courage again, and I could not deny myself the satisfaction of sending M. Binger's letter to M. Fleischer, without adding a single word. He did not say a

single word in reply. M. B. G. Teubner, another great publisher in Leipsic, offered to publish my work, but in octavo, and in a proper manner. However, M. Fleischer asked such an extravagant sum for the copyright of the two first volumes, that he was obliged to decline.

On informing the Amsterdam publisher that my work would be discontinued, he was indignant, and wrote a very sharp letter to M. "Stadtrath," in which he denounced him as one of those graceless publishers who cheat the public.

The end of it was, that I entered into an agreement with M. Binger. I now continued my work, and sent him my manuscript which was translated in Amsterdam, as I was not able to write in Dutch, though I had learned that language in order to read the old Dutch authors. Thus my work was published in six octavo volumes, in the Dutch language, and was never completed in the language in which it was originally written.

Leipsic is the seat of a very large university, and of many mercantile and other schools, and is therefore crowded with young men from all parts of the globe. Now it happened that every year a great number of these young men were drowned in bathing in the rivers Elster and Pleisse, which flow through the city, and which, though not large, are rather dangerous. The authorities of the city deemed it, therefore, highly desirable to

have a swimming-school, and the "experts" were consulted about it. These wise people were of opinion that the waters near Leipsic were not suited for such an establishment, and the idea was given up.

On reading this in the paper, I spoke about it to my neighbour, who was a working "Stadtrath" (member of the city council), and told him that the "experts" were asses, and that I would build them a swimming-school, if they wished it, in the second story of their town-hall. When the Stadtrath saw that I understood the thing thoroughly, he made a report to the council, who requested me to build such an establishment, at the expense of the city, on city property. All the profits were to be given to me, and I was not even to pay interest on the capital.

There was, however, in Leipsic an apothecary, who was the brother-in-law of the Saxon secretary of state, and an alderman. Through his brother-in-law he had bought, at a very cheap price, an extensive meadow on the banks of the Elster, close to Gerhardt's Garden, in which is the monument of Prince Poniatowski, who was drowned there in the Battle of Leipsic. This meadow belonged to the state, and was given to the apothecary at a low price, because he intended to make ponds for leeches in it.

Some one told the apothecary that his place was extremely suitable for a swimming-school,

and he was induced to call on me. It was indeed very good, and I agreed to place my establishment on his ground, and to enter into partnership with him. He offered to give me one-third of the brutto receipts, but my wife persuaded me to insist on the half of the nett profits. I had frequently cause to regret not to have followed the advice of Mrs. Corvin, and therefore resolved to follow it this time. It was not my fault that it was the only bad advice she ever gave me.

I drew the plan for the establishment, which became the best in all Germany, with the exception of that in Vienna, which however cost five hundred thousand guilders. As the river Elster is only narrow, a wide artificial basin had to be made, and this was easily done. In my partner's meadow, the river formed a knee, which was simply cut off, and dug out to the required depth.

I now went to Magdeburg—and with the assistance of my cousin the colonel, procured half-a-dozen corporals of the reserve, who had all been swimming-masters in the military school of Magdeburg, which was under the especial superintendence of Lieutenant-General von Pfuel.

The corporation of fishermen in Leipsic had a kind of hereditary right to teach swimming, and to carry persons in their boats to the proper bathing-places. As our establishment deprived them of a great part of their income, we got into difficulties with them, which however, were adjusted

by appointing one master-fisherman, a most excellent swimmer, head master.

The establishment was built according to my plan, with a trifling alteration in the house, suggested by my partner, and which was a stupid one. However, all the arrangements were made exactly on my model, and all was carried on with the most perfect military order, as in a man-of-war. The masters wore a suitable uniform, and the one of them who was on duty for the day was distinguished by a sash worn over his shoulder. When I arrived, my flag was hoisted, and the master of the day made his military report. During the first month I was present from morning till night, till the whole machine was working to my satisfaction.

The people in Leipsic were delighted, and I earned great praise. The fame of my establishment spread through all Germany, owing to the hundreds of thousands of strangers who visit Leipsic every year for the great and celebrated fair held in that city. Other large cities applied to me for advice, and I might have done nothing all my life but build and superintend swimming-schools, if such an occupation had suited my taste. I was, however, soon disgusted with the whole concern, partly because I became very ill, but still more on account of the difficulties which arose between myself and my partner.

I was obliged to sue him, and a very vexatious law-suit followed, which I won, however, through-

out. At last, a brother-in-law of my partner, who is still mayor of Leipsic, and who knew that I was perfectly in the right, effected an arrangement. My partner paid me a sum of money down, and I retired altogether from the business.

I had to spend a great deal of this money on account of the illness I had contracted in the swimming-school. Before the house was finished, I had sat down one day in my little temporary room, just after coming out of the water, and without removing my swimming-trowsers, to write an urgent note. It was rather a rough day, and the wind, blowing through the chinks of the boards, struck my left side, and most awful rheumatic pains in my leg resulted. My physician advised Kissingen, and I went there the same year without avail. Becoming extremely ill, and suffering from the most excruciating pains in my bones day and night, I grew thin and pale, and my leg was almost shrivelled up. With all this I had to work hard for my papers and at my history. These were very hard times with me, and lasted for several years; for nothing gave me relief, though I tried everything, even the most severe cold-water cure, which made me so ill that all despaired of my life.

I will not tire the reader with a story of illness. I fell at last into the hands of Professor Cerutti of Leipsic, an old and very skilful physician, who undertook my cure, though he had given up practice, and was only consulted by other physicians

in very difficult cases. He cured me perfectly. However, he sent me still to Wiesbaden, where I passed a season, and from that time became as strong as possible, and can still walk from morning till night without feeling much tired. Old Cerutti is long since dead, but scarcely a day passes without my remembering him with gratitude.

CHAPTER V.

Leipsic—Pressure exerted by neighbouring governments—The press—The fairs—The students—The literati—Foundation of the "Literaten Verein"—Frederick Gerstaecker—Henry Laube—Madame Laube—Robert Heller—M. Doering the actor—Halm—Dr. Kuranda—Saphir—Charlotte von Hagen—Eduard Maria Oettinger — Herlosson — Ad. Glassbrenner—George Herwegh — Hoffman von Fallersleben—Tiek's nephew—Dr. Schiff—Dr. Singer and the Duke of Coburg.

LIFE in Germany thirty years ago was not very agreeable. All who were not in government employment or in the army, were submitted to the strictest surveillance, and to endless vexations from the police. The passport nuisance was still in full force, and it involved such varied and complicated regulations, that it required quite a study to avoid difficulties.

One of the most disagreeable of the German States in this respect was Saxony; and a German from other parts, who had the misfortune to go thither, and especially to Dresden, was worried out of his life by the police.

Leipsic, however, formed an exception in this respect, and there was scarcely any city in Germany where a visitor enjoyed, comparatively

speaking, more freedom; yet no people existed who cared less for their government than the citizens of Leipsic; because their principal interests were beyond the frontier of their little kingdom, and as they would have had to pay taxes anywhere, they cared but little to whom they were paid. The government, however, knew very well that Leipsic, in reference to revenue, was more important than the whole of the rest of Saxony.

The celebrated fairs made Leipsic the centre of German trade, an advantage for which it was very much envied by other cities that were far more favourably situated for the purpose than Leipsic, which had no navigable river, and with which there was not even canal communication. All this the government had to consider for monetary reasons.

Similar consideration was paid to it on account of the university and book-trade, which could not prosper without a certain amount of liberty. This freedom, although limited in degree, attracted many persons to Leipsic to whom the government would have desired to refuse permission to live there, if this could have been done without damaging other important interests. Moreover, these unpleasant people, against whom severe measures were taken, especially on account of their political opinions, were not in the habit of submitting quietly to their fate, but always made as much noise as possible, and proclaimed

loudly the tyranny and injustice of the Saxon government.

The Saxon government had, however, not much to fear, for most literary men—and to them I allude especially—did not think it worth while to attack such a petty government, or else acted on the principle of the fox which does not rob the hen-houses in its immediate neighbourhood; but the Saxon government had to suffer from the imputations of its more powerful neighbours, especially from those of Austria and Prussia, who required that all offences, and they were frequently very imaginary, committed by an author living in Leipsic, or offered in any book or paper printed in that emporium of the German book-trade should be punished with the utmost severity. Spies from Vienna, Berlin, and other places were always in Leipsic to watch the press, and to prevent the publication of disagreeable books, or to suppress them immediately after their publication. Every manuscript before going to press had to be submitted to the inspection of the government censor, who used his red pencil very freely, and only gave his imprimatur after having purified the work from all passages and expressions which might possibly hurt the feelings of any one of the thirty-six governments with which poor Germany was blessed at that time. As the censor was responsible for every passage which escaped his notice, he struck out everything which even looked suspicious, or which he did not understand.

However, even the imprimatur of the censor did not offer any security against the confiscation of a work, and it was only after many contests that the government would agree to pay the expenses of publication in these by no means rare cases.

During a great part of the year Leipsic was filled with the visitors to the three annual fairs, and since the laying down of the railways, their number has increased considerably. The houses in the city were crowded from the ground floor to the attics, and those persons who rented a lodging for the year were obliged, during the fair time, to give up at least one or two of their rooms, or to pay an enormous rent.

The visitors were of course mostly merchants or tradespeople from all parts of the globe, who considered the fairs as their time of recreation, in which they were freed from home surveillance, and in which they were very much inclined "to enjoy life."

It was entertaining to mix now and then in this turmoil, and for this purpose at fair time I rather frequently visited places of public amusement, which were all crowded, especially in the evening after business hours, or at dinner-time.

Highest in rank in this respect were the two largest hotels, the Hotel de Bavière and the Hotel de Pologne. In the first, about three thousand persons often dined, and dined extremely well; and in fine weather the guests were to be seen sitting

in the passages, in the yard, anywhere where there was a place for a table.

The show-booths were in the horse-market, and there all day the booming of the great drum, or the trumpet of the mountebank might be heard. There were for weeks such scenes as you see for days at races in England.

At other times Leipsic was, of course, much more quiet, but it was always a busy, lively city, made rather agreeable by the promenades which surround it, and reach even to its centre.

Amongst the many resorts of pleasure outside the gate, the Rosenthal took the foremost rank, as it was the nearest and most favourably situated. It is worth noticing, that in this "valley of roses" —for this is the meaning of the name—not a single rose was to be found—at least I never saw one. It was nothing but a park.

Supreme in the Rosenthal was the proprietor of the "Swiss Cottage," a Swiss confectioner of the name of Kintschy. The concerts here were celebrated, even in Leipsic, which is the most famous city in all Germany for music. M. Kintschy's concerts were, however, just as celebrated for their interruptions by rain as for their excellence. He must in some way or other have offended Jupiter Pluvius, for he was in obvious disgrace with him. If the country were suffering from drought, M. Kintschy needed only to announce a concert, when the flood-gates of heaven were opened.

It was told of him in Leipsic that he had once ventured to announce a concert when the weather-glass stood very high and therefore he might expect a large crowd of visitors, and in consequence he baked an immense number of cakes and tarts.

An hour before the commencement of the concert, when he was running across the open space before his cottage holding a large plate with hot tarts in his hands, he suddenly stopped short, for a drop fell on his large nose. He looked up horrified; all his prayers had been of no avail, for right above him hung a grey canopy, threatening an abundance of rain. Despair took possession of the heart of the unfortunate confectioner, and, looking up reproachfully and furiously to the sky, he threw up his plate of tarts and roared, "There, eat it yourself!"

I did not mix much in Leipsic society. I had been spoiled, and did not feel comfortable in the Leipsic circles.

The people of the middle-classes in Leipsic were a merry, good-natured set, who loved to go with their families to coffee-gardens and listen to the excellent concerts there (for which only a penny or twopence were paid, though they were better than many I have heard elsewhere for a guinea) and to eat cake, or drink a glass of beer and smoke a cigar.

Grand places of entertainment did not prosper; they were empty, whilst those of an inferior description were crowded to excess, if only the beer were

good, and salted pig's feet, or liver dumplings with sauerkraut, Vienna sausages with horse-radish, cheesecake, and other favourite delicacies, were not wanting.

At that time, a beerhouse in Hain Street, Noaks, had a great reputation, and visitors in Leipsic never failed to go there between eleven a.m. and one o'clock; for here all the celebrities of the press assembled, and took their "Töpfchen" (pot) of Bavarian Salis, Lutschena, or Waldschlösschen beer. Noaks was only a moderately large, very dingy, and low room, of which the upper half was generally so filled with tobacco smoke, that it was often impossible to recognize persons three paces off.

Though Leipsic possesses a far-famed university, the students no longer played a prominent part in the city, but behaved much like any other young men; for the government looked very sharply after them, and had abolished most of their ancient privileges. Student freaks existed only in tradition, and if now and then an attempt was made to revive them, the police at once put a stop to it. The government had an idea that it was politically dangerous to grant the students too much liberty. The Wartburg festival, and the occurrences in Frankfort, in 1833, which were planned by the students, and caused so much trouble, were not yet forgotten.

At this time, however, the students were much inclined to recover some of their old privileges.

Country tradesmen who visited the fair were frequently teased by them, and sometimes in a very ingenious and amusing manner. One of their tricks drove a little fat glover from some little country town, nearly crazy. He had his booth in a row on the market, and his sign was an enormous red-lacquered glove, hanging outside his shop. This glove was the pride of the little man's heart, and the first thing he did in the morning was to look at it admiringly whilst he smoked his pipe. One morning, when he was indulging in this innocent pleasure, he opened his eyes very wide and removed his pipe; he shut his eyes, opened them again, and rubbed them, for he could not believe what he saw—lo! his glove had turned green! On his exclamation of surprise, some people near asked him what was the matter, and on his relating the miracle, feigned not to understand him. They asserted that he was mistaken, and that the glove was red, as usual. His neighbours, who entered into the joke, confirmed this, and the poor man believed at last that something was the matter with his eyes, as he had been told that some people had eyes which could not distinguish red, and that it appeared green to them. Next morning, however, the glove was red—and so on, during all the fair time. This joke was carried on for years, by different generations of students, and the poor glover really became nearly crazy about it.

Leipsic was, and is still the principal seat of

the German book-trade, and several hundreds of publishers live there. They do not all publish themselves, but act as agents for publishers in other parts of Germany, who come once or twice a year to Leipsic, where their mutual accounts are settled at the booksellers' fair.

The numerous publishers in Leipsic, and also other causes above mentioned, attracted authors from every part of Germany. No country in the world, I believe, is to be found where more authors may be met with than in Germany. There, nearly every one has had a good education, for the public schools are excellent and cheap. It is in the power of almost every one to visit one of the colleges, called "gymnasii," which are established by the state in every town. People who had studied in celebrated colleges in America have told me that a graduate of these colleges would not be able to enter even the *secunda* of a Prussian gymnasium. He who wishes to continue his studies at an university must have been at least one year in the *prima* or *selecta* of such a gymnasium, and must have passed a rather severe examination. At such an university the young student generally remains for three years, preparing either for the law or some other profession. During that time he is his own master, and though he is subject to the jurisdiction of the university and to its peculiar laws, he may do almost as he pleases, for nobody compels him to attend lectures. If he is not industrious, nobody cares, for it is his own

fault if he does not pass through another examination, and cannot become a candidate for an appointment in the service of the state. When he has at last reached this desirable point he has to serve—if he be a lawyer, for instance—several years without pay in some office, and not rarely his hair has turned grey before he attains the rank of assessor of some court, and the magnificent pay of about one hundred pounds a year.

As there were, and are still, thousands and thousands of people who aspire to similar happiness, a young man must be very industrious, very patient; and at the time of which I write he was obliged to keep far from all connection with "Liberals," as all those people were called who pretended that the king or prince belonged to the state, and not the state to the king. The word, "democratic," was not yet in vogue, and no Republicans existed in Germany, not even in the republics of Frankfort and Hamburg. Ideas have altered a little since then, but thirty years ago nobody could get an appointment in the service of the state who did not profess to believe in absolutism, even though the state to which he belonged were nominally a constitutional one.

This, and the tyranny executed by the Governments, of course caused a great many young men to look out for some other means of livelihood.

The same reason which caused me to enter upon a literary career also influences others; but it is a lottery in which very few succeed. Many

able men fail, because they lack the gift of making their talents pay, whilst less gifted, but more practical men prosper and even obtain renown and distinction. Many young authors are discouraged because they do not find a publisher who appreciates their productions.

When I came to Leipsic, the *élite* of the press assembled in the above-mentioned beerhouse at Noaks, but the want of a more proper place of meeting was soon felt. Fourteen of us, therefore, joined, and formed the society of literati which was intended to include all members of the German press. Its object was very praiseworthy. It was intended as a place of meeting for all members of the press who should come to Leipsic, and also as a place where the mutual rights and duties of authors and publishers and measures for altering the state of things with regard to the various governments, should be discussed. We also intended to create a fund for the support of poor authors who might be in trouble.

The idea was everywhere received with applause by the members of the press, but not so by the government, which watched an association of so many clever men with much distrust.

The association met once in every week; a president was elected, and the discussions were carried on in parliamentary manner, though without any unnecessary formalities. Many important questions were discussed, and many petitions sent to the government; and it must be acknowledged

that this association exerted, though not always in a direct way, a great influence on the development and progress of the affairs of the press. It could not but happen that parties were formed within the association itself, and that many very stormy debates took place, followed sometimes by very bitter enmities. In general, however, the fighters for progress and liberty had a majority, and ideas were uttered and resolutions taken which frightened those members who held posts dependent on the government; many of them stayed away from the meetings, though they did not resign their membership.

Though acquainted with all the members of our association, the number of those with whom I came into closer connection was very limited. My nearest neighbour, who lived only a few houses from me, was Frederick Gerstaecker, a man whose name has since become favourably known in every part of the globe which he has almost traversed in some forty sea voyages.

Gerstaecker is the son of an actor of some reputation. When still young he went to New York where he engaged in trade, but being cheated by his partner, he became disgusted, and adopted an adventurous roaming life. With his rifle over his shoulder he wandered from one State to another to the Far West, living by the spoils of the chase, and sometimes not seeing a single human being for a fortnight. He made his hunting-shirt and mocassins himself, Indian fashion, and when he required gunpowder, or other neces-

sary things, he often served for a time as a coal-man on board some river steamer. This kind of life he led for nearly six years, during which time he visited almost every part of the United States, and returned to Europe about the time at which I arrived in Leipsic, though he did not take his lodging in our neighbourhood until later. There he lived in his room as he had lived in the camp. He did not want a bed, for he slept in his hammock, and though his self-made hunting trousers and leather shirts were now hung up against the wall, and he dressed in European fashion, he never would wear a dress-coat or gloves, not even when dining at court.

When I first became acquainted with this interesting man he had only published two small volumes, containing some of his adventures in America, and which had to be revised by some literary friend, as he had to some extent forgotten his native language.

Gerstaecker was then a man of my age, of middle height, very broad in the chest and shoulders, with a pleasant face, dark beard, and a quantity of thick dark brown hair, which curled almost like that of a negro, a mouth in which good-natured fun was lurking, and very honest, though keen blue eyes. His manners were free and easy and very agreeable, and his conversation lively and entertaining. He liked to narrate his adventures, and did it very well. He was not a man of deep learning, but he had had a very good education, and had seen, observed, and read a great deal.

He possessed a portrait of himself in his hunting dress, painted in oil, by the son of Carl Maria von Weber. I had it engraved in steel for an illustration in a hunting almanack which I published at that time.

Gerstaecker was frequently at my house, and was always a welcome guest to Madame Corvin and myself. We became friends, and our connection has never been very long interrupted from that time. Since then he has written a whole library of books, of which some have been published in English, and his books of travels, and novels, are standard works in every German circulating library.

Henry Laube, one of the best dramatic modern authors, also lived in my neighbourhood. I had long known him by reputation, for he belonged to that school of authors who inaugurated a new era in German literature and who are known under the name of "Young Germany." To this school belonged Henry Heine, Henry Laube, Charles Gutzkow, Gustave Kuehne, and Wienbarg, not to speak of their many more or less renowned followers and imitators. The most celebrated of them is Henry Heine, and after him Henry Laube and Charles Gutzkow take rank.

His "travelling novels" made Laube's reputation. He married in Leipsic the rich young widow of a man who had been killed by a stone in a riot, and they were a very well assorted couple.

Laube is still alive, and holds a high rank in German literature, which he deserves in every

respect. He was for a long time director of the Imperial Theatre in Vienna, until, at last, owing to court intrigues, he was compelled to give up his appointment after having made that theatre the first in Germany. At present he is manager of the theatres in Leipsic, which city may congratulate itself on the possession of so distinguished a man. He is highly educated, possesses very great talent, good sense, and wit, and writes admirably.

We agreed very well together, and I do not remember ever to have had the slightest difference with him, though we saw much of each other, and during the hunting season I passed one or two whole days alone with him almost every week.

Laube became well acquainted with Prince Puckler Muskau, and this connection, which became intimate, had a great influence on him. He was disgusted with the vulgarity of the society in which he had moved until then, and became rather too partial to aristocratic society, which exerted a kind of spell over him. This had also some influence on his political views and he, one of the chiefs of "Young Germany," learned to lean rather strongly to the side of old Germany. Robert Blum, of whom more hereafter, was his aversion: he looked upon him as the personification of Jacobinism.

Iduna Laube his wife was a very agreeable lady. She was not handsome, but pretty, and made even at first sight a very pleasant impression. She was full of grace in all her movements, always in good

humour, always kind, and with a friendly word for every one. Clever and very well educated, she took an active part in the conversations of the men, and knew how to express herself extremely well. Her demeanour was unaffected and pleasing, with a little tinge of coquetry, which became her most wonderfully, and which even ladies pardoned, admiring her no less than did the gentlemen. With these advantages she combined those of a good mother (she had one son by her first, and one by her second husband) and was also a good housewife and most amiable hostess. I must not forget to say, that she was even a tolerably good shot, who could kill her hare like one of us.

Every literary celebrity who passed through Leipsic made it a point to call on Laube, and these were often to be met at his house. It was at this time that he first began to write for the stage: until then he had written novels only. His first piece, "Monaldeschi," was soon followed by a number of excellent dramas which you may see represented on every stage in Germany, and of which some had not only an extraordinary success but possess sterling value. Whenever he had finished a piece, he read it to a select company, who listened with the greatest attention and pronounced their judgment. He defended himself eagerly against our criticisms, but very frequently made alterations which were suggested by us.

Laube visited me only recently, nearly thirty years after the time of which I am speaking.

He is not much altered, and is more active and energetic than ever, and still writes a great deal. He is a great favourite with the German public, and in every respect a man of great merit.

Laube's *famulus*—some called him his shoeblack—was Dr. Robert Heller, the editor of a light paper called the "Rosen," and writer of stories for almanacks and papers. His talent for narration was unsurpassed, and I have heard his oldest stories for the hundredth time with pleasure. He did not produce his effects by buffoonery, but by a quaint drollery which he never could reproduce on paper. He is now in a large city, editor of the *feuilleton* of a great paper; has become very fat, and is the terror of poor actors and actresses.

Dr. Heller was pleased to imagine himself to be one of the principal representatives of German literature in Leipsic, and therefore considered it his duty to do the honours to great authors or artists passing by. I once saw at his house the author of the drama "Griseldis" (Halm, Count Munch Bellinghausen), who recently became the successor of Henry Laube at the Burg Theatre, in Vienna. He appeared to me to be a very agreeable man, but his exterior betrayed little of his poetical talent. In Dr. Heller's house I also met Doering, the celebrated actor, already known to me in Mayence, and who, though very aged, is still an ornament of the Royal Theatre of Berlin. I met him last year at a great

opera ball, with a large decoration dangling from his button-hole. He was a very amusing companion and told anecdotes as no other man could tell them, illustrating them by his dramatic talent.

At Dr. Heller's I also first met dear little Dr. Kuranda, who was then editor of a very good weekly or monthly paper, the "Greuzboten." He was a very clever man, reminding one, by his exterior and manners, of the elegant young abbés of the *rococco* time. He was small, and of graceful figure, dressed with extreme care, held himself exceedingly upright, and was exquisitely polite and witty. His animated face was of the French type; but Eduard Maria Oettinger—who was himself strongly suspected of being a Jew, only because he was christened Maria—always called him Rabbi Kuranda. He made a very favourable impression upon me. He was not only extremely polite and kind to me, but in his paper never omitted any fitting opportunity of saying something agreeable about me.

M. Kuranda played his part in the movement in Austria, and is at present a distinguished member of the Reichsrath and I believe chief editor of an important paper.

Another lion whom I saw first at Dr. Heller's, and who was of decidedly Jewish descent, was Saphir, a man who, for many years, made much noise in Germany, and was believed, by himself and many others, to be the greatest

wit in our country. I do not know why professed humorists and wits are frequently such disagreeable, crabbed people! Saphir was to me one of the most disagreeable men I ever saw. His exterior was not fortunate, and this misfortune was increased by his arrogance. He was discontented with everything and everybody, always grumbled and quarrelled, and wherever he went he produced a disagreeable impression, and generally made himself very unpopular.

His malicious wit drove him from Munich to Berlin and from there to Vienna, where he was editor of a paper called "The Humourist."

When in Berlin, he was once in a little boat with the English Minister. He had the impertinence to dust his boots with the plume of the minister's cocked hat; the latter was in full dress, and had laid his hat on a seat. The minister threw the impudent fellow into the river, where he was nearly drowned; and all Berlin applauded the British promptitude of action.

The *bon mots* circulated in Germany under Saphir's name are numberless, and indeed he said and wrote a great many good things; though his wit consisted generally in a play upon words, and what to me is quite unpalatable in print, by his underscoring the point.

He came to Leipsic to lecture, or to hold his so-called "Academies," and our society promised him their patronage if he would hold one for our fund for the support of poor authors. I took

great pains about the affair; but Saphir had offended all the artists in some manner or other, and all were very unwilling to assist the great wit. The "Academies" held on his own account did not answer his expectations. He was furious, and said that he had been robbed shamefully by everybody.

Mdlle. Charlotte von Hagen, the celebrated comedian, acted very differently on a similar occasion, though she was reputed to be stingy. She appeared as a guest in the Leipsic Theatre, and consented to give an entertainment in the Leipsic Gewandhaus for the purposes of our association.

She was not very young when I became acquainted with her, but she appeared young and looked most beautiful on that evening in the Gewandhaus. She was ornamented like a queen, with all her diamonds, and with a wreath of "Stiefmulterchen" in her fair hair. At the supper in the hotel, which followed the representation, I was presented to her. As some one had to do the "honours" on the part of our association, I undertook that agreeable duty. She passed several evenings in my house, and I still remember them with great pleasure, for she was very amiable.

She told me many interesting anecdotes of her life, but I imagine she did not tell me the most interesting. I wish she had written her memoirs, for I do not doubt for one moment that they would be more interesting than mine, since she had

been very intimate with nearly all the potentates and other distinguished personages in Europe.

She remembered St. Petersburg with particular pleasure, and I have reason to believe that most of her splendid diamonds were of Russian origin. A Russian prince, who possessed diamond-pits in the Ural, took much trouble to make pretty speeches to her in bad French. She laughingly interrupted his not very well-expressed protestations by saying, "If your Highness would express yourself in diamonds, I should understand you much better;" on the next day the prince sent her a very handsome diamond necklace.

Mdlle. von Hagen had a habit of climbing on chairs and tables when conning her parts; and sometimes, she told me, she even found herself on the top of a wardrobe, and had some trouble to get down again.

In comedy she was not to be surpassed, and I admired her more than any other actress; but she preferred to act tragedies, and became very angry on my advising her to keep to comedy.

Once she played "Fenella, the Dumb Girl of Portici," and when I blamed her, she said, impatiently, "Well, you must see me as 'Margaret,' in 'Faust.'"

It was a very fine summer day, and the theatre was already crowded, when I went to fetch her from the Hotel de Pologne. When we came to the promenade near the theatre, she said, "I would

rather jump over the stick like a poodle dog than act to-day. Come, let us take a walk."

"But there is no time left; the piece has already commenced, and you have to appear in the second act."

"That is just what tempts me! How funny to see them sit there full of expectation—and no 'Margaret!' Only think of the wonder in the house and the confusion on the stage, whilst we all the time are enjoying the splendid evening! Sometimes I can scarcely resist the temptation; and once, when I was to play in Munich, and the piece had already commenced, I hid myself in a tub and it was long before they discovered me."

As with such a capricious and spoiled actress one could never be sure whether she did not really intend to play some trick, and serious arguments would only have made her more obstinate, I said, jokingly, "But, for Heaven's sake, do consider my reputation!"

She cast on me an indescribably droll look, and said, "Indeed, that's true. Come, I am now quite a steady German maiden again."

The house was crowded. Mdlle. de Hagen played excellently, and earned thundering applause; but I was not taken by her. I did not feel myself carried away, but felt that she was acting; whilst in her comedies she always gave one the impression of nature. I preferred Mdlle. Unzelmann as Margaret, who was a member of the Leipsic stage, perhaps because on seeing Mdlle.

de Hagen I could not forget her words in the part of young Voltaire, "I believe that comes from the Champagne!" and I was used to see the other actress only in tragedies. I did not, however, like the celebrated Mrs. Rettich either in that part; she rather resembled a Parisian grisette than the fair-haired, modest Margaret.

I assisted Miss de Hagen to alight from her carriage at the hotel, and gave her my arm when we went up the stairs, for she feigned to be utterly exhausted. At last, when close to her door, she said, in a low voice, "Well, how did you like me?" "Extremely well," I said; "still I am right." She pushed my arm away furiously, slammed her door right in my face, turned the key, and I did not see her any more that evening.

Some years later, when I went to Berlin, I called upon her. When I entered, and she shook hands with me, she said, "We have become old, my friend." "Not I," I answered; and she made a face at me. With her I found Mr. Hendricks and Mr. Owen, who became her husband.

When she left the stage she received a very flattering letter from the Queen of Prussia, who signed herself "your sincere friend." I heard, later, that she became paralyzed, and was living in Munich. I do not know whether she is still alive. She was a very great actress, and most amiable and pretty woman, and she reigned as an actress during a long period.

I mentioned above, Mr. Eduard Maria Oettinger, the editor of the German "Charivari," and author of a great many books. His best work is his little song on the origin of champagne, commencing "*Fuenfmal hundert tausend Teufel kamen einstens in die Welt.*"

A favourite with us all was Charles Herlosson, who is dead since then, but whose novels are not forgotten. He was a Bohemian, but lived for years in Leipsic, where he was editor of one of the many papers, called the "Komet." Wherever a shrine was erected to Bacchus, Herlosson was to be found as one of the most zealous worshippers. He spoke in a low, rather husky voice, never laughed aloud, but was very cheerful, and all he said was imbued with a quiet humour. He was not young when I became acquainted with him, and was a determined bachelor. It was a shame that the people of Leipsic permitted him to die in an hospital; but his friends excused themselves by saying that he was dead before they became aware of his illness.

Another humourist who visited Leipsic occasionally was Adolph Glassbrenner, father of the "Eckensteher Nante," a popular Berlin character. Glassbrenner wrote, among other poems, the new "Reinecke Fuchs," a satirical epic, which was of course prohibited.

Many men might be mentioned with whom I became acquainted at that time, and whose names are well known in Germany, but as this work is

written for Englishmen, to whom they are little known, I will be as brief as possible.

Let me therefore pass over Alexander Weil, a witty little Jew, who settled in Paris and wrote for the *Charivari* and *Figaro*, and Maurice Hartmann, a young man with a head which would have served as a model for a picture of our Lord, and for whom the ladies were dying. He was a tolerably good poet, and is still living.

A little more must, however, be said about George Herwegh who for a time played rather a famous part and who is living now, I believe, somewhere in England. He was a dark handsome man, with uncomfortable black eyes, and rather bashful and awkward in his manner. His poems breathed a hatred against tyranny, and had at that time a great influence on all young people. He once visited us in Leipsic, and was received by us all with great distinction. We gave him a grand supper in the Hotel de Pologne, on which occasion he was honoured with a laurel crown. On that occasion he recited to us his latest poem, commencing, "It is the lark, and not the nightingale," which created a storm of applause. Even King Frederick William IV. was anxious to see him; and he had an audience with the king, when the poet behaved rather awkwardly. He tried to recover his position by an injudicious letter, which he published afterwards in the papers, but it did not succeed very well. I met him at a later period in Paris, and shall have to speak of him again.

I also became acquainted with Professor Hofmann von Fallersleben, whose name may also be known across the Channel, for he was much talked of for many years. On the promenade in Leipsic I one day met a man dressed in a green "Flansrock," and imagined he must be Hofmann von Fallersleben. I therefore addressed him at once, told him that in the evening I should have some newly-arrived oysters and good Burgundy, and invited him to help us in discussing them, which invitation he accepted. He was a man of great learning, but made himself obnoxious to the ruling powers by his satirical political poems, which he himself sang. He has written his memoirs, and has married a wealthy wife.

Many men lived in Leipsic who were called Doctor, and were supposed to belong to the press, though they had scarcely written anything. One of these was a Dr. Bernhardi, known under the name of "the nephew of Tiek."

In his company was frequently to be seen a Dr. Schiff, a very original fellow, who had written a very good novel called "Gevatter Tod." I met him once in the Hotel de Bavière, with a good dinner, and a large bottle of rather expensive wine before him. I clapped my hands and exclaimed, "Schiff, what's the matter?" With a pleased face he told me that he had money, as he had inherited some hundreds, and to prove this he opened his waistcoat, and showed me a parcel of bank-notes, which he wore next his heart. I con-

gratulated him on his good luck, and accepted a glass of wine, being curious to hear more of him. After a pause he said: "I was married yesterday." This seemed still more incredible than his being flush of money, and very much amused, I asked, "To whom? and where is your wife?"

"Well," said he, without interrupting his occupation, "she ran away this morning." I congratulated him again, and he thanked me, much affected.

Though I could furnish a whole literary gallery, let me wind up with a couple of portraits which may serve as samples for a whole tribe.

One of these was a Dr. (or rather court councillor) S——. Where he came from nobody could tell except perhaps the police, with whom we were however not intimate enough to ask. It was given out that he was from Baden, from which State he had a small pension. Later, however, I ascertained that he had lived near Frankfort, had been there imprisoned for debt, and had been set free by the freemasons. He seemed to make a good use of his freemasonship, for, though nobody ever knew anything he had published, he was always respectably dressed, and frequented the better and therefore more expensive hotels. He was of middle height, but being somewhat stout, he looked smaller than he was, had an olive-complexioned, beardless fat face, small, sharp black eyes, was rather weak on his legs, and gave one the impression of a Spanish Jesuit.

How he managed to get admission into the society of literates I do not know; however, he became a member, and a most troublesome one. He quarrelled with everything and everybody, but by his enormous impudence he really made people believe that he was somebody. Prince Reuss, Henry LXXII., a somewhat eccentric man, was duped by his assurance and his "gift of the gab," and made him a "Hofrath" (court councillor), a title which does not mean much in Germany, even when given by the King of Prussia; however, it served Dr. S——'s purpose, for it made him somewhat respectable in the eyes of the Leipsic Philistines. After that he was always to be seen in the reading-room of our newly-established literary "museum."

This man had resolved to make his way, and he might have succeeded had I not spoilt his game by mere chance.

Some business took me to Gotha, where I had always been very kindly received when passing through, and where I had been invited to dine with the old duke. He had died since then, and the present duke had taken his place. Here I was very agreeably surprised by the presence of Count Arthur Mensdorf who was on a visit to his cousin. On the day after my arrival, I was invited to a ball at the court, at which the grand-duchess of Weimar was expected. That they might be at hand to receive her, the duke and Count Mensdorf were in a room near the entrance, and were talking to

me. In the course of conversation, the duke said—

"*Apropos*, Corvin, you are living in Leipsic; do you know a Dr. S——?"

"Certainly I do, your highness."

"What sort of a fellow is he? He has become my *bête noire;* for months he has been persecuting me with letters, and, at last, in Coburg, *ister mir gar auf die Stube gerückt.** That fellow has the most astonishing 'suade.'"

"What did he want?" I asked.

"Why, he wants the title of privy councillor, and my recommendation to the King of France for the *croix d'honneur.*"

This very much astonished and amused me, and I could not help exclaiming, "The legion of honour! on what pretence?"

"Well," answered the duke, "he will write for it. I have given him some work, but there is nothing of talent about him.† Now he has addressed my wife, who is very good-natured, and has implored her to assist him, and to make a loving couple happy, for he wishes to marry. The man writes the most curious letters; one of them he signed as chevalier of the legion of honour—*in spe!*"

This was really laughable: the idea of S——

* A student's expression, meaning that he had found his way even to his private room.

† It was a draft for the uniting of the two constitutions of Coburg and Gotha, the difference of which was very inconvenient to the duke.

as a lover was too ridiculous. It was told me later that he then really had hopes of getting a red-haired girl, who was no longer young, but rather rich, to marry him, and that he, to flatter her vanity, wanted the title of Legationsrath—the duke made a mistake—and the decoration of the *croix d'honneur*.

I assured the duke that it was very far from my wish to throw any obstacles in the way of a respectable man; but as he asked my honest opinion it was my duty to tell him the truth—that this so-called Dr. S—— was a scamp.

The duke, who is very lively, addressed a young lady, with an extremely lovely and kind face, who had been attracted by our talking and laughing. "Alexandrine! Alexandrine! Do you hear? M. von Corvin says that S—— is a scamp!" This lady was the duchess, to whom the duke now presented me.

Count Mensdorf said in his quiet manner, "I thought from the first that he was a scamp."

This story I told the duke more amused me than he could imagine, and I asked him whether he wished me to keep it to myself.

"Oh, no," he answered: "on the contrary, I would rather like such fellows to learn that they can get nothing out of me."

Next day Count Mensdorf told me that S—— had said to the duke that if he received the solicited favour, he would write against the liberal press, and when the duke told him that he had no

desire whatever to oppose the liberal press, S——, with his usual impudence, said, "Well, then, I will write for the liberal press."

In a letter to my wife this conversation with the Duke was related to her. When she received it, M. Gerstaecker was with her, to whom S—— was an abomination. He went directly to the museum where he, as usual, found S—— at the head of the green table, speaking very loudly, and in an excited manner. Gerstaecker stepped behind him, laid his hand on his shoulder, and said in his sarcastic manner, "Do not get so excited my dear chevalier of the legion of honour—*in spe!*"

The Herr Hofrath could not have been more startled if a shell had burst between his feet. No wonder, for it must have been quite inexplicable to him how Gerstaecker could have known the expression he had used in a confidential letter to the Duchess of Gotha. Gerstaecker read him my letter, and S—— was furious. He wrote letters to the duke and duchess, in which he reviled and denounced me as a revolutionist and democrat; but the letters were returned unopened. Afterwards he found means to send them to the secretary of state of Gotha, Baron von Stein, who was a great friend of mine, and who laughed at them and told me. The end was that he did not become Legationsrath, nor chevalier of the legion of honour, and did not marry his red-haired heiress. He died a few years afterwards when all his transactions became public.

Another man, with whose portrait my little gallery shall close, was a great genius, and I should not wonder if he now held some high place of honour, and was decorated with at least a dozen orders.

A well-known character, Dr. T——, had many acquaintances amongst the young rich students whose confidence he gained, and to whom he made himself indispensable. As these young men did not understand anything about cheques and bills of exchange, the doctor undertook to cash their cheques for them. On receiving the money for a cheque in bank-notes he went to some other banker and exchanged the notes for gold, which he exchanged again at some other place for silver, and so on. The students, who could not understand the use of this, remonstrated; but the doctor explained, and said that by proceeding in this manner, and by showing large sums at different bankers, his credit was increased, which might be useful in case of need; an explanation which the students appreciated.

When the doctor, after a time, imagined that he had got some credit, he went one day to the bankers, Messrs. Hammer and Schmidt, told them in confidence that, by some accident, the arrival of his cheque had been delayed, and requested them to lend him fifty thalers on his signature. The banker said, in a very friendly way, "My dear doctor, such delays may occur to any one, and I will give you the fifty thalers with

pleasure." Dr. Tropus chuckled inwardly, and stalked off with a demure face.

The bill was punctually paid when due. After a few weeks, the doctor directed his steps again to the office of the good-natured bankers. "I am engaged in a promising literary enterprise, for which I want one hundred and fifty thalers, and as we have already had business transactions, would you kindly let me have this sum on my promissory note?"

The banker, who was fond of a joke, listened very attentively, and then said with a serious face, "No, my dear doctor, you have disappointed me once and will not succeed in doing so a second time!"

"Why?" asked the much-astonished doctor; "was not the bill paid on the day when due?"

"Exactly," said the banker, "I did not think it would have been, good-day, sir."

CHAPTER VI.

Held turns up again—A peep into his character and life—He comes to Leipsic—His black whim—Mdme. Held No. II.—Origin of the "Locomotive"—The great sensation it made, and how it was murdered—Our transactions with the police—Our troubles—Some samples of Saxon justice—Held imprisoned for my "having offended a German tribe"—The horrors of a Prussian prison—Held indicted for high treason—Condemned to two years' imprisonment in Magdeburg—How a change was worked in my political views—Working for the coming revolution—The book about the Brunswick revolution published — Transactions with Duke Charles of Brunswick—Baron von Andlau—"Count de Wuits"—To whom Louis Napoleon owes his liberty—Mr. Smith—The movement of the "German Catholics"—Robert Blum—My "Historical Monuments of Fanaticism"—The "Illustrated Universal History," by Held and Corvin.

PASSING the Grimmaische Street on one fine spring day, the attention of every one was attracted by a striking couple walking in the middle of the road in the glaring sunlight. Though it was very warm, the gentleman was wrapped, from his neck to his feet, in an ample black cloak, worn rather theatrically. On his head he had a black cap without a visor. He looked like a conspirator or murderer from some melodrama.

The young lady walking at his side was wonderfully handsome. She wore a black velvet dress

without any shawl, cloak, or collar, and a black crêpe bonnet. The couple were M. Held and his second wife.

Held had given up the stage. He was not appreciated. Once, when imitating Emile Devrient, he was received without applause, he said; but most probably he was cruelly laughed at; and from that time he had good sense enough to give up a profession for which he had really no talent, though he himself thought differently. He had published a very amusing little book, entitled "The Wanderings of a Comedian," in which he described his own blunders with great *naïveté*.

Once in a piece entitled "The Robbers on Maria Culm," he had to represent the robber Kuno. Held had fair, curly hair, which he imagined unsuited to this desperate character; but, as he would not wear a black wig on account of the heat, he preferred to rub his hair with soot or shoe-blacking. This Kuno was a very passionate man, and, on one occasion, the author made him enter "foaming with rage." Held wished to act naturally, and therefore wanted to "foam" also. For this purpose he ordered a soldier to keep ready behind the scenes with a barber's brush and a cup full of stiff lather, to apply it to his mouth when he was to appear "foaming with rage." The soldier did his duty with a very good will, and when Held (Kuno) rushed from behind the scene, he not only touched the robber's mouth,

but lathered nearly his whole face. The public roared with merriment; and when Held with one hand removed the misplaced tokens of rage from his ear and forehead, the black with which he had dyed his hair became dissolved, and Kuno turned at once black with rage.

Held's little book is not now to be had, though as much as fifty thalers were offered for a copy. He also wrote two tragedies, one "Love," and the other "Friendship," which were full of talent, but so very strange, that no manager ventured to represent them. With a little patriotic play he had better success; but best of all (at least in regard to money), with a little book containing the biographies of "Prussia's Heroes," which was circulated throughout the whole army. He made three thousand thalers by it, and bought a house in Erfurt.

Held had never taken much interest in public affairs, and his political views were those of a Prussian lieutenant. When, however, he left his regiment, and, in the course of his roving life, came into many conflicts with the police and other authorities, and had to suffer from injustice and harshness, he became aware that something was "rotten in the state of Denmark." He was, however, fully convinced that "His Majesty, our most gracious King and master" could not have any knowledge of all the tyrannical proceedings with which his officials everywhere plagued the people. He therefore imagined that he should render the

king a great service if he opened his eyes in that respect; and accordingly he did so in numerous letters, which, however, to his great astonishment, were not only ineffectual, but were at last answered by a notice that his Majesty refused to accept any further letters from the p.p. Held.

At that time Held was especially indignant at the doings of the Erfurt censor, a retired major, who did not proceed according to any rule, but dashed his red pencil through every line of Held's manuscript which did not agree with his personal opinions. Held therefore complained to the Ober President of the province, von Flottwell, and denounced the incapacity of the censor, offering himself for that office, "as he was in possession of the knowledge and liberal ideas required for such a position." This offer was no joke, though it seems almost incredible that the political agitator of 1848 should still have had such *naïve* ideas in 1839; but I myself read the answer of M. von Flottwell, who declined the offer most emphatically.

Held became disgusted with Erfurt. He sold his house, shook the dust from his feet, and came to Leipsic with his young wife. She was the orphan daughter of a clever author, who had toiled all his life for M. Fred. Voigt, in Weimar. When he was on his death-bed, Held promised to marry his daughter, with whom he professed to be in love, so soon as he should have effected his divorce from his first wife.

When Held came to Leipsic, he had the *black* whim—for some whim he must always have. He wore black from head to foot, his wife also, and even his servant. It seemed as if the whole family were in mourning for the death of—common sense.

At home Mdme. Held wore over her black velvet dress a tunic of red Swiss calico, reaching to her knees, in which she looked charming, but which she only wore in obedience to her husband. She had been brought up in the country by her father, as her mother had died when she was still an infant, and she was as innocent of the ways and manners of the world as the "Babes in the Wood."

Held now wrote to me, and expressed a desire to resume our connections. Though by no means acquainted with all the incidents of his life during the last few years, I knew enough to feel the necessity of being somewhat cautious; and therefore answered that we must first see how far we should suit each other after so long a separation. He then came to see me; and, at Mdme. Corvin's request, I went for his young wife. As my wife is somewhat of an enthusiast, she fell in love at once with this charming, innocent creature, and all objections were over-ruled by the interest she took in her *protégée*, whom she introduced to our acquaintances. As the upper story in our house had become vacant, Held rented it.

Held still had some money at his disposal, and came to Leipsic to invest it in some literary

undertaking, about the success of which he was rather sanguine. He intended to publish weekly a "General Intelligencer" for Germany, which he soon commenced. As people, however, were rather slow in making use of this new paper for advertisements, for which it was intended, he had to fill up the sheet with short notes on the political events of the week. On reading them I was highly surprised; they were so original, piquant, new, and striking, that I advised Held to fill his whole paper with such notes, after which the advertisements would flock in without any further exertion.

It is not my habit to award praise hastily, Held was much encouraged by my opinion, and followed my advice. The "Intelligencer" was dropped, and the celebrated "Locomotive" published. Though this little weekly paper existed only for half a year (I shall speak afterwards of the manner in which it was murdered) it did more for progress, and for the development of liberal ideas amongst the people, than a dozen great papers. It was the first cheap political paper in Germany, for all the fifty-two numbers, each containing from eight to twelve closely-printed pages, cost only one Prussian thaler (three shillings). The number of subscribers increased every day in a wonderful manner, and the advertisements made the paper pay extremely well. After a few months the edition had risen to fifteen thousand, and every day hundreds of orders arrived. The government

became afraid of its success, notwithstanding that it was submitted to the strictest surveillance from the censor, and it was suppressed by a simple order.

The very circumstance of the annihilation of the paper by such an arbitrary order showed clearly that the government really believed it dangerous to the interests of absolutism. No wonder; for the evils and the absurdities of an absolute government had never yet been attacked and exposed with such relentless irony and wit. The country became electrified. Even little towns and villages, in which formerly not half a dozen persons read the papers, grew excited with expectation on the day when the "Locomotive" arrived. The post-offices were besieged by an eager crowd, and when the paper had been delivered, all proceeded to a public-house, where some one read it aloud, and gave the explanations which were sometimes required, amidst frequent interruptions from the cheers and laughter of the audience.

The "Locomotive" was mostly written by Held himself, for the contributions sent in were of little use, as they were not in character with the paper. The epigrammatical conciseness of Held's short notes was as difficult to imitate as the iron logic of his longer articles.

Politics were a field as new to Held as to an infant. His loyalty melted before the first sharp look with which he ventured to scrutinize its structure. Everywhere he made new disco-

veries; and as, from his inexperience, he always looked at that face of a thing which never had been noticed before, his remarks were new and striking.

The most objectionable feature of the "Locomotive" to the government was its cheapness, and this was the principal reason of all the severe measures against it. The censor, Professor Bulau, had a very difficult position, for the most innocent-looking articles had some hidden sting, by which, perhaps, some of the ruling despots were very painfully wounded.

When in the evening we discussed the political affairs of the day, and distilled from them the essence for the "Locomotive," we also had to consider how we might pass our political epigrams over the censorial bar, and many ruses were resorted to. One of many instances may suffice.

Dr. P—— had been expelled from Weimar. We related the fact, adding that this measure was less owing to the will of the Grand-Duke than to the influence of the Grand-Duchess, who was a Russian princess. After this notice followed a sharp article against Prussia, and next an innocent notice to housekeepers: "If you wish to protect a sheepskin from being spoiled, you must place beside it a piece of 'Juchten' (Russian leather)."

Professor Bulau got a rough impression from the printing-office for inspection, and, as was

expected, made a great dash through the fulminating article against Prussia. By the omission of this article, the notice of the expulsion of Prutz and the advice to housekeepers were brought close together, so that the latter formed, as it were, the moral of the former. This caused much laughter, for the late Grand-Duke of Weimar was a noted blockhead.

The administration in Leipsic was carried on in a very patriarchal manner at that time. In Prussia, when any government officer requires your presence, you receive a written summons stating the cause. In Leipsic, however, a policeman only left a verbal message that this or that official wished to see you. Held's transactions with a certain Kittler, who was entrusted with the affairs of the press, became every day more frequent, and we were so much used to it, that we thought it scarcely worth mentioning when one of us received a summons. The Prussian government became, however, more and more disagreeable in its communications with that of Saxony in reference to the "Locomotive," and the curtain lectures of Kittler grew more and more severe and threatening.

One day I was to dine with Held in the Hotel de Pologne, and wondered at his staying out so long beyond dinner-time. At last, instead of himself, a pencil-note arrived, informing me that he had been arrested, but that Kittler had consented to set him at liberty on bail to the amount of

five hundred thalers. I procured the money after dinner, and he was set at liberty.

I was also drawn into this connection with M. Kittler. In some district of the Erzgebirge, a conservative candidate had been elected in opposition to a very popular liberal one. At that time great disorders had been discovered in the mining department, and it was expected that more would be heard about these in the chambers. The newly-elected deputy was an officer high in that department, and was known as a man who liked a good dinner, and still more a good glass of wine after it. Speaking in the "Locomotive" of his election, I said, "Now at last we may hope to hear the truth with regard to the mining frauds, for if the old adage *in vino veritas* prove true, M. V—— must have found it long ago."

M. V—— became furious and sued me, and I was condemned to be imprisoned for a fortnight, *because I had doubted the capacities and the good-will of a deputy.* The most amusing thing was, however, that a few weeks later the same deputy ran off with six thousand thalers belonging to M. von Wietersheim, then secretary of the interior.

Some of the verdicts of that time appeared, however, still stranger. After some especially lively transactions with M. Kittler had taken place, Held told me that he probably would be sentenced to imprisonment. On his pointing out to me the condemned article, I laughed and said, "Why, I wrote that article myself." I had written it

when, during a journey of Held I edited the paper. At that time our ideas had become so much assimilated, that we frequently could not distinguish what one or the other had written.

In this article I proposed that the obligatory time of service in the Austrian army should be reduced from fourteen to eight years, which was opposed by the chief of artillery, on the ground that a man could not in eight years learn all that he required to make him a good artilleryman. I said, "he must be indeed a 'potenzirter' Austrian who cannot learn in eight years what an artilleryman should know. It is a great cruelty to ruin the life of a man by such a long term of military service, for he who has been submitted for fourteen years to the 'Hasling' (the Austrian corporal's stick) is not good for anything else but just to be an Austrian subject."

The Austrian minister took offence at this article, and prosecuted the paper. Though I made a declaration that Held had not written the article, he as the editor was condemned to two months' imprisonment "*for having offended a German tribe.*" When I was condemned to prison I was permitted to pay a small fine instead of this; but Held, who was a Prussian, had to pass two months in Schkeuditz, a little town not far from Leipsic.

Some one once divided Germans into two classes, those who have already been in prison, and those who have not yet been in prison. To be

imprisoned for offences committed by the press was, however, a far different affair before 1848 than since that great year. As I shall have to introduce the readers to a prison of the latter kind, it may interest them to be made acquainted with one of the former also.

When Held dated his articles from the prison in Schkeuditz it sounded very martyrlike; and his letters had quite an anchorite odour. I entered his prison for the first time with heart and face full of compassion, for he was suffering for a sin which I had committed "against a German tribe." The prison was situated on the ground floor of the town-hall of Schkeuditz, which Henry Laube in his travelling novels calls a "God-forsaken nest." It was rather a large room, not badly furnished, but its windows were partly darkened. A large iron ring was fixed in the floor, to which to fasten the violent prisoners. The whole thing looked very awful. Held was sitting with solemnity at his writing-desk, which was covered with papers, and he appeared to me most venerable. Smoking was permitted, and, much affected, I lighted my cigar at his. At last he rose, and proposed a walk. I nodded my consent, expecting to be led into some walled-in yard, and was much astonished when he walked out with me into the street. He, however, returned immediately, saying, "I will just turn the key, and put it in my pocket, or those fellows may look into my papers."

It was winter-time, and when we (myself and

our wives) visited Held again, the weather was very fine, and the ground covered with snow; we resolved, therefore, on a party in sledges to a place called Lutschena. Held preferred to accompany us on horseback. It was a very merry party, especially for a poor martyr. Another time Held even paid us a visit in Leipsic from his prison.

To interrupt the monotony of our poor prisoner's life, some of my friends proposed to give him a dinner. M. Marr, the actor, and his son, a young revolutionist, Charles Herlosson and myself, accompanied by a large box filled with different excellent wines, proceeded one Sunday by rail to Schkeuditz. A splendid dinner had been ordered at the railroad restaurant, and was ready on our arrival. The turnkey had meanwhile laid the table in Held's prison, where we went on foot. After a while a sledge, with the bells of the horses jingling merrily, dashed up to the little town-hall, and in it was our dinner steaming hot. We had excellent appetites, the wine was good and plentiful, and the company became rather uproarious. Several inflammable speeches were made, and the left ears of all the German princes must have tingled, for they were remembered in no very flattering manner.

The chief of the Schkeuditz justice, who lived in the upper story, listened to the noise with a beating heart, but he dared not interfere, for all the officials were horribly afraid of the "Locomotive."

When Leipsic became too hot for Held, he took lodgings in the village of Stoetteritz, not far from the city, but not under its jurisdiction. The authorities had, however, made up their mind not to suffer him to remain in the neighbourhood of Leipsic, and on a Saturday afternoon I received secret information that he was to be arrested on Monday. As this arrest could not be made without the concurrence of the authorities of Stoetteritz, and they could not receive the order for the arrest before Monday morning, I went to the office before its opening on that day, provided with a written authority from Held, to fetch his passport. Things happened as I expected. The official being rather late, excused himself, and handed me the passport before he opened the letters waiting for him, or the order for Held's arrest. I drove at once to the station with his passport to Schkeuditz, and he walked there for fear of being arrested at the station.

When the "Locomotive" was suppressed, Held published other papers, but all shared the fate of the first. He removed to Halle, and published the "Locomotive" as a monthly paper, to which the Prussian government could not object, owing to the laws they had recently given; but the censor received instructions to keep his eye upon it. The consequence was that Held was in constant warfare with that not very wise functionary. As it was not permissible, by leaving a blank, to indicate to the public that the censor

had been at work, Held found an expedient which puzzled the stupid censor very much. Wherever his scissors had cut out a passage, Held introduced a (Cnsrschr.), which meant "Censurscheere" (scissors of the censor), and only the vowels were left out. When asked by the censor what it meant, Held said it was a war-cry of the Cossacks. As the voracious scissors of the censor sometimes devoured whole pages, and Held was not permitted to leave them blank, he filled the space with well-known innocent children's songs, or similar things, the meaning of which was of course understood by the public.

I mention these trifles because they are characteristic of that time, and also to remind the present generation, who enjoy a more satisfactory state of things in reference to the press, of those persons who worked hard and made great sacrifices to effect it.

Held was in continual negotiations with the "Obercensur collegium" in Berlin, at the head of which was M. Bornemann. This court had to decide whether passages or articles refused by the censors might be published. This measure was meant well, but it was ridiculous, in so far as the prohibited articles had generally lost their interest when they were permitted to be published—after three months, and perhaps, longer.

To give the public an insight into the working of the censors and the above-mentioned court, Held published a book, which he called "Censur-

striche," as it contained all the articles and passages which the censor had suppressed. As the book contained more than 320 pages, it was not submitted to the censor, according to one of the foolish half-concessions of that time.

This book, which revealed the stupidity of the Berlin bureaucrats, and covered them with ridicule, was much resented, and they were resolved to punish its author for it. The volume was, therefore, sent to the Court of Magdeburg, with the order to make out from it a case to indict him. The court returned the volume to Berlin, with the statement that they were not able to find anything criminal in it.

The secretary was, however, not yet satisfied. The book was again returned to Magdeburg, provided with pencil-marks, pointing out those passages which clever lawyers might find criminal, and prove to be so.

In consequence of this, Held was indicted for high treason (*Majestäts Beleidigung*), committed in an article about Lola Montez.

When Held appeared before the court in Magdeburg, and heard that he was indicted for high treason for this article, which was read aloud, he stepped up to the table, took from it a copy of the Prussian Landrecht, and turned to the required paragraph, which ordered that such a criminal should be dragged to the place of execution on a cow's-hide, etc., and read it aloud with a serious mien. The whole court laughed, for the injustice

and stupidity of the whole proceeding was too obvious; but none of the judges had the courage to resist the will of the authority from which all expected promotion, and Held was condemned to two years' imprisonment in a fortress, and to the loss of the national cockade.

Held laid an appeal against this judgment, and a very smart lawyer, M. Stieber, took up his defence, in which the king was far more insulted than by the article itself. This defence was at least in so far a success, that the punishment was commuted to one year's imprisonment, without loss of the national cockade. This latter point was important, as a loss of the cockade meant also a loss of all civic honours, etc.

Held proceeded to the citadel of Magdeburg, where he found already a large assemblage of troublesome authors. As he was here under the military commandant of Magdeburg, his imprisonment was not quite so easy as it had been in Schkeuditz; but it was tolerable enough, and he had cause to be thankful that the time of his martyrdom fell two years previously to 1848, and not after that year.

The six years I had passed in Leipsic were of the utmost importance to me, and to my intellectual development. By birth, education, and social connections an aristocrat, I had the inclinations and habits of that class. Before acquiring sufficient knowledge of the world, I partook of all the traditional sympathies and anti-

pathies both of officers and noblemen; but as I had been already, in early youth, in connection with people in other classes of society, the impressions made by them on my mind were never effaced. The seed sown in the heart of the child developed itself in other views and opinions in proportion as the intellect became developed. By becoming more intimately acquainted with the works of great and unprejudiced authors, by the study of history, by my own reflections, united to some talent for observation, these prejudices of class fell little by little to zero; and thus common sense, unimpeded by artificial influences, was permitted to act upon the thermometer of my feelings. Since then it has been my guide through life.

During the first years of my life as an officer, I did not care at all about politics. In our patent it was said, "That we should remain faithful, attached, and obedient to the king and his royal house, and serve them day and night, on water and on land;" and I thought this perfectly right, and was not struck in the least by the utter omission both of the state and people.

Little by little however my views expanded beyond this lieutenant's horizon, and I began to reflect whether my position as an officer was compatible with my newly-acquired ideas. I had begun to feel that not only the prince, but also the people, have rights; and the principle "that the people were not made for the prince, but the prince for

the people," at that time looked upon as high treason, became the foundation of all my thoughts and actions.

Examining the causes and means by which the balance between people and prince had been disturbed in favour of the latter, history taught me that this had been brought about chiefly by the creation of standing armies, and that they were still used as the means to prop up this unnatural state of things. This reflection disgusted me with my position as an officer.

However, a longer time might have passed before these convictions would have become strong and powerful enough to cause me to resign my commission, had not other circumstances, which I have related before, accelerated my decision.

So long as I was an officer, my views could not develop themselves sufficiently; but this was done rapidly when I left that narrow circle, and entered the world; especially when my residence in Leipsic not only brought me into contact with distinguished men, who did not belong either to the army or the aristocracy, but also when my occupations and studies urged me to make myself acquainted with the exciting questions of the day, and to apply the measure of my common sense to traditional and acknowledged principles.

No course of study in the world was better adapted to further this development of my views, or could have proved more effective in this respect, than that pursued by me for my "History of

the Dutch Revolution." By it all my vague feelings and ideas were formed into definite views and principles. With these came also a knowledge of the deficiency and injustice of the existing state of things, and also a more and more ardent desire to contribute as much as possible to bring about a change for the better.

History again taught me that such changes and transformations have never been effected alone in the so-called "lawful way," because these laws had been made under the influence of despotic power, and only with the view of prolonging and strengthening its existence. The hope of bringing about such a transformation in Germany in the "lawful way" seemed to me absurd, and contradictory to all historical experience; and the more so, as every one who was not struck by intellectual blindness must be aware that everything in Germany was drifting towards a revolution.

As such a revolution was perfectly in accordance with all my convictions and wishes, and as it was clear to me that isolated, undecided, and impotent popular insurrections only carry a people farther from the much-desired aim whilst it may without any doubt be attained by united, energetic action, I made it the task of my life to prepare the people in such a manner as to give them inclination and ability to act with the required concord and energy when the expected revolution should burst over the heads of our despots. The only way to do

this was by means of the press; and, as the government knew this just as well as myself, the press was gagged in every possible way.

With joyous courage I entered the ranks of combatants for the rights of the people; and, as the time had not yet come for drawing the sword, I resolved to fight meanwhile with my pen as well as was in my power.

I wrote with great industry at my "Dutch Revolution," and the better its history became known to me the more ardent became my desire to be placed in a position, not only to write for liberty, but also to stake my life and my blood for it.

I frequently rose from my work and walked up and down in my room for hours, spinning the web of ideas which originated in some incident in the "History of the Dutch Revolution." I was soon in the midst of day-dreams which carried me to battle-fields, where I was foremost in the ranks of the German Geses against imaginary Philips.

Soon after settling in Leipsic, of which place I had become a citizen, General von Schultze requested me to endeavour to publish his book on the revolution in Brunswick, for which purpose he was willing to pay a certain sum. This was arranged with John Frederick Hartnnoch, the censor passed the book, and it was printed, but confiscated in the printing-office. Government had of course to pay the expenses, and also the honorarium which the

publisher had paid me. I now offered the book to Mr. Frommann in Jena, which belonged to the Grand-Duchy of Weimar. It was accepted and printed in such a manner as to fill more than 360 pages; and therefore published without being inspected by the censor.

The general once wanted me to come to him, as he had important things to arrange with me, which he could not confide by letter, and he afterwards made me acquainted with this grand affair, a foolish plan, in which he had assigned to me the most important part. Nothing less than the reconquest of the duchy of Brunswick was intended. A number of troops were to be landed, I believe, at Bremerhafen, to be assembled in a detached part of Brunswick situated in that neighbourhood (Calvoerde), and conducted from thence through Hanover under the disguise of Prussian recruits for the guards. As I had once had a similar command, and was acquainted with the locality, the general was of opinion that I might succeed in keeping up the deception long enough for the purpose. This *might* have been possible, though it would have been a very bold and dangerous undertaking. The duke professed to have similar ideas, the execution of which, he said, was, however, rendered impossible by the French Government. He managed the affair extremely ill, and did not advance further with it than the purchase of five thousand uniforms, which were eaten by the moths.

General von Schultze had by his letters drawn the attention of the duke to the publication of the this book, and led him to believe that it was written in his defence, and the astonishment of the duke was very great, as may be supposed, on finding that it was written as much against him as against the actual duke, his younger brother.

Duke Charles caused his chamberlain, Baron von Andlau, to write me a long letter, to which was added a list of mistakes, and so called "true statements" of different cases, and also a copy of a book which the duke had published in French under the title of "Charles d'Este." At the same time I was asked whether it would be possible to publish a translation of the work in Germany, and what would be the expense.

An estimate from one of our first printing-offices was consequently sent. This the duke found too high, as he told me in an autograph letter, in which he also informed me that Baron von Andlau was no longer in his service. He was the only man who ever meant well with him, and who served him with a fidelity and zeal, which indeed not only deserved a better master, but also a better reward.

Baron Andlau had lost his fortune by remaining faithful to the duke, and had followed him to Paris and London, serving him all that time with the greatest devotion and patience. He had married meanwhile, had a family of six children, and found it impossible to live in London on the pittance

which the duke paid him annually. He, therefore, requested him to increase his pay to £400 a year, or to give him a pension of two hundred, with which he would retire to some quiet place in Germany. In reply to this, he was dismissed on the following day, with a verbal promise that he should receive a pension of eight pounds monthly!

From that time commenced my correspondence with Baron Andlau, whom I learned to love and respect as one of the kindest, most honest, and amiable of men. We became friends, and he will be mentioned now and then again in the course of this work. He lived for a year in London without finding any suitable employment, for his long connection with the duke was everywhere in his way. At last it gave me great pleasure to hear that, by the advice of his equally excellent lady, he had resolved to establish a Protestant educational establishment, which is called "Gothic House," and is situated in Clapham, where it has prospered beyond all expectation, and is, I hope, still prospering.

This was, probably, in the commencement of 1843. The baron would have wished me to replace him in the duke's household, but my ideas had changed considerably, and I did not feel inclined to give up my liberty, and the results of my industry, for the service of a prince who had proved so ungrateful.

Under the date of May 23, 1843, a letter was received by me from London, written in a boy's

hand, and teeming with sins against grammar and orthography. It was signed Count de Wuits.

This Count de Wuits informed me, that he would send me the documents belonging to Charles d'Este, in reference to which I had come to an arrangement with the duke. He was to pay eight hundred thalers, for which the work was to be published in a German translation. The work was published by M. Hotops, in Cassel, who paid six hundred thalers for it. The duke desired to have "some name" on the title-page, and, best of all, mine; but I declined, though I translated the work, as anybody else would have done, for the fourteen hundred thalers, that is, eight hundred from the duke and six hundred for the notes. As, however, I would not propagate falsehoods, all statements were omitted which were known by me to be such, and other stories rectified according to secret informations I received from an authentic source. The duke did not say one word about these alterations; but great trouble was given me before I got the eight hundred thalers from him.

About that time Louis Napoleon was a prisoner in Ham. He was well acquainted with the duke, who knew the fixed idea of the prince that he would one day become Emperor of France. When all others laughed at this, the duke had confidence. He said to some one about him, "Prince Louis Napoleon is a clever fellow; he has the fixed idea that he will become Emperor of France, and you will see that he will succeed; we must

assist him;" and the duke resolved to lend him a considerable sum, I believe ten thousand pounds, to further his purposes.

The next thing to be done was to find a suitable person to enter into communication with the imprisoned prince. For this purpose, a Mr. Smith, then a secretary to Mr. Duncombe, M.P., was recommended to the duke. Provided with the necessary funds and instructions, that gentleman went to Ham. He there acted to perfection the part of an inquisitive Englishman; and as he also played his five franc pieces very well, he was permitted to see everything. He happened to visit Ham just at the hour at which the prince was in the habit of taking his promenade. Mr. Smith asked, of course, who that gentleman was, whom all greeted so respectfully as he passed. His curiosity was natural, and so was his desire to speak to the prince; and a few broad pieces procured him the wished-for permission. He approached the prince, and found means to give him an explanatory note from the duke. What followed is known.

Duke Charles of Brunswick and Prince Louis Napoleon now made a formal treaty, offensive and defensive. A document was drawn up, and signed by both parties, and the duke preserved it with great care.

It was at that time also that the Bishop Arnoldi of Treves exposed a supposed tunic of Christ, and nearly a million of Catholics made

pilgrimage there to worship the relic, and to obtain indulgences. Though the bishop did nothing extraordinary, and pilgrimages to relics had always taken place in Germany, the tide of time was against such demonstrations, and the pilgrimage to the "holy tunic of Trevis" caused great excitement and indignation, especially in the northern part of Germany. Johannes Ronge, a Catholic priest, published a letter to Bishop Arnoldi in a Saxon paper, called "Vaterlandsblatter," of which Robert Blum was the soul.

Robert Blum, very well known to me, having not only seen him at the entrance to the theatre, of which he was cashier, or secretary, but becoming better acquainted with him in the "Literaten Verein," though we never became intimate.

He was at that time a quiet, respectable man, who led a retired life, and occupied himself much with the internal affairs of Saxony and Leipsic, which were the principal field of the "Vaterlandsblatter." He was much interested in the Literaten Verein, and always took part in the debates. He spoke well, and what he said was to the purpose; but his delivery was very monotonous. I describe Robert Blum as he appeared at that time, and before he had acquired a greater reputation.

The letter of John Ronge acted as the match to fire the mine. Many persons hoped that the time for a radical reform of the Catholic Church had arrived, and that we should get rid of the incubus that had choked the world for nearly two thousand years.

The endeavours of the "German Catholics" (so called in opposition to the Roman Catholics) seemed to me of great importance and merit, and I was desirous to do something to assist them. I therefore resolved to write a work, in which all the abuses and cruelty of the Roman Church should be exposed. It was to contain an introductory volume, treating of the origin of the priest, saints, relics, popes, convents, and similar more general matters. Then were to follow the history of the flagellants, of the Waldenses, and other so-called heretics; the history of the Spanish Inquisition, of the prosecution of the Jews, etc.

The introduction covered such an immense field, that I had to make most extensive studies for it, which occupied several months, though all other work was thrown aside by me, and my studies were continued day and night. The short notes for that one volume would have filled about two hundred and fifty printed pages. I had to bestow so much care on this book because I wished to use only such dates as were incontestable, and only historical facts, or facts acknowledged as such in works written by some saint or great bishop, and approved by the Roman Church. On the other hand, the book was intended to be read by the people, and must therefore be written in a peculiar manner, and spiced with humour and irony.

To my satisfaction, my book was extremely

well received, and much applauded by the critics, who called me the executioner of history, doing justice at last to all the sainted hypocrites who had cheated the world for selfish purposes. As the first volume did not exceed three hundred and sixty pages, it had to be submitted to the censor, who at that time was a professor of the university, M. Hardenstern. As he frequently struck out with his red pencil whole passages which had been taken verbatim from the works of some Church father or saint, I remonstrated; and, in order to enable him to test the truth of the statements himself, always wrote with pencil on the margin of my manuscript, the titles of the books, though I left them out in print, as these notes would have occupied too much space. Thus my book was published under the approbation, as it were, of the Saxon government, at the head of which stood a Roman Catholic king. The work was not prohibited anywhere in Germany, except in Austria, where about three hundred copies were seized and destroyed.

Though the "Catholic Church Gazette" condemned the work highly, it did not venture to touch on any of the facts related in it, but abused me personally.

The events which will be told in the following chapters prevented me from carrying out my plan in reference to this work; but it was of no consequence, as my introductory volume was a complete work in itself.

After about twenty-five years, on my return from America to Germany, I found that my book had not yet been forgotten; and I was requested on all sides to publish it in a new, revised edition. This I did with pleasure. I wrote a new introduction to the volume, which I revised. Although the second edition was published only a few months, a third and fourth have been called for, and will assist in counteracting the effect of the Council now assembled at Rome; and this, though the priests even uttered warnings against it from the pulpit, and pointed out the booksellers who sold it as wicked men. In a borough in Switzerland, where I stayed for a time after the publication of the book, one of the copies which were sold there was lent from house to house, and read by at least a hundred persons. Such is the manner in which the press works.

It seemed to me to be advantageous to progress and political knowledge, not only to direct the current of public opinion by means of the newspapers, which merely comment on the events of the day, but also to rectify those erroneous views about the occurrences of the past which are acquired in early childhood. As the schools were everywhere under the especial superintendence and care of the governments and clergy, whose interests went for a long time alongside each other, it was natural that they should admit only such books as served their purpose. It was not at all in the interest of these ruling powers that the people

should become acquainted with the whole of history, as on each page are to be found misdeeds of princes and priests. History was therefore treated in all German schools as a very inferior branch of education; and teachers had the strictest instructions to teach history only in that manner which was approved by the government. How jealous even liberal governments can be, is illustrated by the fact, that the "Universal History" of Rotteck was prohibited in Prussia!

I therefore resolved to carry out a plan conceived by me long ago, to publish an "Illustrated Universal History for the People." I made Held a proposition to unite with me for that purpose, and he consented.

Held's name had become extremely popular at that time, owing to his "Locomotive," and to the prosecutions he had suffered for it from the despotic governments. A work with his name on the title-page would at once excite interest and attention.

Held's views were in harmony with mine on all the principal points which are to be considered in such a work. Besides, Held not only wrote concisely and clearly, but also possessed in a high degree the talent of arranging immense materials in the most comprehensible manner.

I resolved to work with Held in the following way:—After having finished my studies for it, I

wrote without caring much for arrangement or style; it was my principal business to represent the facts as they appeared to me, and to point out their influence and consequences. This slightly arranged material was now given into the hands of Held, who composed from it the work as it was to appear before the public. He could more easily survey the whole ground than I, whose view was impeded by an immense crowd of details. He had nothing before him but my manuscript, and nothing to think of but how to put it into shape.

In order to give the work the interest which is afforded by details, without interrupting the narrative, we resolved on a peculiar arrangement. Whilst the upper part of the pages contained in larger print the connected narrative, the anecdotes, incidents, details, and reflections were printed in two columns, and in smaller type on the lower part of the page.

As the work was very extensive, and required large capital, we knew that it would be very difficult to find a publisher for it, and therefore resolved to publish it at our own expense, having confidence in the success of the book, and expecting that the first two or three numbers would procure us a sufficient number of subscribers. Our friend John Frederick Hartnnoch assisted us by becoming bail for the expenses of the first part, and he printed his name as publisher on the title-page.

All our expectations were perfectly fulfilled.

Though our work, "The Illustrated Universal History of Held and Corvin," had the great disadvantage of being published at one and the same time with the excellent Universal History of the celebrated historian, Schlosser, with whom we made no pretension of competing in learning, both books went extremely well alongside each other; for ours was not only easy of comprehension, and attractive to the more educated classes, but also to every one who was able to read. Its practical value as a book for the people was even appreciated in foreign countries. It was translated into the Swedish by Baron Hjerta, and published by him.

CHAPTER VII.

My life in Leipsic—The last of the Schultzes—A marriage in high life—The hydropathic establishment—Reminiscences from Saarlouis—A riot in Leipsic—Visit of a Pole from Cracow—A trip to the Erzgeberge—I buy an invention, and pay dear for it—Glyphographical institution—A dream—Visit in Gotha—The young Duke—Removal to Gotha—Petty annoyances there—Secretary of State von Stein—His proposition—The pleasant side—Ludwig Storch—Why he did not succeed in Gotha—Journey to Paris—Great success, and I am full of hopes—Letter of Ludwig Storch—The great crash.

I HAD no cause whatever to regret having left the army. To defend the country against foreign aggressors is an honourable task, but to assist despots in tyrannizing over the people was not to my taste. I preferred to defend the rights of the nation with the arms of the intellect, and that it paid better was no drawback. My income had increased to about ten times the pay of a lieutenant. I had an elegantly-furnished lodging, and lived very comfortably, though regretting the uncertainty of my income, which prevented me from making proper arrangements in reference to my finances. I kept two servants, and liked to see my friends at my dinner-table, which was always prepared for a couple of guests.

Being an early riser, my wife calls me a "night watchman." I require only four hours' sleep, and like best to work in the morning. In summer and winter I rose at two or three o'clock, a.m., went to my room, and lighted the fire which was prepared by my servant in the evening, as was also my French coffee machine. While still occupied with my toilet, the steam-whistle of my coffee-machine told me that coffee was ready. After having taken it, I lighted my cigar, and looked for a quarter of an hour out of my window into the still morning air, then with a serene spirit and clear head I sat down to my desk. At eight o'clock we breakfasted, and then worked again until one o'clock. At one I had done with work, and the remainder of the day was allotted to recreation.

As we had no children, and liked a change, we dined, in spring especially, very frequently at the ordinary in the Hotel de Bavière and Pologne, where we were sure to meet agreeable company. A number of literati, some lawyers whose wives were at their country-houses, and now and then some actors, formed a kind of club which afforded us much amusement. Certain laws were made, and he who infringed them was judged by a jury, and condemned to pay one or more bottles of champagne, which the head-waiter noted in his book, and which were at the disposal of the members or their invited guests. Any one who read

a paper, or anything printed at the dinner-table, or who said anything which could offend a member, was liable to a fine. I was fined for reading a visiting card brought in by the porter, which was, however, given to him by my neighbour at the table, and at another time the jury condemned me to pay two bottles of wine for saying to an eminent lawyer, "Well, these are lawyer's tricks," on which occasion he made an excessively humourous speech. We had so much champagne at our disposal that I became quite disgusted with it, as drinking it at dinner spoilt my afternoon.

Dr. Schmidt, the new manager of the theatre, had sent me a *passe-partout* ticket, and as the theatre was very good, I visited it frequently.

The theatre reminds me of a man whom I met frequently there, Mr. Adolph Boetticher, a very able man, to whom Germany owes a most excellent translation of Lord Byron, and other works.

Another able writer, who wrote a History of the Thirty Years' War, and of the French Revolution, Mr. Sporschill, also lived at Leipsic. If his publisher succeeded in coaxing him to work, he would sit down in the evening with a ream of writing paper cut into half sheets. He wrote a very large hand, and only about fifteen lines on a half sheet. When he had finished one he threw it on the floor, and in the morning a whole mountain of paper had accumulated around him. Then the printer's devil came, picked up the sheets,

and ran with them to the printing-office. His publisher never paid him before a book was finished, for, as soon as he got the money, he proceeded to a hotel and remained there, drinking all the time, until his last louis d'or was gone.

My life at home was now very pleasant. In the evenings we either had company, or visited our neighbours in their gardens, or played a rubber or a party of l'hombre. At the dinner-parties in my house more wit and humour were united than are often to be found in a whole country, and even now, after more than twenty-five years, I think of them with pleasure.

These years in Leipsic were very happy years, though attended with a great deal of trouble; but I was then young, and looked upon a little trouble as a relish, or "appetiser," as the Americans say.

Hunting was of course not given up, and Leipsic afforded plenty of opportunity, for in that rich plain there is abundance of game, and especially of hares and partridges. Once at a "battue," in a district where we did not expect so much, we shot about three thousand hares in two days. Most of us used needle guns, and even with them it was hard work.

One of my hunting friends, with whom I made many excursions, was the chief justice of the district of Leipsic. Sending in my card to his office to ask about a party which we had bespoken on one occasion, he came out quite flushed, and begged us to excuse him, as he had "his murderer with

him." This was a fellow of the name of Sausse, who had murdered an old woman, and was to be executed in Gohlis, near Leipsic.

I had never seen an execution, and imagined that I should faint at such a sight. As, however, I wished to see everything, and especially to understand my own nature, I resolved to attend the beheading of this miserable murderer, for which purpose a place was procured for me, through my friend the justice, next to the scaffold.

Though my pen produced a good income, I was by no means averse to earn money in some other respectable and less arduous manner; and I have already spoken of having established a swimming-school, which I did not consider derogatory, as I had seen it done by Lieut.-General von Pfuel in Magdeburg, and Baron von Turk in Potsdam.

It has also been mentioned that in that swimming-school I contracted a severe illness, which troubled me much for several years. Kissingen, where I was sent by a homœopathic doctor, was of no use whatever, though the journey was a recreation. The summer was extremely hot, not only in Kissingen, but also in Leipsic, where it seemed to affect Held's brain. As his dress was too hot for him, he took the whim of wearing in the house a long white garment, reaching from his neck to his feet, and fastened by a loose belt.

He had another whim, of which however Henry Laube was the father. He was then editor

of the "Gazette for the Elegant World," and had resolved to work a revolution in the dress of men, and to wage war against the cylinder hat and the swallow-tail coat. Few persons had the courage to enter practically into his ideas; but amongst these few were a rich old Jew, who was known to the world by Laube's travelling novels under the name of the "Starost," and Held, who of course, as usual, overdid the thing, and made it ridiculous.

Held had agreed with Master Hoyer, of Leipsic, that he should keep him in clothes, in return for which he would, in each number of the "Locomotive," insert a different advertisement written by himself. Accordingly, each number contained one of those droll advertisements, which made all Germany laugh, rendered Master Hoyer a celebrated man, and nearly drove him crazy too; for all strangers coming to Leipsic wanted to see the witty tailor, who at last believed that he had really written these advertisements himself, and thought himself a great genius.

When winter came, I suffered very much, and my wife looked around everywhere to find help for me. She induced me to consult a kind of witch, who was reputed to be very skilful, though there was a great deal of humbug about her. She was, however, sensible enough to advise me to consult a good physician, as I was in great danger; but prescribed some kind of tea and a steam-bath from a decoction of certain herbs. These succeeded so well, that I did not feel any

pain, and resolved to visit General von Schultze, at Hofahrtsheim.

I had visited him (on my return from Kissingen), in Coburg, where he had a house; and had even given a ball, which was graced by the old duke and his whole court. He received me in a very friendly manner, as well as by the "born countess" and her daughter, who had become a very handsome, sensible young lady. The desire of her parents was on the point of being fulfilled, for she was engaged to marry a young count, with a very old name, but very little money, and whose acquaintance I made at that time. He was an agreeable young man, but very delicate in health, and aristocratic in his views. Once, after dinner, we were speaking about the politics of the day, and also about the fortifications around Paris, which appeared to the count, and another nobleman who was present, a very effective means for preventing a revolution. I, however, proposed to bet one hundred louis-d'ors that these fortifications would be in the hands of the people before six years had passed, and the count accepted. This was in January, 1844. When the fort of Vincennes was delivered to the people in 1848, I wrote to the count and claimed my bet, but received neither an answer nor my louis-d'ors.

The wedding took place in the summer. No invitation was sent to me, for my political views had already become too notorious, and I could

not be invited to meet a whole set of aristocrats. I have, however, still a letter of the general, dated July 12th, 1844, in which he describes this wedding. The old general had become somewhat eccentric of late, and more conceited than ever. He wrote from an estate belonging to a member of his son's family :—

"My Dear Corvinus,—The 5th I followed my family here. Business has even increased since the marriage, and your dear letter of 4th received last night. Will tax my memory to give short description. Some guests, as ——, arrived 17th and 18th; on 19th sixty were assembled. Young ladies in costume, with presents and speeches; representation of an auberge, in which Count O. represented the landlady; a knight in armour, nephew N——, came in the part of a representative of my family (of course the Schultzes), and told the future of the bridegroom. After tea, ball downstairs in the hall, and hot supper of eight courses in two adjoining rooms; went to bed at eleven. On the 20th arrived still more neighbours. At two o'clock p.m., in sixteen carriages, to church. Road was covered with triumphal arches and crowns, etc. In the first carriage of the four last were the four bridesmen; in the second the bridesmaids, with ribbons of my colours, red, white, and black; in the third was myself, with Count ——, and his brother, the —— as head of the —— family; in the fourth and last sat the bride, her

mother, and the sisters of my son. At the churchyard wall we were received by my two clergymen, Revs. Y—— and X——, and thus led in procession to the altar. The bridesmaids surrounded her. The very large audience, mostly coming from afar, behaved very well. A brass band, previously tuned with organ, accompanied the hymns. The bride, really handsomely adorned, went through it very well, though she had been suffering before. The ceremony performed by Y——, also X—— said something, and both gave the blessing. In returning, the married couple took the lead.

"For the dinner—thirty-two covers in the hall, and in the side-rooms the other thirty-four. I had printed coloured cards, and also the toasts. My subjects (*sic*) were entertained in the public-house, and sent a deputation of men, wives, and maids, who danced their dances after dinner. The ball commenced, and supper at eleven downstairs. I had prepared a pipe of cardinal, and one of punch, and the best wines from Hamburg and Frankfort. From Hamburg, two fresh salmon, each thirty pounds, and one just as large, smoked; a cask of fresh herrings; caviare; green beans; cauliflowers, very large heads, etc. Cook M—— gave from twelve to fifteen dishes: tea-cake, a great many tarts and pies, ice-cream, confectionary—all in abundance. For attendance, we had two chasseurs in livery, two footmen in livery, two from the court ——, one of General

X——, and some helps. The musicians received their fare and twelve thalers a day; the cook and Mrs. ——, a fredericks-d'or a day for eight or fourteen days previously. I had three cabinet-makers, three masons, carpenters, painters, and my own workmen. God gave me strength to attend to all of this, contrary to all expectation. The presents were magnificent and valuable—from me a necklace of brilliants. Paid to Hamburg four hundred and forty-one marks banco for vegetables. My gardens, forests, fields, and castle were visited every day, and admired. I do not know even a princely garden to be compared to mine (! !). I am honoured and cordially treated here in a rare degree. The table still from sixteen to twenty covers. The first place and first dish always given to me. This long letter may serve you as a token of my friendship; it has given me trouble, and exhausted me. However, I shall recover soon. May your new doctor be successful! Carlsbad is a dangerous bath. I do not frequent baths any more, for after all none have done me good. Your remembrance has well pleased my children and my wife. Remember us to your lady. Yours, etc."

This was the last letter I received from the old general, for he died soon afterwards, in a hotel in Potsdam. His wife sent me a notice of his death. This man wished to make use of me for his petty plans, and left me in the lurch when I

most required his assistance. When he saw that I could do without him, he treated me with great respect, and thanks are due to him for having compelled me, by his selfishness, to exert my own powers: other thanks I do not owe him.

In the summer I was visited by my mother and my stepfather, who had not yet seen my wife. When we were all prepared to go to dinner at the Hotel de Pologne, I saw with dismay that my stepfather had put on a black dress coat, from the button-hole of which was dangling the order of the red eagle. This Prussian order had been so much ridiculed by us, that I was ashamed to walk down the street with my governor thus adorned, and to go right into that wasps' nest, the Hotel de Pologne. I therefore endeavoured to persuade him to put on another coat, but in vain. I was indeed glad when the author of the "Preussenlied" returned to Dortmund without my mother, who accompanied us to the hydropathic establishment which a certain Dr. Salomon had in Stoetteritz, near Leipsic, and where M. Held's pretty wife was also staying. In consequence of nervous excitement she had become suddenly lame.

After three days my pain increased to such a degree, that my mother and wife sat crying at my bedside, for they thought I should die. The doctor was sent for, and the first thing he did was to bundle me up in a blanket, and to have me carried to the bath-room, where I was shot

out into a bath of cold water, without any ceremony, like a pup. It is wonderful that my nerves stood the shock. I did not recover my senses for two hours, but the pain was alleviated.

I now became a fanatical hydropath, and compelled my mother and my wife to undergo this cure also, though the latter was as healthy as could be, and had an aversion to the rough treatment.

At last I had pity on my poor wife, and sent her off to Frankfort, whilst I continued the water cure throughout the winter in my own lodging. The doctor who maltreated us in this manner became a victim to his own system. He did not drink much water himself, but, when he had taken a little too much wine, he was in the habit of going under the "douche." This he did once when he had taken too much champagne, and the consequence was that he dropped down dead.

I heard frequently from my old comrades in the regiment, and some who passed Leipsic visited me. Amongst them was my old friend Theodore von Schlichten, who remained a few days with me.

Once, when standing at my door, ready for a walk and putting on my gloves, I suddenly thought of Saarlouis, and what could have become of that queer fellow Haenel, when he as suddenly stood before me. I was much surprised, and invited him to enter; but he requested me to wait for Captain Asmuth, who was following him.

I went to meet him, and as his behaviour appeared rather strange, I asked the captain what was the matter, to which he only answered by pointing with his finger to his forehead. Before I could fully understand the state of the case, Haenel informed me in a very serious manner, that he must fight a pistol-duel with the captain, and requested me to act as his second. He, however, became calmer, on my assuring him that I would turn them both out of my house if another word of such nonsense was mentioned.

After a while, I heard from the captain the tragi-comic story. Poor Haenel, the man who would make believe that he knew and understood everything, became at last an unmistakeable lunatic, and it was thought best to send him to his parents in Silesia, where he could be better taken care of. As it was, however, unsafe to suffer him to travel alone, my friend, Captain von Asmuth, who was obliged to go to Marienbad for his own health, was charged to accompany him, as it were as his keeper. In order that Haenel might not be aware of this surveillance, which he would have opposed with all his might, the physician of the regiment said to him: "Dear Haenel, I am indeed glad that such a sensible man as you are are to travel with Captain Asmuth. Look a little to it, that he does not take any wine or coffee, which are poison to him."

Haenel promised to do his best, and kept his word most conscientiously. Whenever at a *table*

d'hôte, a schoppen, or a cup of coffee, was placed before Asmuth, his keeper snatched it away, referring to the order of the doctor. They had to travel in the diligence, and their journey lasted many days, as they were both ill, and could not travel at night. Poor Asmuth, who was very ill and very irritable, cursed his fate, for Haenel played him all kinds of tricks, and was, as Asmuth said, so malicious, that he would not sleep in the same room with him, for fear of being murdered by him.

Haenel quarrelled with everybody in the diligence, as he declared that he understood everything better than they did, and the two sick men (who were their mutual keepers) had to travel by extra post. Haenel did the most foolish things everywhere. Once, at the *table d'hôte* in Frankfort, he boasted of all he could do; and when the much-amused guests encouraged him, he called out, "Yes, I can also dance a cossack!" and commenced dancing a cossack in the dining-room.

When walking with him in Leipsic, he stopped me in the middle of a narrow plank laid over a canal, to read to me one of his newest poems. It was very fine—but it was by Goethe. He died not long after in the house of his parents, and poor Captain Asmuth died also.

Following the advice of Profesor Cerutti, my physician, I went in the summer of 1845, to Wiesbaden, accompanied by Mad. Corvin, and her

youngest and very handsome sister. These baths perfectly restored my health.

Here, in Wiesbaden, I received a letter from Held, which gave an account of a memorable affair which took place in Leipsic during my absence. As the letter is long, I will only give a summary of its contents.

Prince John of Saxony, the present king, was not popular, as he was said to patronize the Jesuits. He was commandant of the militia of Leipsic, called the communal guard, and arrived on the 12th of August to hold an inspection. When the prince appeared before the front of the citizen soldiers, they made him feel in a striking manner that they were utterly displeased with him. The whole city was in a feverish excitement, and the students resolved to give the prince a convincing proof of his unpopularity at the great tattoo before his lodging. Though the conspiracy was to be kept secret, all the city knew of the intended demonstration.

The prince had taken lodgings in the Hotel de Prusse, situated on the Rossmarket, which extends beyond the public promenade. An immense crowd assembled here in the evening, and when the band played, and the official cheers were given, a shrill whistling from the midst of the people nearly drowned the music, and made it cease. A student was then seized with a sudden impulse to intonate with a powerful voice the old Lutheran hymn, "Eine feste Burg is tunser

Gott," which was at once taken up by the people, and sung solemnly by many thousand voices. To show the more plainly that it was meant as a protest against the behaviour of the Catholic prince, at the end of the song vivats were resounded for Luther, John Ronge, and the German Catholics, and "pereats" for the Jesuits. A boy, who wanted to increase the noise, threw a stone into one of the lanterns.

The report spread in the crowd that the prince had ordered out the regular troops (rifles) with sharp loaded arms, and the excitement caused by this news was immense. Stones were hurled against the windows of the hotel, and in a quarter of an hour all were demolished of course, amid cries and shrill whistling.

At length the troops arrived, and advanced from the hotel against the dense crowd, thus clearing the Rossmarket, and driving the people back to the promenade, where they remained without making further demonstrations; but waiting with curiosity for what would happen next. Between them and the troops, who were drawn up in a line before the hotel, extended the Rossmarket, which was about a hundred and fifty paces across.

Suddenly, and without giving any warning, or summoning the people to disperse, the bugle sounded, and the troops fired upon the dense crowd. A great number of quite unoffending people were killed or wounded, even in the streets behind the promenade.

The confusion and rage of the people were now great. They assembled in the market-place before the town-hall, the dead were brought there, and some of the leaders made inflammatory speeches. Robert Blum spoke from the balcony of the town-hall, and advised the people to go home, which they readily did, as although they were very willing to make a demonstration, they did not wish to risk their lives against the soldiers. Some persons, however, felt the insult done to the citizens of Leipsic, and it was resolved to demand that the communal guard should guard the hotel of the Prusse instead of the regular troops. The communal guard was alarmed, and marched to the Rossmarket; the officer in command of the troops was requested to leave, and to make room for them; but as he refused to do so, the chief of the communal guard (a fellow of the appropriate name of Haase (hare)) ordered his civic troops to the right about, and the excitement died out.

The prince left Leipsic early in the morning, by the back streets, but some people got notice of it, and waylaid him. However, he was saved by the presence of mind of his coachman.

According to information we received from different parts, the people everywhere in Germany were ripe for a revolution; but I doubted whether the right moment had come, and was sure that the Germans would never rise without an impulse from without. I was, however, convinced that a revolution would break out on the

death of Louis Philippe, or on the occasion of any rising against his government. It was my opinion that until that time all other countries ought to wait, and then act together.

In the autumn of 1845, a gentleman from Cracow called at my house to ask advice from Held and me on a very important affair. Held was in Berlin, therefore I received him. He confided to me, that in Cracow, Galicia, and even in Prussian Poland, everything was ready for an insurrection. I told him that such a movement was premature, and that it would bring great misfortune to Poland. "Wait," I said, "only two or three years."

"Well," he answered, "we cannot wait any longer; everything is prepared, and even the clergy are in for it."

I shrugged my shoulders, and said that all advice then was useless, but that he would learn too late that I was right.

When I announced a coming general revolution to the Pole with such certainty, he asked "whether I belonged to that great association which had its seat in England?" On my inquiring respecting it, he told me more about it. It was reported that there existed a secret association which counted already more than a thousand members, amongst whom were the most exalted persons—for instance, Pope Pius IX. The head of the association was in England, where the twelve millions of pounds required for the world-

regenerating plans were already collected. The year 1848 had been fixed for the outbreak, but, contrary to all expectation, the preparations had advanced so far, that it had been decided to commence already, in 1847.

These disclosures, made in autumn, 1845, are rather interesting.

The insurrection in Cracow took place in the spring of 1846, and its result is known. The same Polish gentleman visited me again in the autumn, and described to me the horrors which he had witnessed in Cracow.

When my health was again restored by the care of my excellent Professor Cerutti, I made frequent excursions from Leipsic. Once, when the spring approached, after a hard winter in which I had worked nearly beyond my strength, I felt a desire to enjoy the fresh country air, and Mad. Corvin and I travelled to the little Saxon town of Zwickau, situated in an agreeable country, and not far from the "Erzgebirge."

From thence we resolved to make an excursion on foot to Eibenstock, which is in the Erzgebirge, and where the brother of my stepfather was an "Oberfoerster." We therefore started one fine morning, accompanied by my setter, Nestor, and my wife's pet, little Iris, a man carrying our things.

It is a great pleasure to make a tour on foot, especially with a companion who is just such a fool as yourself; and in one respect my wife was

a still greater enthusiast than myself; both of us were lovers of nature. This love of nature as it is revealed to us in hill and dale and wood, is a peculiar trait of character to be found more in the Germans than in any other nation, and perhaps originating in their "Gemneth"—a something for which neither English nor French have even an expression, and the exact meaning of which it is nearly impossible to explain to them. With this almost instinctive love of the Germans for wood and mountain their whole popular life has been imbued from times of yore, and it oozes out in all our legends and songs. This feeling is a gift of Heaven, not the result of education; this breath from Paradise softens and tones down the rudeness even of our peasants and lowest artisans, and is the reason why our people are so good, so feeling, and so poetical.

On the other hand, we must also concede that this peculiarity, of which the Germans may be proud above all other nations, is at the same time the cause of the degradation and humiliation which made them for a long time the object of derision even to nations in all other respects their inferiors.

No pleasures are more elevating and pure than those which we derive from the contemplation of nature and its works; and, fortunately, they are accessible to every one who is endowed with the gift of enjoying them.

My wife and myself were excellently matched

in this respect. When young spring had scarcely yet opened its eyes, we were roaming through the still almost leafless woods, and every young plant which peeped out into the world was greeted by us with a kind of affection; each bird or little animal we met was noticed, and became a source of enjoyment. Where the "Wagners" saw nothing but a "poodle," we saw and felt the mysterious life and working of the spirit of nature.

We arrived early enough in Schneeberg, a town celebrated for its silver mines, to visit a fine large church, in which we wondered at the vulgarity of an allegorical picture, in which Christ is represented standing in a wine-press filled with human beings, and wading up to his knees in blood.

As Schneeberg is also celebrated for its lace-workers, we visited some of these, and amongst them a young girl who was reputed to be the most skilful in her trade. In order to reach her home, we had to go first through a forge and a cow-stable, and then entered a small room, which had no other floor but the natural ground. In this hole lived an old woman with her two granddaughters; one, a pale, sweet-looking girl, of sixteen, and another girl of not more than four years of age, who were both busily at work at a table standing near the only window. The little room was kept scrupulously clean, and looked even cheerful, and our hearts ached to hear how miserably this work, so highly esteemed by our ladies,

was paid by the tradesmen who ordered it. I saw another girl at work at a lace veil, which would have cost in a shop, even in Saxony, about two pounds, and asked how much she would get for it. The pretty girl said, with a certain pride, "He" (the lace-dealer) "gives me twenty groschens" (two shillings) "for it!"

Next morning we commenced our march to Eibenstern, but my better, though weaker half, who was foot-sore, was very glad when we met the Oberfoerster in his carriage, who came to fetch us.

This Oberfoerster, with whom we stayed a couple of days, though a royal officer, was a very "liberal" man, and very popular in this poor country, in which he did much good. When the famine in the Saxon Erzgebirge prevailed to such an extent that collections were made throughout Germany for its poor inhabitants, the office of the "Locomotive" received several thousands for them. The Government at once took possession of most of the contributions to distribute them according to their discretion; bread was baked and distributed, and the officials made much fuss. However, the poor suffering people were dissatisfied, complained of partiality, and were of opinion that the contributions might have been applied in a more judicious manner.

Peculation was so frequent amongst the Saxon *employés*, that their want of honesty had become proverbial in the mouth of the people (I trust it is

better now). As the persons who sent in money to the editor of the "Locomotive" left it to him to apply the money according to his own judgment, he consulted with me how this could be done most effectually. We had not the slightest confidence in the Government, nor in the committees formed for the support of the famished district, and resolved to enter into communication with well-known persons of high repute livingin the district, and with this assistance to find out *families* who deserved to be assisted in a substantial manner. There were many families who, notwithstanding all order and industry, never could get on, because all they earned, even in the best times, was insufficient to pay those debts which they had been compelled to contract in bad times, or in times of sickness. Even where this was not the case, such families had always little wishes, the fulfilment of which would make them very happy, but which they never could accomplish. Many of these families were made perfectly happy by twenty thalers; fifty, or perhaps a hundred, were considered to be a fortune. It is wonderful how much good is done to industrious and respectable families by aid of this kind, and how their whole life is favourably changed by it. The idea that, notwithstanding the strictest economy and the greatest industry, they can never gratify some modest wish for something beyond what is actually necessary is very discouraging, and leads to deterioration, while a little help gives hope and courage. It is much

better to assist one deserving family effectually than to distribute two thousand loaves amongst two thousand families.

Oberfoerster Thiersch was one of the men who assisted us in our work. When the time of famine was over, about eight hundred thalers remained still in the hands of the Oberfoerster, and he proposed to use them for the establishment of a school, in which young girls should learn without expense how to make lace. He was obliged to ask the permission of the government, and received a peremptory answer, ordering him to give up the eight hundred thalers. He communicated this reply to me, and I sent him an answer in the name of the "Locomotive," to the effect that we had not the slightest confidence in the Saxon government, and empowered him to employ the money in whatever manner *he* thought the most useful.

In Eibenstock and the neighbourhood more embroidery was made than lace, and even men and children were occupied with this work. When I drove out long before day to hunt the "Auerhahn," I everywhere saw lights in the hamlets, and whole families at work. With all their industry children frequently earned not more than *threepence* in a whole week!

I have mentioned already that our Universal History sold very well; though I was much dissatisfied with the illustrations, which were extremely bad, in consequence of a mistake made from want of experience. In order to have

them very good I had made a contract with an English wood engraver in Leipsic to furnish all the wood engravings required for the two first volumes at a high price. The man treated us shamefully, for he spoilt all our best drawings, and only furnished caricatures of them. However, I could not get rid of the contract without a vexatious lawsuit, and was very desirous to find some other mode of obtaining illustrations suitable to the letterpress.

Chance assisted me. At that time my wife employed a woman as seamstress who complained much of her husband, who, she said, squandered every penny she earned on an invention which he pretended to have made, but for which no one in Leipsic would give him a sixpence. On inquiry, I heard that it was an invention for superseding wood engravings by a far superior and less expensive mode of proceeding. When the woman showed me some samples I at once saw that the principle was good, though these samples were imperfect, and I requested her to send her husband to me.

This man had been a baker's journeyman, then a cigar-maker, and at last an engraver of letters. His name was Ahner. He had read Mr. Palmer's patent for an art which was called by him glyphography, had tried, and tried, and at last had discovered the art, or something to the same effect.

I offered M. Ahner two thousand thalers for his invention, and even agreed to pay him one

thousand in advance, and the other half at certain rates. When he showed me his work, it was still rather imperfect, but I believed it could be brought to perfection. I therefore resolved to institute a glyphographic establishment, for which I engaged Mr. Ahner at fifteen pounds a month.

Many difficulties had to be surmounted, but the greatest of them was to find artists who would take the trouble to submit to the peculiar but very easily learnt mode of work required for glyphography. Only such men as could not find employment anywhere else could be got. I applied the new art to my history, but must say that its first productions were not much better than the wood-engravings of my Englishman: however, they cost only one-fourth of the sum I had to pay him.

I shall not dwell on the other difficulties I had to encounter; it may be sufficient to say that I overcame them, and brought the art to a degree of perfection which permitted me to carry out the intention I had formed when setting up my establishment, namely, to offer the whole concern to some great house. For that purpose, I went to Prague, and showed the noted firm, Haase Soehne, my samples, with which they were highly pleased. One of the plates which I had with me was sent at once to the printing-office for a rough impression to be taken. It satisfied Haases so much, that they at once drew up a draft for a contract of partnership, which all four brothers signed. I, however, required time, having resolved never to

sign a contract, without having shown it previously to my legal adviser.

I was to go into partnership with Haases; but thinking it only right to let the inventor also partake in my good luck (though he was paid) I arranged that he should still get his fifteen pounds a month, and if dismissed after three years, two thousand five hundred, and if after six years, two thousand thalers; but that he should not have a right to leave us before that time.

On returning to Leipsic, and telling M. Ahner of my arrangement in his favour, I was surprised to hear that he would not accede to it, saying, "that perhaps the climate of Prague might not agree with him."

The chief of the house of Haase came unexpectedly to Leipsic, and when I invited him to lunch, he told me that Ahner had written to them secretly not to make any arrangements with me, until they should have spoken to him. I sent at once for M. Ahner, and when I reproached him with his disloyal behaviour, he said to M. Haase, "Well, I have acted very honestly; I have told M. von C. all about my invention, though I might have concealed something."

M. Haase was so disgusted at such meanness, that he said, "If one of my men spoke thus to me, I would dismiss him at once."

"That is just what I am going to do," I said, and I dismissed Ahner.

Haases had become suspicious, however, with

regard to the whole affair, and our negotiations were broken off, principally because Ahner spoilt a map of Germany, perhaps on purpose, which was to serve Haases as a test for that kind of work, for which glyphography is excellently suited. Ahner reaped the reward of his meanness. Nobody trusted him any more; and instead of saving a few thousands in six years, as he might easily have done, he had to work again as a journeyman.

I had become a citizen of Leipsic, and having established my glyphographic institute, I found it to my interest to become a member of the Booksellers' Exchange Association, for I wanted to publish some illustrated books. After having made my application to the board of the Booksellers' Exchange, I was summoned to appear before them. It was composed of a number of the greatest publishers of Leipsic, and amongst them I saw my friend M. Stadtrath Frederich Fleischer. I was personally known to all these gentlemen, and the whole thing was a mere form; but M. Fleischer took it into his head to ask me "whether I believed that I possessed the talents necessary for a publisher?"

I suppressed my laughter, and answered very demurely, "Yes, I believed I possessed them, and if I should be in doubt, I would ask M. Peter"—a publisher, and notorious blockhead—"or if I should begin to publish a work foolishly, I would discontinue it in time, as other sensible publishers did."

The members of the board smiled, for they knew to what I alluded, and M. Fleischer was rather confused. I therefore passed without objection, and became a bookseller. This was the fashion at that time amongst the authors in Leipsic; Robert Blum, for instance, became a bookseller.

The unexpected stupidity of M. Ahner placed me in a difficult position, for I had invested a great deal of money in my institute, and had still to pay considerable sums every week to all the people I employed. Some great publishers supported me by orders, but these were not sufficient to keep up the establishment; and, moreover, I met everywhere with great difficulties, arising from the eight hundred wood engravers in Leipsic, and also from the printers, who had to print glyphographics in a different manner from wood-engravings, and it was troublesome to them to learn.

I endeavoured to find some other partner, but being unsuccessful, tried to interest the Prussian government, as this mode of printing was excellent for bank-notes, etc. For that purpose I went to Berlin, and interested Alexander von Humboldt in the affair, and also some eminent artists. Humboldt thought the invention important and very promising, and advised me to confer with M. von Olfers, the director-general of the museums, whom the king consulted in all affairs concerning art. I did not converse with M. von Humboldt, but still have two letters which he wrote to me.

M. von Olfers had just bought a very useless and stupid invention for ten thousand thalers, for which he had been much blamed; therefore he would not enter on any new enterprise, and all my efforts failed, though even great artists took an interest in the new art. Professor Thandel even tried it, and made a plate (a head of Rembrandt) with which he was much satisfied, but at which printers and publishers shrugged their shoulders, because "it looked like an etching, and not like a wood-engraving."

The longer I had to keep my establishment, the heavier became my troubles. It was a hard time, and with all this on my mind I was forced to continue my literary occupation.

As glyphography is closely connected with electrotyping, I became much interested in this latter branch, made many experiments, studied chemistry, and spent a great deal of money. It was, however, not quite in vain; for I discovered a new application for glyphography, which promised to pay much better than producing illustrations for the press. I caught eagerly at this new hope, but required money to carry out my idea, and had no idea where the money was to come from.

My poor wife, seeing how these troubles interfered with my literary labours and with my health too, became so disgusted with glyphography and galvanoplasty, that even many years afterwards she could not see copper without becoming nervous and excited.

A dream helped me out of my money-difficulty. I saw the palace of the Duke of Gotha in flames which rose to the sky without any smoke. Every old woman will tell the reader that this means, as clear as can be: "joy and comfort will come to you from the owner of that palace." I therefore informed my wife in the morning that I would start for Gotha in the evening.

I have spoken of this visit before. The duke received me very kindly. "Glad to see you, Corvin. What good wind brings you to Gotha?"

"I come to borrow some money from your highness."

"Much?"

"Six thousand thalers."

"That is a great deal; but I will see."

Young Arthur Mensdorf, whom I had known as a boy, was on a visit in Gotha, and he assisted me with his cousin, the duke. He said, in his goodnatured manner, "If I were not such a poor devil, I would give you the money myself at once." He had accompanied the duke and duchess on a voyage to Portugal, and had brought from there a whole album-full of extremely interesting sketches, showing uncommon talent.

The duke did not live in the large palace of Gotha, but in a handsome villa, to which was attached a beautiful winter-garden, where the duke and duchess used to breakfast. Life at the court had changed very favourably. Though the duke was said to be rather economical, everything

was carried on in very good taste. Both duke and duchess were very simple and unaffected in their manner. She is a sister of the Grand Duke of Baden, and was at that time one of the sweetest ladies I ever saw. I was invited to several parties at court, and was treated by the ducal couple with very great kindness.

The duke promised to lend me the money on condition that I should remove my establishment to Gotha, which I agreed to do. With twelve hundred thalers, which I received on account, I returned to Leipsic, after having rented suitable localities in Gotha.

The removal was effected early in the spring of 1847, and cost a great deal of trouble and money. My plan was to perfect my new invention, to finish a number of excellent samples, and to proceed with them to Paris, where I hoped to find a better market and a wealthy partner.

When I arrived in Gotha, the duke was in Coburg, and I could not get the money he had promised. All the hangers-on of the court were jealous. They said they might have gone down upon their knees before the duke, and he would not have given them a single penny, and now a "suspicious foreigner" had come, and had got a large sum at once.

When the duke came over for a day, I called upon him. "Well, Corvin," he said, "is your affair in order? Have you received the money?" He was much astonished on hearing that I had not,

and promised to look to it. I shrugged my shoulders and smiled, and expressed my doubt whether I should receive it very soon. The duke became impatient, and exclaimed, "We will see!"

After some weeks, I received a thousand thalers, and should not have been able to meet my liabilities, if M. Voelker, the banker, had not advanced me some money.

My position in Gotha was by no means agreeable. The petty nobility looked on me with jealousy, and did not know what to make of a nobleman who wrote books and had a commercial establishment, though they became somewhat reconciled to this on hearing that the Duke of Leuchtenberg, in St. Petersburg, was also at the head of a galvanoplastic establishment, and that the same was the case with a Baron von Hackwitz in Berlin, to whom the king gave very large sums. The citizens of Gotha distrusted me as a "foreigner" who, like many others, was cajoling their duke.

The dowager duchess, who had known me long, received me and Mad. Corvin very kindly, invited us to dinner, and returned our visit by sending her lady of honour. The secretary of state, von Stein, visited me also, and took me under his especial protection. His family were equally kind. To his exertions it was owing that I at last, after several months, received the balance of the six thousand thalers.

I did not much care how the nobility and other people behaved, and worked from morning to night to get my samples ready, though everything was done to throw impediments in my way, and gossip of all kind was set in circulation to prejudice the duke and Baron von Stein against me. Once, on my going to Berlin for eight days, I heard on my return, that it was reported in town that I had run off with the money received from the duke; and afterwards I was informed that more than thirty letters had been written by the police to obtain information in order to find something against me, but in this they were utterly disappointed. The duke and Baron von Stein knew all about me.

On one occasion when I called on the minister he led the conversation to my literary pursuits, and at last offered me the editorship of a great political paper which it was intended to start in the very centre of Germany, in Gotha.

Instead of accepting with pleasure and thanks, I was unnecessarily alarmed by the fear that I should be made a tool, and as it were, be seduced to write in the pay of persons who differed from my political opinions. On candidly expressing these fears to M. von Stein, he said that I had nothing of the kind to fear, that I knew both the duke and himself to be, in regard to politics, liberal men, and I should not be compelled to write anything against my opinions. Still I was not to be convinced, and declined the

offer. I think now that it was very foolish in me to refuse it.

Notwithstanding the great amount of business I had on hand, and all the annoyances offered me by the people in Gotha, the summer which I passed there was not without its charms. I occupied a house in the outskirts of the town, and in another smaller house, only a few paces off, my manufacture was carried on. Both houses stood on the edge of a large plain, and behind them, on a gentle slope descending towards the town, was a beautiful and rather large garden, which had been laid out with the utmost care by an amateur gardener. In it were some forty different kinds of roses, many other rare plants and flowers, good asparagus beds, and the most excellent fruit-trees to be found in the country. In the centre of the garden stood a very large bower, one side of which opened towards the town, whilst each of the three other sides made the back of other open bowers. The interior formed a beautiful green room. There we dined and supped frequently, and in the afternoon took our siesta.

A very amiable artist, M. Charles Merkel, afterwards Professor in Hesse Cassel, was for many weeks our guest, and visited us frequently when he removed from Leipsic to Gotha. He designed most of the illustrations for our Universal History, which were so much spoilt both by xylography and glyptography. He was one of the best draughtsmen I ever met, and had exquisite

taste, and a very rare talent for arabesque, which was highly important for the kind of work which was produced by my invention. My wife's brother a very agreeable young man, lived with us, and assisted me much.

Our circle was frequently increased by Ludwig Storch, an author of high merit, who lived in Gotha. His name as a novel-writer was for a time unsurpassed in Germany, and his songs and poems are in the mouth of the people even now, though those who sing them frequently do not know their author.

I will not speak of him here as an author, but only as a man. He must in his youth have been strikingly handsome, for he was still handsome in his more advanced age. The expression of sadness and resignation in his face gave a painful impression, which was increased by a certain eagerness about his eyes and mouth, such as is almost always to be noticed in deaf people, and Storch had become nearly deaf in consequence of an illness. When hearing Storch speak with such knowledge, nay, learning on every subject, when admiring the beauty and energy of his speech and the elevated feelings he expressed, I frequently asked myself how it was possible that such a distinguished spirit should not succeed in the world, but remain poor and become little by little almost crushed by the petty miseries of every day life. "Pegasus in the yoke" I thought frequently on seeing him. A little assistance at the right time would have kept

him above water, but to the want of this was added hypochondriasis and his deafness, which made him quite unhappy. We did not pry into the sources of his sufferings, we saw in him only the highly gifted man, whose noble spirit was almost broken, and on whom our sympathy and society worked very beneficially.

It was an evil star which led Storch to Gotha, and he would have done well if he could have mustered energy enough to break the bonds which fettered him there, and have left that unlucky place. He lived there at a time when authors were held in little esteem in Gotha, and where nothing in the world could less favour his progress in life than his honourable, liberal feelings. Notwithstanding this, he seemed to have expected more acknowledgment and encouragement from the old Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha.

On Sundays, when the weather was fine, we made excursions into the neighbouring Thuringer Wald, which were delightful. Once, on a longer excursion, we were accompanied by Professor Merkel and Ludwig Storch, who knew every inch of ground in Thuringia, his own beautiful country. We also attended a great festival of singers which took place on the Wartburg. The speeches made on that occasion took a political turn, and were so bold and strong that the court of Weimar, who attended the festival, thought it better to withdraw.

In the autumn 1847 my samples for Paris were at last ready, and I resolved to go there as soon as

possible. Rendered cautious by what had happened when I had left for Berlin, I thought it well not to start without first informing the duke and Baron von Stein. I, therefore, went to Coburg, where Baron von Stein took me at once to the cabinet of the duke, who inspected the products of my industry and wished me good success in Paris, but seemed rather doubtful about it.

My enemies afterwards made the duke believe that I used the money he gave me for revolutionary purposes, but the books of the banker, M. Voelker, showed where the money went. On my leaving Gotha with Mad. Corvin he handed me the balance of the six thousand thalers—a check on Paris for two hundred francs!

I left my establishment and house under the care of my brother-in-law, to whom I hoped soon to send money from Paris. On our journey we passed Dortmund, where I left my wife with my mother, with the intention of rejoining her on my return to Gotha.

Immediately after my arrival in Paris I called on the husband of my wife's foster-sister, who visited us once in Leipsic, and with whom we were on a very friendly footing. Mr. S. and she had long since retired from business, and lived very comfortably on their income, arising from the rent of some houses he possessed, and from the profits of a theatre, I believe the Gymnase, of which he was one of the shareholders. He knew

all the manufacturers in Paris, and assisted me much.

Both the glyphography and my galvanoplastic samples made quite a sensation. The "Illustration" published some very fine glyphographics, and M. Paulet was much inclined to enter into business with me.

When I exhibited my samples in the Patent Office, all the *employés* showed the greatest interest in them, and I had to deliver a kind of lecture on the mode by which they were produced. Galvanoplastry was at that time still in its infancy in Paris.

At last, at the commencement of 1848, I met a very rich and enterprising man, who was convinced of the success of my invention, and who was willing to enter into partnership with me, so soon as he should return to Paris from a journey he was making with his bride.

I had, therefore, the best founded hopes of at last seeing my troubles rewarded by success, and of recovering the money I had expended in my undertaking, when the revolution of February put an end to all my plans and changed the whole course of my life.

I shall conclude this chapter and book with a passage from a letter of Ludwig Storch, which he wrote on February 22nd in Gotha, and which I received in Paris when part of the expectations expressed in it had proved already true :—

"DEAR CORVIN,—It seems as though you were to have a revolution in Paris. The great noontide is approaching more and more nearly on the European clock, and it cannot be otherwise. The hands point at a quarter before. The great lie sown since 1815 will now bring forth its fruit. The crop is luxuriant, ripe, splendid. The sickles are sharpening. The reapers already begin their harvest song. The cramp commenced in the toe of the great European boot; it has already seized the whole leg; it will soon reach the much-praised heart. That it commenced first in Italy, where Metternich and the popes did everything to stultify the people, gives the best promise of victory. The cunning old fellow in Vienna must yet see that his artificial edifice of lies is falling in a heap. He deserves to take with him to his grave the bitter feeling of having lived in vain. In Vienna they do not know what to do, notwithstanding 80,000 soldiers in Lombardy. They have seen with dismay in Sicily that armies cannot do anything against the people when it is filled with holy wrath at the enormous outrage committed against its majesty. The old man is expected to help now. That is more easily said than done! He is seventy-five years old. The old lie does not serve any longer; it is brittle and rotten. Even an army of bayonets and of guns can do no more. The great crime draws near its end. In this manner Austria will run into State bankruptcy, as she did forty years ago. But this time all may turn

out differently. Hungary and Bohemia are full of revolutionary elements. Probably they will break loose immediately after Lombardy. Who is to help? England? It is itself standing on a volcano, which will break forth soon. Ireland, the ghost of a cruelly-murdered country, hangs on it and draws it to the ground. Its American colonies are ready. In Montreal there is already revolution. The Canadas may yet go over to the Union this year. The West Indian islands will form a Federal republic. North America is advancing with giant steps towards the supremacy of the world; Europe to its decay. If England does not go to war with the Union, it will be the most ignominious acknowledgment of its weakness, and if it does it must be defeated. English statesmen know that. England can no longer suppress any revolution in Europe; she is wise, and will not try. She has enough to do at home. France? I think the last hour of Louis Philippe and Guizot will strike very soon. The vengeance of history will overtake them, as it does all who outrage its genius. Prussia? It is too insignificant. It cannot assist Austria. Only Russia can do so. But will the Poles remain quiet? It is very possible that the whole artificial patchwork will be torn asunder. We are living, indeed, in momentous times. Since 1789 the spirit of humanity has been struggling to get rid of old forms, and to model itself anew. What has not been done during these sixty years? But the best is yet to come. The

century will not pass before there will no longer be any states or churches left in the old sense. Oh, if I were only allowed to write and to publish! how all is glowing within me! Oh, liberty of the press, if I could only see thee established! Half Italy already has the liberty of the press (Naples, Tuscany, Sardinia), yet Germany has it not. The disgrace is insupportable. But events rule men, and the wise Frederick William will soon cease to try to master these. That splendid affair in Munich has given the people the great moral lesson of what they can do when they work *en masse*. They will not forget it, but will grow strong."

REVOLUTION AND PRISON.

CHAPTER I.

Paris in 1848—*My landlady's opinion—The "Three Days"—Ten bullets—Paris after the victory—My letter to Lamartine—George Herwegh and the Democratic Society—Our march through Paris—Charles Boernstein—Reinhardt von Schimmelpfenning—Adalbert von Bornstedt—Loewenfels—Our negotiations with the Provisional Government—M. Flocon—The second battalion leaving Paris—Great demonstration—Mad. Herwegh—Colonel Suarée—Arrival in Strasburg.*

A SO-CALLED reform banquet was to take place in the Champs Elysées on Tuesday, February 22, 1848. The government, frightened by occurrences which had happened at similar festivals some time before, thought it well to prevent a repetition of such scenes by prohibiting the dinner. This caused great excitement, and in the streets were heard the cries, "*A bas Guizot!*" and "*Vive la Reforme!*"

When I, together with some officers of the Tuileries, dined with my brother-in-law (a conservative of the first water, because he had something to preserve) these disturbances were treated as trifles. Expressing my intention to go to the restaurant where the dinner had been in-

tended to take place, and where on Tuesday some excitement was expected, all present advised me not to do so, for they said, "You will only find a crowd brought together by pickpockets, in which you may get rid of your watch, and have a stray bullet in exchange. Believe me, my dear sir, the whole affair will have no results; we are used here to such things." On my expressing my doubts, and speaking of the possibility of a revolution, I was fairly laughed at.

My pretty young landlady, however, expressed a very different opinion. She said, "I am sure something will happen in a few days; *people sing so much in the street.*" This remark surprised me; for I had also made the same.

On February 21st, on coming home, she received me with these words. "Now I am sure we shall have a revolution, for I have seen my water-porter carrying five loaves home with him."

"What, in the name of common-sense, have the loaves of your porter to do with revolutions?" I answered, laughing.

"*Comme vous êtes bébé!*" (a friendly abbreviation for *bête*, stupid) she retorted impatiently, "Don't you see that the man is taking in provisions *for the three days?*"

"Why then for three days?"

"Oh, well, because they always do these stupid things in three days."

My pretty landlady, who had arrived about twelve years before in Paris from the Bretagne, un-

derstood a great deal about street policy, and had in general a knack of diplomacy, for she had been for years assistant to a minister and been much in the society of diplomats, since which time she had called herself "Madame," because it sounded more respectable. After that diplomatic period she became assistant to a noble marquis, and lived in the Faubourg St. Germain, from which aristocratic paradise she was scared away by a dreadful "concièrge," whom she feared more than any person in the world, though I never could find out the exact reason. Always merry and playful, she became at once serious and pale, when any man passed in whom her fear discovered some resemblance to the concierge-incubus of her life.

When I became acquainted with her she was a "chemisière," that is, she only took measures, and carried her work to some working chemisières au Marais. She rented an *étage* of a house in the Place du Havre, a good distance from the Faubourg St. Germain and the dreaded concierge, and she let apartments to gentlemen. I happened to be her first, and, for a long time, only "locataire," and thus became the object of her most tender care.

When my brother-in-law, who had earned his grey hairs in Paris, inspected my lodging and landlady, he said, "*Vous êtes très bien ici*," and so it was. Madame Jenny Hérissé petted me, made me "tisane" if I had a cold; in a word, did

everything which could be expected from a pretty Parisian landlady.

The third in our domestic circle was Pompeius, an old negro, who was our servant. He had nothing of his Roman namesake but the name. To see Pompeius beeswaxing my room would have made even Minos laugh. He had a brush attached to each of his enormous feet, and with these he executed the most wonderful evolutions, which would have astonished any member of the skating-club. His eyes on these occasions sparkled with delight, and his large snout extended to his big ears. He went into ecstasies, and snapped his fingers.

It was highly interesting to observe the growing excitement in the large city. The movement was directed in a most excellent manner by the democratic chiefs, who did not fail to profit by every favourable chance.

Large crowds of figures who seemed to have risen from their graves, and who at other times were never to be seen by sunlight in the streets, moved unarmed and in ominous silence along the boulevards. The rags of these men were covered by blue blouses, but their cadaverous, famished-looking faces instilled terror into the hearts of many a fat shopkeeper standing in his door-way.

After a while arms, first sticks, and now and then a gun, made their appearance in these sinister columns. One of these battalions, which passed like thunderclouds over the frivolous Parisian sky,

was led by an old man without hat or cap, with a long grey beard, the fire of fanaticism sparkling in his eyes. At his side marched a tall, strange figure with a child's drum hung round his neck, on which he worked away furiously.

I could not laugh at these grotesque figures, for the most dreadful, earnest, deadly resolution was shrouded here under a humour which made it only the more awful and impressive. On seeing these men I could not get out of my mind Shakespeare's words:—

"These signs forerun the death or fall of kings."

Gardes municipaux on horseback made charges along the road on the boulevards when nobody was there, and for the amusement of the people who crowded the side-walks, and who laughed and hooted at them.

Under my window a regiment of infantry passed, coming from the Rue de la Pépinière. The general riding at its head twirled his moustaches and looked down on the neck of his horse; and his soldiers, French soldiers who would have attacked foreign enemies with laughter and song, looked pale and discontented. It was to them no pleasure, no festival, to be led to murder their fellow-citizens: they were both soldiers and patriots. On looking at them, I said to my landlady, who was at my side, "These soldiers will not fight against the people."

The three days of February, 1848, have been described so frequently, that I will not increase

the bulk of this book by another description. I was now here, now there, in the streets; and though what I saw did not fail to have an exciting influence on me (as it seemed like the commencement of what had long been expected by me), I had during the first two days no direct occasion to take a personal part in the fight.

My landlady did all in her power to prevent me from such a "foolish thing," for she was a great aristocrat; and when I did not seem to be convinced by her reasoning, she wound up her speech with an angry "*Comme vous êtes bébé, vous tête quarrée allemande!*" at which Pompeius would nod his assent as vehemently as if he were trying to kiss his knees.

When, towards evening, I passed near the hotel of M. Guizot, on the Boulevard des Capucins, I saw a great crowd of men and women, who were quietly looking at what was going on in the middle of the street. Gardes municipaux and chasseurs à cheval were patrolling up and down, and a battalion of a regiment, just arrived from the provinces, stood drawn up in line before the hotel. Louis Philippe had already abdicated; the people seemed to be satisfied with this success, and the revolution to be at an end. I therefore went quietly home, where my artful landlady understood well how to keep me, by an extra good supper and by singing all kinds of Norman songs to the guitar. The thunder of the guns and the rattling of the musketry on this eventful

night did not penetrate to my peaceful room in the Place du Havre; and I slept unconscious of the important events going on, the consequences of which are still felt everywhere.

Towards morning I was, however, seized by a peculiarly uncomfortable feeling mixed with shame, and I could not remain any longer in bed. Whilst my busy landlady was preparing my breakfast, I took my hat, and escaped into the street. Dawn was breaking when I reached the Boulevard des Capucins. Not a human being was to be seen there, except a detachment of infantry standing before the Hôtel Guizot. The soldiers looked extremely dejected and miserable. A part of the boulevard formed there a narrow street, lying deeper than the main road. Before one of the houses was a little garden, in which I noticed an old gentleman in his dressing-gown, who, by the faint light of the grey February morning, was looking at something on the ground. With surprise I noticed dark wet places in the middle of the street, on which I also discovered the traces of the broom. As there had been no rain, I could not understand the wet, and went to the middle of the street to look more closely, where I was joined by the old gentleman in his dressing-gown. Whilst I was looking down at these wet places, the old gentleman said, in a peculiarly pathetic manner, "Yes, sir, that's the blood of Frenchmen!"

Now only did I hear that, ten minutes after I had left that place on the previous night, a shot had

been fired from the garden of the Hôtel Guizot which had caused the murder of about fifty innocent persons standing on the sideway opposite the hotel.

"Blut ist ein ganz besondrer Saft!"

Spirits of vengeance seemed to hover over these bloody puddles, in which I had unconsciously waded. The repose of the scene now assumed quite a different meaning; it could only be the calm preceding a thunder-storm. I felt myself strangely moved and excited, but felt more pity than hatred against the poor murderers, whose dejected mien showed clearly that they did not rejoice in their bloody work.

When I went up the boulevards towards the Porte St. Martin, I found the scene more animated. It was day now. At the corner of the Rue de Helder, opposite the shop I had known so well when it was kept by my wife's foster-sister, was that of the renowned gunsmith Devisme (I believe Lord Seymour lived in the upper story of the house), and a very excited crowd was assembled here, with whom I entered the shop. It had been ransacked already the day before, and presented a strange spectacle. Tables and chairs were overturned and broken by the eager crowd, who searched for arms.

Some secret cupboards were discovered containing blades, which were seized by hundreds of outstretched hands. The blades were covered at their ends with handkerchiefs for handles, and

brandished with a cry of rage. I was not satisfied with such a weapon, and looked about for a gun; but some of the gunsmith's men told me that all the guns had been taken away the day before, and requested me, whom they took for one of the leaders, to cause the crowd to leave the shop. I did not, however, believe them, and continued my search. Entering the back shop, I discovered a ladder, leading to a hanging loft, which I ascended. Here I found large quantities of cartridges, and sacks filled with bullets, which I threw down to the rejoicing crowd, to whom, however, I did not say a word about the great number of boxes standing about, all containing magnificent pistols and guns, mostly of quite a new construction, unknown even to me, and with which the common people were certainly not acquainted. It would have been wantonness to have given these precious arms to the people, who were easily turned back; but I took a double-barrelled gun with a black stock for myself, and descended with it.

When I left the house to mount my gun in a neighbouring wine-house, I was followed by one of Devisme's men.

"Do you know," he said, "that is a gun which is worth two thousand francs. I myself worked at it."

"All the better," I answered, "then I am sure it will be good; be assured it shall be returned safely."

The man did not seem to believe much in my assurances; but giving him some wine, he not only explained to me the construction of the gun but even assisted me to mount it. It was made according to the system Lefaucher, which is well known now, but which was a novelty at that time.

When I left the wine-shop, I saw a man holding a whole pile of packets of cartridges, which nobody wanted, as they were of no use for any ordinary gun. They were, however, cartridges for the Lefaucher guns, and I took about thirty of them with bullets.

Thus armed, I continued my way. The calm I noticed before, had given way to the most lively scene. Thousands were busy felling the fine trees on the boulevards to barricade this wide street itself, as well as the entrances of other streets leading to it.

From the Porte St. Martin came an excited crowd. Cries and shots were heard, and also the Marseillaise, and still more frequently the song from the Girondists—"*Mourir pour la Patrie.*"

The motion of the crowd became more hurried and more confused, the cries wilder, and the shots nearer. Troops charged the people, and drove them towards the Madeleine. Many persons climbed over the barricades at the entrances of the side streets to save themselves, or to fire from behind them on the advancing troops. I was close to the barricade erected at the entrance of

the faubourg Montmartre, on which waved a red flag, with the inscription : " *Vive la République.*" I climbed over the barricade, behind which were a small number of people already armed with guns, ready to defend it, and placed myself amongst them.

I was just in time, for the cavalry were advancing, and the people fled before them. The soldiers wore helmets ornamented with leopard skins. One of them had cut a poor fellow in his neck, and was lifting up his arm for a second deadly blow, when my bullet pierced his helmet. My left barrel struck down another, and my comrades were also busy. The brisk firing from behind our barricade caused the cavalry to stop; infantry, led by an officer, advanced, but my Lefaucher stopped his career. A bullet from one of the soldiers pierced a caisson of a gun which had been placed on the top of our barricade, and struck a labourer, whose blood dyed the right side of my long sand-coloured coat. The soldiers, not liking our fire, left off, and went down the boulevards. In these few minutes, I had used ten bullets.

The wife or sweetheart of the man killed at my side, arrived, and it was a heartrending scene. I was surrounded by men and women, who shook my hands, and called me "frère," and I had to undergo a great deal of kissing.

The fight seemed, for the moment, at an end, and I felt a great longing for breakfast. I therefore escaped the well-meant caresses of my dirty

"frères" and "sœurs," and went home to the Place du Havre. On my way, I believe in the Rue Tronchet (?) near the Madeleine, I met a battalion of the garde national, who started on seeing me, and looked at me with ludicrous amazement. No wonder, my face and my coat were besmeared with blood, and with all this I was elegantly dressed, and had over my shoulder a two thousand franc gun. The commandant of the battalion said I might go home, that all was over, and I should not have any further use for my arms. I laughed, pointed at my bloody coat, and passed on, leaving the honest shopkeepers aghast.

My landlady nearly fainted when she saw me; but on discovering that the blood on my coat was not my own, she scolded me awfully whilst preparing my breakfast.

The Place du Havre was going to be barricaded also, for an attack was expected from the Rue St. Lazare, as in it, or rather in the Rue de la Pépinière, there was a barrack. A barricade rose right under my window, and should the soldiers arrive, I should have from my room a most excellent and commanding position. I therefore stayed at home, and only went now and then downstairs to assist the people with my advice.

Bran new omnibuses had been used for the barricade under my window, and a *gamin* amused himself by destroying them with big stones. As he did not leave off on my telling him, I caught him by his ear, for which I earned a grim "*arris-*

tocrate!" at which I and all the labourers around laughed very much.

We waited in vain, though we were kept on the *qui vive* until the afternoon by reports of approaching troops. The weather was fine, and, having my windows wide open, I was seated at my table, with my gun at hand, writing letters to German papers, which I meant to post in the late box at the Exchange. Going out at last for that purpose with my gun over my shoulder, I had to cross the boulevard, where I saw a crowd of about one thousand men moving towards the Place Bastille. At their head rode a pupil of the Polytechnic School, in a very ridiculous manner, with drawn sword, and spectacles on his nose. Most of the men had rags of red velvet in their button holes, or attached to their blouses, and some of them carried high over their heads a gilt arm-chair. On inquiry, I was told that it was the throne of France, which they were going to burn at the July column.

I believed it to be some arm-chair from a theatre, which was to be burnt as a symbol of the throne, and was much surprised on ascertaining that it was the real throne of Louis Philippe, and that I had missed witnessing the taking of the Tuileries—in a word, the most interesting part of the whole revolution. Louis Philippe had "skedaddled." The bullets of Fieschi and other men had missed him, to spare him for a more ignominious end.

I went at once to a coffee-house, re-opened my letter, and described what I had seen in a postscript.

Next morning I resolved to make an excursion to the Rue de la Perle au Marais, where my conservative brother-in-law lived, and to see how he and his family had passed the terrors of the "three days." For I was rather anxious about him, as much firing had been heard in the Marais.

The weather continued fine; the contest was at an end, and the victory of the people decided. I shall never forget the aspect of the city on this glorious morning. From their more eminent points the boulevards presented a very curious scene. It was as if a tornado had swept over and along them; no object projecting above the ground was to be seen, except the barricades. The trees had been hewn down; the lanterns and their posts were broken; none of the round, hollow columns, standing along the boulevards, were visible, and the little guard and water houses had also been overturned. All the iron railings were broken, and bars of wrought iron half as thick as my arm were twisted like wire, though I cannot understand by what means, or why.

I climbed over numberless barricades, which were for the most part guarded by armed people. That at the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre, which interested me most, looked like a decoration in a theatre. The red flag, with its inscription, "*Vive la République!*" waved proudly there, and

young, handsome, armed men had grouped around it in a picturesque manner. People stopped and smiled, the women at the handsome boys, and the men at the inscription on the colours; for the possibility of a republic seemed very problematical to most of them.

In the street, a varied, merry crowd was waving to and fro in joyous excitement. It seemed, indeed, to be the celebration of some great festival; and so it was; for the people were celebrating their highest feast, the birthday of liberty.

Many ladies in gay dresses were in the street, who were helped over the barricades with much gallantry and laughter, which only ceased when some dead or wounded were carried past, who were everywhere received with mute honours and uncovered heads.

The men in the street were nearly all armed (even those who were only out for a walk), and amongst them the drollest figures were to be seen. I was much struck by the appearance of a labourer accoutred in the most incongruous manner, but who seemed to admire himself extremely. He wore a beautifully-chiselled helmet of the fourteenth century, a cuirass of a cuirassier of the eighteenth, a common soldier's musket over his shoulder, and cartridge-box and sabre fastened to belts which crossed over his breast. Grey linen trousers and felt shoes completed his strange outfit.

A very fashionably-dressed old beau appeared with an Indian bow in his hand, and a quiver full of arrows on his back. The merry girls received him everywhere with laughter, and cried, "*Vive l'amour!*"

After having climbed over an immense number of barricades, I at last reached the Rue de la Perle. The whole family looked scared on seeing me with my gun. I reassured them, and even persuaded my brother-in-law to accompany me; but when we reached the boulevards, and he saw the destruction and the crowd there, he became nervous and dizzy; his knees shook, and he wanted to go home. Gunpowder certainly did not agree with the kind old fellow.

The excitement by no means ceased with victory. It became of a more joyous character; but it was growing with each day: the whole population seemed to be intoxicated.

The interrupted communication was soon restored, and everywhere large processions (not rarely of twenty thousand men) with colours and banners at their head, were to be seen, bringing an ovation to some popular man, or a petition to the Provisional Government. Trees of liberty were erected at different places, and everybody called everybody "citoyen."

I sent my gun, as promised, to M. Devisme, but was rather annoyed at being received everywhere next day with compliments on the active part I had taken in the fight, and I believe still

more on my honesty! The gunsmith had my note, which accompanied the gun, inserted in the "National," I suppose as an invitation to other persons who had purloined arms from him to imitate my example.

Being well acquainted with the state of things and with the feeling of the people in Germany, I had not the slightest doubt but that on the news from Paris, revolutions would break out in different places; but I also knew very well the difficulties which would attend a revolution in Germany, where a street fight of three days would be by no means decisive. Successes gained in the first surprise and excitement would be of little avail there, if unsupported by a powerful reserve.

Though France had enough to do at home, it seemed to me natural, and much to her interest, to support all revolutionary movements in neighbouring countries, and thus most effectually to prevent any interference of their princes in her affairs. She needed not for this purpose to send away one single man, nor to make any sacrifices; it would be sufficient to give some of her superabundance of arms to the Germans, and to declare herself protector of the revolution in Europe. Though the ground was burning under my feet in Paris, I would not return to Germany with empty hands, but determined at least to bring with me some definite news as to the intentions of the Provisional Government in reference to our country. To obtain some certainty on this im-

portant point, I wrote, on February 28th, a long letter to M. Lamartine, in which I explained the state of things in Germany, and announced the certain outbreak of revolutions there, requesting him to make me the bearer of the assurance that France would not only sympathize with our movements, but would also support them. I carried the letter myself to the Hôtel Guizot, where M. Lamartine had taken up his residence, and where the placard was still to be seen, which some wags had posted there, with the inscription, "*Appartements à louer.*"

I never could ascertain whether my letter reached Lamartine, but I did not receive any answer. Whilst waiting for it my funds ran short, and to obtain money under existing circumstances was extremely difficult. Even my rich brother-in-law, who had several houses, and a large account at his bankers, had to pawn his plate to get some ready money.

During this time of uncomfortable waiting I learned that a "German Democratic Society" had been formed in Paris under the presidency of George Herwegh, in which a resolution had been passed to form a corps of troops from among the Germans living in Paris, and to send them to Germany to serve the insurgents as a support and nucleus. Though I had formed other plans for myself, I thought it better to join this association, and therefore called on George Herwegh. He informed me that all the members of the German Democratic

Society would assemble near the Madeleine in the afternoon, to march from thence to the Plaine Monçeau.

At the Madeleine I met about eight hundred labourers of all possible German fatherlands. Most of them said they had fought on the barricades, and all seemed animated by the best revolutionary spirit; that is, all were of opinion that there was nothing better to be done for Germany than to chase away her thirty-six "Landesvaeter," and all protested most solemnly that for that laudable purpose they were ready to stake their lives.

When Herwegh came he brought with him the almost incredible news of a revolution in Vienna, and of the flight of the old fox Prince Metternich. After a while M. Henry Boërnstein, the editor of the "Lithographed Correspondence," appeared with a large banner, on which was written, as a notice to the Parisians, "*Révolution à Vienne! Prince Metternich chassé!*" which of course caused great rejoicing everywhere. Another black-red-and-gold flag was presented by another gentleman, and with these the whole long procession marched, to beat of drum, to the Plaine Monçeau.

On their arrival there the troop was divided into sections by a former Prussian lieutenant, Reinhardt von Schimmelpfenning, who had taken the military command. I had received the command of a section also, and the drilling was to

commence at once, but the leaders thought it judicious to ask the men once more whether they were really resolved to leave Paris and to march to Germany in support of the revolution there. All who had not yet come to that resolution were to step out of the ranks. I was much astonished on discovering that of my section only sixteen heroes remained, with whom I commenced my drill in the true Prussian style.

The material in Paris was indeed very good, and a very effective little army might have been formed from the many Germans living there, if the leaders had been able to agree amongst themselves, and had from the first moment shown the necessary strictness and energy. The talents and qualities of M. von Schimmelpfenning were, however, by no means sufficient to master such an unruly corps of men, excited by the late stirring events. As this incapacity of the chief became at once obvious to all the other leaders, each was eager to assist him, and dire confusion was the result.

Having finished our drill, we marched to the boulevards, to make the Parisians acquainted with the new, though old, German colours, and with our still newer republican sentiments, which, however, only a few of us really entertained; for Herwegh's banner, with its inscription, "Deutsche Republik," excited general merriment amongst us. Many Germans joined our procession on its way, and it acquired a very considerable length.

We halted before the Hotel for Foreign Affairs—the residence of Lamartine. Adalbert von Bornstedt (of whom hereafter) with whom I became acquainted, informed the men of the purpose of our halt, and thousands of voices soon cried—"*Vive la République Allemande! Vive la République Universelle! Vive Lamartine!*" which cries were directed by Bornstedt after the manner of a bandmaster.

Our promenade took a great deal of time; for we halted every three hundred paces to hear the fierce speeches of one of the April convicts set free by the Revolution, who, with stentorian voice, and enviable endurance, commented on the theme—"The age of the kings is past; that of the sovereignty of the people has come!" He everywhere found a numerous audience, for it was a Sunday (nearly every day was Sunday then) and all Paris was out on the boulevards.

Any one who is acquainted with Paris, knows that it is a long way from the Plaine Monçeau over the boulevards to the Rue du Temple, and from thence to the Hôtel de Ville, which was our destination for that day, and where we *en masse* demanded from the French Government arms, to enable us to fight for the liberty of our countrymen. It was already dark when we dispersed.

As many of the leaders had made an appointment for the evening in the café Muhlhouse, I went there also, and heard the details of the origin of the democratic society.

As the representatives of all nations living in Paris had tendered their congratulatory addresses to the Provisional Government, Adalbert von Bornstedt proposed one also from the Germans. Two addresses were accordingly composed, one by George Herwegh, and the other by M. Venedy; that of Herwegh was adopted and delivered, and was answered by M. Cremieux, the Secretary of Justice. At its delivery, three deputies of the London communists were also present, one of them was a certain Frederick Doll, who had been arrested in 1842, in Coblenz, because he belonged to a treasonable "league" which had been instituted by M. Venedy, who was at that time one of the most furious Teutonic Brutuses. Since then Venedy lived as a political martyr in the Hotel Violet in Paris, supporting himself by his pen.

He felt much offended by the preference given to the address of Herwegh, withdrew from the society, and wrote against it to the "Cologne Gazette," of which he was a correspondent. At a later period, he went to Frankfort, and on the ground of his merit as a political martyr was elected a member of the German parliament in session there.

The German democratic society elected a committee, and placed George Herwegh at its head, as he bore a good reputation in Germany. Herwegh at that time inclined to the communists, but only in theory; he was a member of their club in Paris.

The committee which I found on joining that society, consisted of its chairman Herwegh, and its vice-presidents Bornstedt and Loewenfels.

Bornstedt had once been a Prussian officer. I do not know why he left the army; but he went to Brussels, and there became editor of the "Brussels German Gazette." All kinds of reports were current about him, and the liberals looked upon him with great suspicion. However, when I met him in Paris, he was a furious democrat and communist.

Loewenfels had also been a Prussian officer and teacher of the French language and of mathematics at one of the military division-schools. He had resigned, he said, because he preferred the profession of a teacher to that of a soldier, and indeed he was far more fit for it.

He was a very enthusiastic and ambitious young man, who however preferred a German empire to a German republic, and whose highest ambition it was to astonish the world as the leader of a popular army.

Amongst the other members of the committee, were Charles Boernstein, Doll, Fuhrman, Schimmelpfenning and Sturmfels.

Charles Boernstein was the younger brother and partner of the above-mentioned Henry Boernstein. He had formerly served in the Austrian artillery, and had at last attained the eminent post of sergeant in a regiment of infantry. When troubles occurred in Austrian Poland, he

was sent there with his regiment. Blood was not spilt in any battle on that occasion; but it was generally known amongst the Germans in Paris, that Charles Boernstein had been in the Polish war; in which Polish war, and whether as a general or a corporal, nobody could tell. Of course, it was supposed that he left his country on account of his liberal sentiments, and he did not contradict the report.

Reinhardt von Schimmelpfenning had also resigned, from some cause not dishonourable, yet not very creditable—I believe debts. He was an easy, good-natured young man, without any prominent qualities, but without vanity. He felt that he was not able to command the legion which was to be formed, and on that evening, in the café Muhlhouse, he tried to induce me to take the command. As yet, however, not seeing my way, nor knowing sufficient of the elements with which I should have to deal, I declined to take any steps in that direction.

Of all the members of the committee Bornstedt was the most practical. He had instituted a "Central Bureau" in the Rue Montmartre, 64, and harangued every night at the different French clubs, for the purpose of interesting them in our cause, and inclining them to contribute arms and money. His endeavours had some success, for we got money enough to pay our running expenses, and also about one hundred and fifty guns. The placards of our Central Bureau were posted at all

corners, and the Bureau was besieged from morning till night by people who wished to enlist in our legion, which soon increased to many thousands.

The sessions of the committee took place in a public-house in the Rue Montorgueil, and the chiefs of the sections were also admitted, in which capacity I attended. These sessions, however, thoroughly displeased me, for in this democratic committee nothing was less to be found than a democratic spirit. No discussion was possible, for every remark which did not agree with the views of the president was at once put down in the most insulting, dictatorial manner. Herwegh was in this respect even worse than Bornstedt, and I was so disgusted with the whole thing, that I resolved to retire from it if an alteration could not be effected.

The legion soon became very discontented. Most of its members were labourers, who had given up their work to leave for Germany, and were obliged now to live on their savings. They clamoured, therefore, for the departure of the legion, and grew almost rebellious. They had in general changed much for the worse, and the authors of this change were Louis Blanc, Bornstedt, and the committee. Louis Blanc turned the heads of the French, and Bornstedt those of the German labourers. They flattered them in the most foolish manner, and made them at last believe that the whole Revolution had taken place exclusively through them and for them, and that

their fists were worth far more than the cleverest heads. Many labourers who had, until then, been modest and industrious people, now became conceited fools, expecting the government to take care of them if they were not inclined to work.

Bornstedt was our Louis Blanc, but he exaggerated everything, and even adopted the dress and manners of the labourers, with whom he lived in cynical intimacy. He managed that labourers should be elected members of the committee, by which means he flattered their vanity and increased his own influence; for these members were all his creatures, who voted with him under all circumstances without reflection. The ideas of liberty, equality, and brotherhood, which he taught our men, produced in them a spirit which was opposed to all order and discipline. In a military expedition, it is necessary that the chiefs should be considered as something exceptional; but it is impossible to achieve this, if its members are told every day, "Your leaders are no better than you are; they are in your service, and those who strive to distinguish themselves from you by their acts or behaviour are aristocrats."

One may have ideas of liberty, equality, and brotherhood very warmly at heart, without trying to equal the less educated in their language and manners, and to manifest brotherhood by drinking gin with every blackguard, and calling him "thou."

Herwegh increased the evil by his peculiar views. He had once run away from Wurtemberg because it was contrary to his feelings to become a soldier, and he had a spite against soldiers. When I urged military order, he would go almost into fits, and, stamping with his feet like a naughty boy, he would cry, "*Ich will keine Kamaschenknechte!*" I was compelled to let things go on as they would, and they went very badly.

To satisfy the most impatient of the legion, the committees resolved that five hundred men should leave Paris for Strasburg. It was in vain that I reminded them how impossible it was to procure all the things necessary for such a long march (the railroad did not exist then), and the consequence was that the resolution could not be carried out. Only about two hundred men, under the lead of Schimmelpfenning, were dispatched, almost without money, and without a marked-out route, to Strasburg, where the whole legion was to assemble to commence the war against the "thirty-six tyrants."

The French labourers of Paris gave the Provisional Government a great deal of trouble. Work had stopped almost everywhere, and the poor men had holidays every day, and expected to be kept by the government. The thousands of German labourers living in Paris increased this difficulty, and the government was very glad to find some means to induce them to go away. Every German labourer who wanted to return to

his country, received a free transit to the frontier, besides a certain amount of money every day. As most of our men were labourers, this free transit and sum of money was claimed for them; but Herwegh and Bornstedt, who carried on these negotiations with the government, tried at the same time to get arms, ammunition, and money for our revolutionary purposes.

M. Ledru Rollin and M. Flocon were very well disposed towards us, though it required some time to make these practical men understand the impracticable and muddled ideas of the poet Herwegh with reference to his intended expedition. At last M. Ledru Rollin called out, "Ah, now I understand you. You would, as it were, take a corps of *professors of barricades* to Germany."

It was no secret that views among the Provisional Government differed very much, and this was the case with reference to the position France should take towards the neighbouring governments. The nervous party were for carefully avoiding every action which could bring them into collision with any foreign power; and to support armed revolutionary bands would certainly have furnished a very good cause for recriminations, if not for war. These nervous people in the government would have liked to shut up our bureau and prohibit our assembling with arms, if they had dared to do so.

Encouraged and advised by our friends in the government, we, and also the Poles and Italians,

tried all in our power to interest the Parisians in our cause, and to induce them to assist us in our endeavours. For this purpose public meetings were held, and information was given to the Parisians, who attended them in great number, of the progress of the revolution in Germany.

Our best and most honest friend in the government was M. Flocon, and we looked upon it as a very lucky thing that he was charged with the negotiations with the foreign republicans. We knew he meant extremely well with us, but he was opposed; and in order to strengthen his position, we resolved on a grand combined manifestation, thus to work on the people of Paris, and to induce them to pronounce their wishes in a still more energetic manner than they had yet done.

An opportunity soon came. The Poles who left Paris desired on Sunday, March 25th, to offer to the Parisians their thanks for the long-continued hospitality they had shown them. The republicans of all nations, as also all kinds of Parisian corporations, joined them on that day, and this manifestation was the most imposing of the time.

The whole space before the Hotel de Ville was covered with such a dense crowd that literally an apple could not have fallen between them to the ground. Flags and banners of all possible hues and all possible inscriptions were waving, and amongst them two black-red-and-gold, at the head of an immense procession.

The deputations of all nations were received

with great politeness in the Hotel de Ville, and their addresses were answered in the same manner.

When the mutual speechifying was at an end, and the immense crowd began to disperse, chance brought the head of our German procession into contact with that of a French one. The greetings, "*Vive la République!*" "*Vive l'Allemagne!*" were exchanged, the processions joined, and there was no end of embracing and kissing amongst the "*frères.*"

A tall spare Frenchman in a seedy black dress coat, who looked on smilingly at this joyous intermingling, took the French and German colour-bearers by their arms, and placed them together, as if he were arranging a figure in a cotillon. I am sure he belonged to some theatre, and was in the habit of managing restive mutes. His idea was a happy one, and was received with immense acclamations. Germans and French followed arm in arm behind their united flags, the drums sounded, and wherever they passed they were greeted with loud cheering.

When we arrived at the July column all uncovered, the whole procession marched three times round it, and the colours were lowered at the grave of the heroes of 1830 and 1848. A commissary of the government, ornamented with a tri-coloured sash, gave us an harangue. That over, we marched along the boulevards, and through the Rue de la Paix to the Place Vendôme, where Citoyen Cre-

mieux was cheered, who expressed great pleasure on seeing our "pretty colours."

Until then Herwegh and Bornstedt had alone negotiated with Ledru Rollin and Flocon. The latter expressed a desire to become acquainted with the military leaders of the expedition, and one morning Herwegh, Loewenfels, and I went to call on him.

Flocon lived at that time in Rue Thevenot, No. 14 or 16, au quatrième. A buxom peasant girl led us into a long room with a brick floor, where a great many people were generally waiting for an audience. In the middle of this *salle à manger* stood a long table, covered with green cloth, with writing materials on it; before it sat the assistant of Flocon, M. Gregoire, an agreeable man, who stood in high repute amongst the republicans. When there were not too many people in the room, M. Gregoire smoked his short clay pipe, and Flocon sometimes did the same when giving an audience. The buxom peasant girl acted as master of the ceremonies when that office was not filled by Mrs. Flocon herself, a stout, little homely-looking lady of about forty, who seemed particularly pleased at the important position of her husband.

From a lithograph, in which all the members of the Provisional Government were represented, I had formed quite a wrong idea of M. Flocon, for there he appeared as a young man; whilst, on the contrary, he really looked like a man past fifty,

or even older, on account of his stooping gait. He had at that time to work hard, and as his health was delicate, he was much fatigued and looked ill. However, I was extremely pleased with his face and manner, both of which inspired me with confidence. He had not the free and easy manner of many democrats of that time, but was calm and dignified. He gave me the impression of a statesman who has to consider and execute important things.

He received us in his writing-room, shook hands with us, and offered us straw chairs, excusing with a smile the poverty of the young republic, which had not yet placed him in a position to provide his reception-room with proper chairs. The lodging looked extremely simple for a member of the government of mighty France.

When we were all seated at a round table, Flocon said, "*Allons, causons la guerre!*" and requested us to explain our plans. Herwegh and Loewenfels answered him in uncertain phrases, which made him impatient, and he turned towards me wishing to hear my opinion. I had watched him very attentively, and the result of my examination was a conviction that we might trust him implicitly. With a smile I answered his questions with another, whether he wanted an answer for the provisional government, or for himself personally? He seemed to like the distinction, and his reply gave me still more confidence.

I therefore told him that I should like to cross the Rhine near Mannheim, to march against Heidelberg, to penetrate into the Odenwald, to revolutionize the population there, and to increase here the army with which I would march upon Frankfort-on-the-Main, for the protection of the German parliament in session there.

The other plan I said might perhaps be to concentrate the legion at Metz, to march thence into Prussia, where I might perhaps succeed in surprising the little fortress of Saarlouis, which was only half-an-hour from the frontier, and where I knew every inch of ground. The possession of such a fortress would be very favourable for the assembling of a republican army in that country.

Flocon listened with great attention and asked: "But suppose you should meet with resistance at the frontier?"

Herwegh made me all kinds of signs, and Loewenfels trod on my foot under the table; but I did not care for them, and answered with decision, "Then we will meet force with force."

This candour seemed to me the best policy. By placing ourselves on a confidential footing with Flocon, our negotiations were much facilitated, and we learned from him what were the principal objections of the government to our undertaking.

During our conversation, Mrs. Flocon brought her husband a large portfolio, on which was

printed "*Ministère de l'interieur*," and which had just been sent. Whilst speaking to us, he opened the portfolio, and took from it a parcel of thousand franc notes, which he held between his thumb and finger, in such a manner that we could almost count the notes; there were about fifty.

At last Flocon said to Herwegh, "I have just received some money from the secretary; how much do you require for the first urgent expenses? I mean only for the present moment." While saying this, he held the notes in his hand, as though he meant, "What I have got here is the sum appointed for that particular purpose."

Herwegh writhed in his chair, whilst Flocon looked calmly at him, waiting for the result of his uneasy contortions. At last the poor poet stammered out, "Two thousand francs!"

I shall never forget Flocon's face, it expressed more than I could tell in a whole page; but the essence of it was decidedly "blockhead!"

My indignant mien, and even that of Loewenfels, caused Herwegh to add another five hundred. Flocon gave him the money; but I saw that his opinion with respect to Herwegh, and any undertaking of which he was to be the head, was very much lowered. Herwegh had to sign a receipt, which he did without even reading what he signed.

When we reached the street, I reproached him for his absurd demand; for the money was not

even sufficient to mend the shoes of all our men; and besides shoes, we required shirts, blouses, and hats for more than a thousand men. Herwegh, always undecided, when not precipitate, had a great disinclination to take money from the French government, a feeling which was, perhaps, honourable; but having once decided to accept it, it was stupid not to take as much as was required for the purpose.

When, in the course of the day, I calculated our wants, Herwegh seemed to be conscious of his blunder; but he could not come to any decision. At last, to make an end of the thing, I went next morning to see Flocon, to whom I spoke openly. I told him that Herwegh was a poet, who had no idea of the cost of things, and that the money we had received was utterly insufficient, and of no use at all.

Flocon shrugged his shoulders and said he thought so; but that there was a difference between yesterday and to-day; the money was gone, and all he could give me was five thousand francs, which he handed to me, requesting me to bring him Herwegh's receipt (as he had signed the first receipt) to the Hotel de Ville, where he was just going.

I went at once to Herwegh, who wrote a receipt, which I folded up without reading it. I found Flocon in the bureau of the chief of police, Caussidière, who complained to him that he had no money. "Look here," said the

préfect of police, "these two thousand francs are all the ready money I have, and every one who comes in wants money; it is indeed a shame!"

Flocon shrugged his shoulders and smiled. Caussidière was tall and rather stout, fair-haired, I think, and still a young man, who, in his black dress coat, looked rather like a *commis voyageur endimanché*.

When I handed the receipt to M. Flocon, and he read it, he struck it with the back of his hand, and said, impatiently, "This is altogether wrong; it is nonsense." Herwegh had written: "Received from the French government, by Citizen Corvin, on the part of Citizen Flocon, the sum of five thousand francs." I requested M. Flocon to write the receipt himself in the form he wished, to avoid other blunders "on the part of Citizen Herwegh." Flocon wrote: "Received from M. Flocon, as a loan" (*sous titre de prêt*), etc., which I returned to him with Herwegh's signature.

It would take too long to enumerate all the difficulties we had to contend with on account of the differences of opinion among the members of the government, whose opinions also seemed to be subject to great fluctuations. Neither shall I dwell on our own quarrels, or on the many steps we took to interest the Parisians in our behalf. We held great meetings in a riding-school in the Chaussée d'Antin, and succeeded so far with the French people, that whole battalions of volunteers

wished to join us, which, however, we were obliged to decline, as the German governments, who watched us closely, had spread many reports about us in Germany, which had even prejudiced the democrats against our intentions. The Germans were extremely suspicious of the French, especially in those states bordering on France, where the traditions of robberies and outrages committed in Germany by the French republicans in the last century had not yet died out.

The German democrats, elated by their successes in Vienna, Berlin, and elsewhere, believed in good earnest that they could arrange all their affairs according to their wishes, by means of the parliament in Frankfort.

To me this appeared ridiculous, unless the parliament were backed by an army at its command; and I expressed this opinion to a friend in Frankfort, offering, at the same time, to bring them the two first regiments of a parliamentary army, formed from the Germans in France. People in Germany were then, however, so infatuated about the power of this parliament, that it was looked upon by many as a kind of treason to talk of supporting its decisions by force of arms.

I was highly astonished on receiving an answer from this old friend, in which he disapproved greatly of our intention to disturb the labours of the parliament by an armed invasion, and even said, "My rifle, and that of many a man of honour

is loaded for you! If we want to get rid of our princes, we can do so at any time, if we think it necessary!" This was the opinion of even very patriotic and sensible men.

We had entered into communication with the German republicans living in Switzerland and in the great cities of France. The news from these were favourable, and justified the hope that in a few weeks we might assemble about six thousand men.

Mr. Doll and Mr. Fuhrmann were sent as emissaries to Frankfort and Baden; Mr. Bakunin undertook a mission to other parts; and some one else was sent to Strasburg, to establish a branch of our bureau there. Letters were written to all the German papers and democratic clubs, especially for the purpose of counteracting the manœuvres of the governments with reference to us.

The news we received from Baden pleased us most, for there Hecker and Struve had convinced the people that somewhat more than talking was required to secure the advantages gained in Berlin, Vienna, and elsewhere.

As our intention to invade Germany from France seemed the principal objection with the nervous party in the government, I adopted an expedient that I thought might help us. I called one day on M. Flocon, and told him that our legion would march from France to Switzerland, arm in that country, and invade Germany from

there. Flocon was much surprised by this proposition, jumped from his chair, shook me cordially by the hand, and said, "In that case, you shall have all the arms you require!"

The other members of the government seemed not to like this proposition, and we were kept waiting and waiting, without getting any decisive answer.

At last, after many delays, and a great deal of trouble, I was able to promise our men, on my word of honour, that four hundred more of them should march off to Strasburg on a certain day. I had taken great trouble to make them look somewhat respectable. They all wore grey blouses, with a leather belt; grey wide-awake felt hats (known, since then, as "*Freischaerler huete*") ornamented with a German cockade, and a small black-red-and-yellow plume. The officers were dressed in a similar manner, and were, by the express desire of Flocon, armed with swords.

A detachment of Poles was to march on the same day, and as many Parisian corporations wished to accompany both nations as far as Vincennes, they requested us to march together.

As it was to be expected that the leave-taking would cause some disorder, I resolved to accompany the troops myself to Vincennes. One morning, at seven o'clock, they assembled at the Barrière du Tône. We had to wait a long time for Herwegh, who was to bring the route for our

battalion, which the Secretary of the Interior had promised to send him the night before. When it did not arrive, Herwegh for once proved resolute; he went in the middle of the night to M. Ledru Rollin, who at once awakened his lazy *employés*. The route was only handed to Herwegh in the morning. When that obstacle was removed, we still had to wait for the Poles, and the time of waiting was filled up with speeches. Edgar Ney, Prince de la Moskwa, mounted my horse, and addressed our men. Herwegh mounted the same tribune, but was nearly thrown off when the men frightened the horse by their cheering.

The men were not intoxicated by these early morning speeches, but by the wine they drank with their Parisian friends outside the barrier. When at last we grew tired of waiting any longer for the Poles, it was almost impossible to drag our republican heroes from the wine-houses.

An immense crowd accompanied us. The commandant of the fortress of Vincennes, with his officers, stood under the gate. I dismounted, and made him my military report, which politeness seemed to please him. In Vincennes, we were received with music, and it was not without difficulty that I succeeded in marching my men in line to a meadow, where I gave them half-an-hour to take leave of their friends. Though this did not pass off without some noise and confusion, the column was at last fairly started, but only to halt again in the wood behind Vincennes, where

they were overtaken by the Polish column. Drinking commenced again, and some of the Polish and German "brothers" remained dead drunk on the battle-field.

At five o'clock p.m., I returned to Paris dead beat, nearly voiceless, and less inclined than ever to take the command of the legion, though I had done so for a time at the urgent request of Herwegh.

The jealousy amongst the leaders of the German legion was so great, that I and other members of the committee thought it best to look out for an experienced military leader for our expedition. For this purpose Colonel Suarée was found, a man who had seen a good deal of service in different countries, and had last commanded a free corps in Spain. Many of our French and German friends who had served under his command described him as a very able, energetic, and brave commander.

One evening, in the riding-school of the Chaussée d' Antin, the colonel was presented to our men as their general. I was of course anxious to make his acquaintance, and we were soon deep in military matters. We were pleased with each other, and met frequently. Two real soldiers soon understand each other, and though presence of mind and courage can only be proved on the battle-field, a humbug will rarely succeed in imposing upon one who understands war as his profession.

When Bornstedt and Loewenfels visited Suarée, he declared that he would take the command only on this condition, that I should be his chief of the staff and be appointed general as soon as we should enter Germany. He would deal with me alone in all military matters.

The two gentlemen were much perplexed, and said (the colonel told me so afterwards), "No, any one but Corvin." The colonel asked whether they did not think me a good officer, or whether they had any objection to my political opinions. They could not object to these; but their refrain was—"any one but Corvin." The colonel could not understand their strange behaviour, nor its causes, ambition and jealousy.

As I had promised the colonel not to mention any of his communications, I of course said nothing; but proposed in the committee to subject all those who aspired to a command in the legion to an examination by a commission of French generals. This proposal put all of them into a most ludicrous confusion; it was opposed and rejected with great indignation.

When I called next day on the colonel, I heard, to my astonishment, that he had retracted his promise; and he also advised me seriously and in a friendly way, not to have anything to do with the affair.

The colonel was a friend of M. Jules Faber, who was initiated into all the secrets of the provisional

government; and I suppose he gave the colonel a hint about the manner in which the government meant to deal with us. The colonel could not, of course, tell me what had been communicated to him in confidence, but only told me that the whole undertaking would come to a miserable end. He assigned as a reason for his resignation the manner in which he was treated by M. Herwegh and Bornstedt. An old officer of rank like him was not used to the free and easy democratic manners of these gentlemen, one of whom behaved like a rustic, and the other manifested on all occasions his hatred to military order and discipline. Moreover, Herwegh and Bornstedt felt quite indignant with the colonel for asking for five thousand francs for his field-equipage. They really thought he ought to consider it a great honour to organize and command a riotous corps of some thousands of German "Handwerksburschen," and risk life and reputation for the liberty of the Germans.

The colonel's hints had some effect on me, and when Herwegh again became furious and irrational on my insisting repeatedly on military discipline and order, I became angry and declared that I would retire from the whole affair and return alone to Germany.

However, when I came home to my lodging, I found the following letter from Herwegh:—

Societé des Démocrates Allemands,
à Paris,
Bureau Central, 54, Rue Montmartre.

DEAR CORVIN,—I hope Achilles will not sulk in his tent, and retire at a moment when everything commences to turn in our favour. If you are dissatisfied with the committee, the same is the case with me; as concerns our discussion of to-day, you will not bear resentment. You know that I love you, and I think together we shall accomplish something.

Friendly greeting from your
HERWEGH.

MONSIEUR CORVIN,
134, Rue St. Lazare, aux bains de Havre.

Notwithstanding his unfitness for the position he had assumed, I had become attached to Herwegh for his amiable qualities; and after due consideration, I resolved not to forsake him, thinking that I might still be of use, notwithstanding the unpromising aspect of affairs.

Herwegh is a poet, and has all the faults of one —faults which are virtues in a poet. His life is a life of imagination; poems are his actions. Such intellectual actions are very useful in preparing people for real action, but it is a great mistake to place a poet at the head of an important undertaking.

Herwegh took the greatest interest in all these political movements, which owed their origin in part to his stirring poems. However, his thoughts always soared, just because they were poetical,

over the common realities of life, on which he looked with anger and disgust, and to which he would not concede any rights. Though he hated details, he frequently occupied himself with them and then he became mean. He could endure deprivations and fatigues without complaint, though his health was delicate; but he became furious if asked to do things which another would do. In general he acted only when compelled to do so—never from his own impulse. He possessed not the least presence of mind; but when the right moment had passed, he set his fancy to work, and then knew very well what he ought to have done.

His inclinations were despotic, as I have found to be the case with many democrats. Reasonable objections he answered with spiteful passion. He never liked to give explanations, because his ideas had no certain outlines. He wanted people to catch his ideas, as it were, and was glad when any one shaped them into a distinct form. Practical men who had observed him long, and who had within themselves no appreciation of his value as a poet, were ready with their judgment of him: "a poet, a dreaming, ambitious, soft-minded fellow, who is good for nothing whatever!"

After having given a sketch of our leader's character, I must also speak of Mrs. Herwegh. Emma Herwegh was the daughter of the Berlin banker Siegmund. On first acquaintance she did not make a favourable impression on me. I be-

lieved her to be affected, and forward and pert in her manner. This, however, was not the case. After a time, one became used to her manner and learned to respect her for her many good qualities. She was not a dreamer like her husband, but far more practical. She was full of energy, resolute and courageous; she never lost her courage, even in the most difficult situations, and was not frightened when facing the utmost danger. She never feared and never cared for herself, but only for her husband, whom she loved with the most affectionate devotion and of whose talents and reputation she was proud. She was a good wife and mother. Herwegh knew her value, and did not feel happy away from her. He said he had no luck without her.

Mrs. Herwegh was at this time about twenty-five years of age, not pretty, but agreeable. She had a good figure, and was of middle height, had light auburn hair, and light blue or grey eyes.

She had resolved to accompany her poet on his expedition in the behalf of liberty, and to put on man's clothes for the purpose. It was long before she could make up her mind as to the shape of her hat, and whether she must cut off her hair, or how she should arrange it. I am not sure whether that important affair was not discussed in the committee, but it is a fact that all of us were asked our opinion about it.

Bornstedt, Loewenfels, Charles Boernstein,

and nearly all the other members of the committee had left Paris with the different corps which we had sent off to Strasburg at different times; only Herwegh and myself remained in Paris to carry on our negotiations with the provisional government. Our object was to induce them to give us arms, or to procure them for us secretly, as it seemed inconvenient to do so openly.

I was every day with Flocon, but our chances became less and less favourable. It was nearly impossible even to see Ledru Rollin, who was guarded with the utmost jealousy by members of the nervous party, and it was quite impossible to obtain an interview with him. The really republican party in the government would very likely have allowed us to have arms secretly, if the government had trusted all the members of our committee. Its most zealous members were the most to be suspected, and the part played by Adalbert von Bornstedt seemed to justify distrust against him. He was strongly suspected of being a spy of the European governments, and a kind of *agent provocateur*. I do not believe it; but it is a fact that his reputation did us everywhere a great deal of harm. That real spies were amongst us we only ascertained afterwards.

After a consultation Herwegh had with myself, the members of the committee living in Paris, and other respectable Germans, it was thought proper and expedient to remove Born-

stedt from his position as vice-president, and to recall him from his mission in Strasburg.

M. Bernays did much to bring Herwegh to a decision. This Bernays was a clever little Jew, who was associated in some way or other with the two Boernsteins. He was a droll little fellow, and had not the slightest inclination to endanger his life for anything whatever, but was ready to serve us with his pen and otherwise. Without being asked to do so, he drew up a decree by which Bornstedt was removed from his place for the following reasons: Because he had disposed of the funds of the society without authority to do so; because strong reasons existed for doubting the honesty of his republicanism; because his notorious reputation was prejudicial to our cause, both in France and at home.

Bernays submitted this paper to us for signature, and we were the more willing to sign it, because the complaints and suspicions against Bornstedt thickened every day. All the other members of the committee in Paris signed the paper also, and I was charged with its execution on my arrival in Strasburg, and authorized to use force if I should meet with resistance. Herwegh, as president, solemnly promised his support.

When M. and Mad. Herwegh at last left for Strasburg, I remained in Paris to keep up as long as possible a direct communication between the French government and the committee in Strasburg. My negotiations with Flocon had, however,

no success. As he was probably ashamed to tell me that all the hopes he had given us formerly were in fact delusive, he said that all necessary instructions had been sent to the Prefect of the Rhenish Departments. When I took leave of Flocon, he embraced me and wished us success; and it was evident he regretted sincerely that he could not do more for us.

We have been frequently asked, especially in Germany, why we delayed the execution of our plans so long, until the enthusiasm had considerably cooled down? The causes of this delay are now explained by what I have related, and still more by the fact, often forgotten, that Paris was then very distant from the German frontiers, and that at least four weeks were required to reach Strasburg on foot.

At last I was ready to leave, to the great regret of my gentle landlady. On the evening before my departure, she insisted on telling me my fortune, for she was, like all the ladies of her class in Paris, a great adept and believer in cards. She did not understand anything about our affairs, and I had never spoken to her about them, and was therefore rather surprised at what she told me from her cards.

She said that, on my arrival in Strasburg, I should have a very serious quarrel with several persons, which, however, would end in a triumph for me. I should be in great and imminent danger of my life, but should not be killed, nor

even wounded; but that a very long and severe imprisonment threatened me. All her repeated trials confirmed her in this latter fact; in so striking a manner that she burst forth into tears and lamentations. On the next afternoon I started for Strasburg.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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